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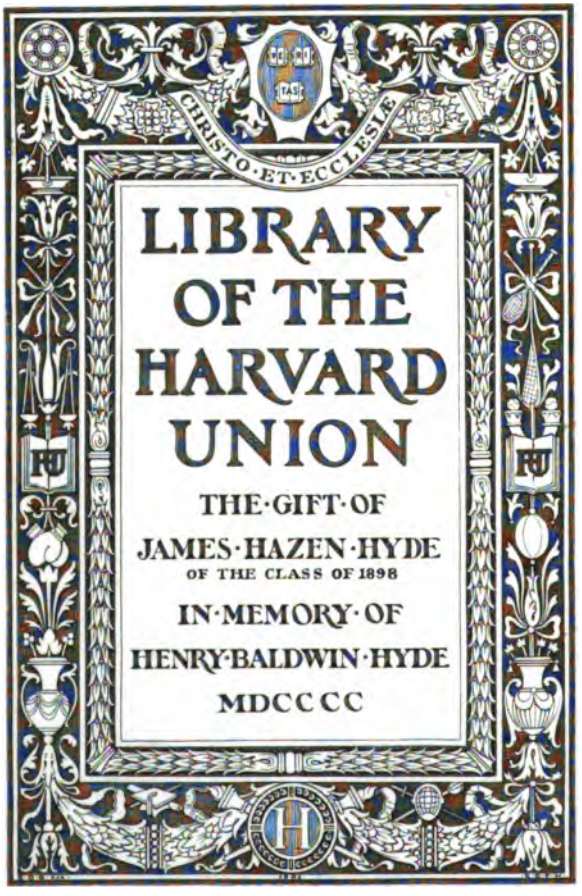

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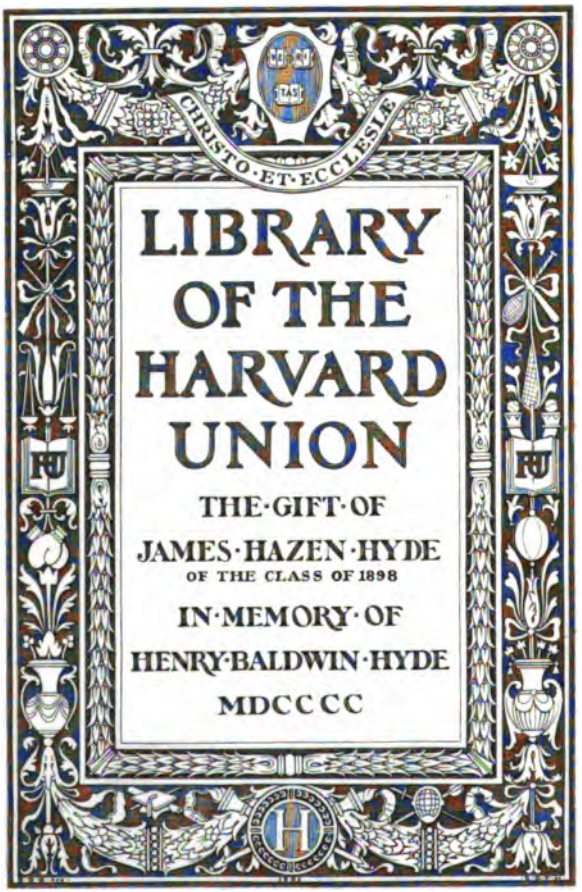

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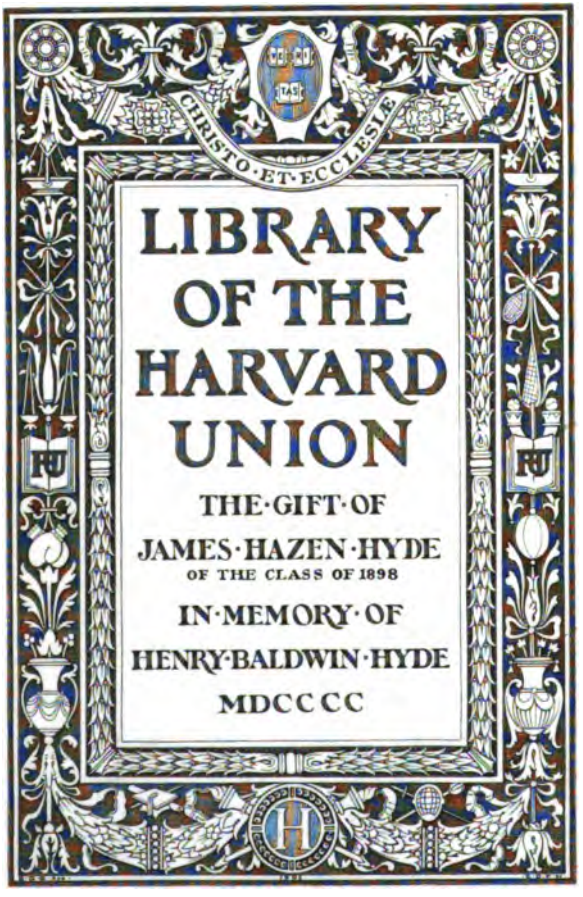

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IN TWELVE VOLUMES

VOL. VIII.

REVIEWS—MISCELLANIES—LETTERS

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The Works of Oliver Goldsmith

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THE WORKS OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

EDITED BY

PETER CUNNINGHAM, F.S.A.

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VOL. VIII.

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CONTRIBUTIONS

TO

"THE CRITICAL REVIEW"

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"THE CRITICAL REVIEW."

IX.—DR. YOUNG "ON ORIGINAL COMPOSITION."

"*Conjectures on Original Composition; in a Letter to the Author of 'Sir Charles Grandison.'*" 8vo.

One of the oldest and bravest champions in the cause of literature has here resumed the gauntlet; and Dr. Young, the only survivor of our age of writers, instead of growing languid with age, seems to gather strength by time, and kindles as he runs. Some imagery, frequent metaphor, and a glowing imagination, are generally the prerogatives of a youthful author; however, the writer in view seems to invert the order of nature, and as he grows old his fancy seems to grow more luxuriant. To say the truth, his metaphors are too thick sown; he frequently drives them too far, and often does not preserve their simplicity to the end; thus, when he speaks of men "up to the knees in antiquity saluting the Pope's toe," he mixes images that are in themselves inconsistent; but wherever he falls short of perfection, his faults are the errors of genius; his manner peculiarly his own; and while his book serves, by precept, to direct us to original composition, it serves to impel us by example.

He begins by apologizing for his having, at his time of life, resumed the pen. There was no need of an excuse from one whose genius still subsists in its energy, and whose very defects will have admirers. He proceeds to observe that there are two kinds of imitations, one of nature, the other of authors. The first we call originals, and confine the term imitation to the second; an imitator of the last class he justly ranks infinitely beneath the former. An imitator shares his crown with the chosen object of his imitation; but the original seizes reputation. Fame, fond of new glories, sounds her trumpet in triumph at his birth; but so few books have we dictated by original genius,

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that if all others were to be burnt, the lettered world would resemble some metropolis in flames, where a few incombustible buildings, a fortress, a temple, or tower, lift their heads in melancholy grandeur, amidst the mighty ruin. But why, continues he, are originals so few? Not because the writer's harvest is over, the great reapers of antiquity having left nothing to be gleaned after them, but because illustrious examples engross, prejudice, and intimidate. They engross our attention, and so prevent a due inspection of ourselves; they prejudice our judgment in favor of their abilities, and so lessen the sense of our own; they intimidate us with the splendor of their renown; and thus, under diffidence, bury our strength.

He next asserts that the truest way of writing like the ancients is to draw from nature. Let us build our compositions with the spirit and in the taste of the ancients, but not with their materials. It is by a sort of noble contagion, from a general familiarity with the writings of the ancients, and not by any particular sordid theft, that we can be the better for those who went before us. Genius is a master workman, learning but an instrument: and an instrument, though most valuable, not always indispensable.

Of genius there are two species, an earlier and a later; or call them infantine and adult. An adult genius comes out of Nature's hand, as Pallas out of Jove's head, at full growth and mature. Shakspeare's genius was of this kind; on the contrary, Swift had an infantine genius, which, like other infants, must be nursed and educated, or it will come to naught. Men are often strangers to their own abilities: genius, in this view, is like a dear friend in our company under disguise, who, while we are lamenting his absence, drops his mask, striking us at once with equal surprise and joy. Few authors of distinction but have experienced something of this nature at the first beamings of their unsuspected genius on the hitherto dark composition. Let not, then, great examples, or authorities, browbeat our reason into too great a diffidence of ourselves. Let us reverence ourselves, so as to prefer the native growth of our own minds to the richest imports from abroad, since such borrowed riches serve only to increase our poverty. Admiration of others depresses the admirer, in proportion as it lifts the object of our applause.

He proceeds, by complaining that Pope, who had a genius truly original, if he chose to exert it, was contented with being an humble imitator, and even boasted of his skill at imitation. Swift, on the contrary, not sufficiently acquainted with himself, left truth, in order

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to be original only in the wrong; and has so satirized human nature as to give a demonstration in himself that it deserves to be satirized. The author then proceeds to characterize Shakspeare and Ben Jonson; by-the-bye, paying his friend, the author of "Sir Charles Grandison," some very pretty compliments. Dryden, he justly observes, was by no means a master of the pathos in tragedy. "He had a great, but a general capacity; as for a general genius, there is no such thing in nature. A genius implies the rays of the mind concentred and determined to some particular point; when they are scattered widely they act feebly, and strike not with sufficient force to fire or dissolve the heart. As what comes from the writer's heart reaches ours, so what comes from his head sets our brains at work and our hearts at ease."

He then makes a transition to Mr. Addison, whose tragedy of "Cato" is observed to be a fine but not an affecting performance. But though this poet deserve a superiority over contemporary claims, even by his writings, he infinitely surpassed his rivals for fame in the integrity of his life, and in a glorious circumstance attending his death. Perceiving his last moments to approach, and no help from his physicians, he sent for a youth nearly related to him, finely accomplished, and who felt the utmost distress at separation. The young man came, "but, life now glimmering in the socket, the dying friend was silent: after a decent and proper pause, the youth said, 'Dear sir! you sent for me: I believe, and I hope, that you have some commands; I shall hold them most sacred.' May distant ages not only hear but feel the reply! Forcibly grasping the youth's hand, he softly said, 'See in what peace a Christian can die.'" [1]

As Dr. Young's manner of writing is peculiarly his own, and has already secured him an ample share of fame, we hope to see some succeeding man of genius do justice to the integrity of his life and the simplicity and piety of his manners; for, in this respect, not Addison himself was, perhaps, his superior. We would, in a word, be much better pleased to see the writers of the rising generation more fond of imitating his life than his writings; his moral qualities are transferable; his peculiarities, as a genius, can scarcely be imitated, except in their faults.

---

[1] "Tickell, in his excellent elegy on the death of Addison, alluded, in the following lines, as he told Dr. Young, to his moving interview with Lord Warwick:

"'He taught us how to live; and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.'"

JOHNSON'S *Life of Addison.*

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X.—FORMEY'S "PHILOSOPHICAL MISCELLANIES."

"*Philosophical Miscellanies on Various Subjects. To which is prefixed an Account of the Author and his Works, by Himself.* From the Original of M. Formey,[1] Perpetual Secretary to the Royal Academy at Berlin." 12mo.

This volume of miscellanies is prefaced with the author's own account of himself. What he found in his life worthy of thus being made public it is not easy to determine, since all its transactions are composed of his being bred a divine, his being made professor of eloquence in an university, secretary to a literary society, and having wrote a great many books. There is not, perhaps, in nature a being more fond of flattery than the professor in a college. Accustomed to adulation from their pupils, they expect it from the world; and when Fame does not happen to blow the trumpet sufficiently in their praise, have been frequently found to strengthen the blast themselves. Though their whole lives may have passed away between the fireside and the easy-chair, yet how have we seen the press sweat with the uninteresting anecdotes of men who did nothing! But let them pass. They write for minds congenial to their own.

This may serve as a sufficient intimation that Mr. Formey's taste does not entirely correspond with ours. It must be owned his vanity has given some unfavorable impressions, and his eloquence has wiped none of these impressions away. 'Tis true, that by arraigning his gravity or his learning we incur some danger from the resentment of our brother journalists, and that class of men who are prudently forever in the right. A theologist, a German, a professor, a journalist, a secretary to an academy, who perhaps could class eight or ten letters to the end of his name; to arraign the talents of such a man; to say that with all his eloquence he is at best *metaphorically dull*, will perhaps be considered as heresy in the commonwealth of letters.

[1] M. Formey, originally of a French family, was born at Berlin, in 1711, and died in 1797. Besides the above work, his "Ecclesiastical History" and his "History of Philosophy and Philosophers" were translated into English; the latter by Goldsmith himself, in 1768. See "Life," ch. xiii.

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Yet let not his faults be confounded with those of his translator; for these are frequently almost too gross for conception. This gentleman talks of "awakening to a vigilancy," in the first paragraph; tells us of the "coction of the ventricles," by which we suppose is meant, in the original, the digestive faculty of the stomach: he translates the exit of the nerves from the medulla spinalis by the "roots of the marrow." Whenever an English word does not come to his hand, he without further ceremony makes one of his own, such as somnolence, humectating, acrity, acridity, inflammative, machinal, and so forth; all which are delivered with great ease and much appearance of learning. In short, our German frequently is made to talk unintelligibly, and is thus robbed of one-half his reputation; and at best, Heaven knows, he has not much to spare! It reminds us of a man who, selling his horse, assured the buyer that he had but two faults; one was, that he was very hard to be caught, and the other fault—ay, what was that?—he was good for nothing when he had caught him.

The first treatise is entitled an "Essay on Sleep." He raises a controversy whether sleep, which gives rest to our voluntary actions and motions, does not augment the vital and involuntary? This dispute he is at great pains to determine; and Seneca and Boerhaave, on one side, are marshalled against Gorter, Keil, and Dodart, on the other. An acquaintance with modern discoveries in physiology would have prevented his doubts, and taught him to reconcile Keil with Boerhaave. The quantity of matter which goes off by perspiration, though it be sometimes greater, is frequently less than that which is absorbed from the circumambient atmosphere. Thus, a man who, after the fatigue and exercise of the day, weighs himself upon going to bed, will be found some pounds heavier the next morning. While we are awake and in action we perspire more than we inhale. In that state, therefore, the blood is deprived of a greater quantity of its fluid than in a state of sleep; the more the blood is deprived of this fluid, the more its stimulus increases. By this means the pulse becomes quicker, and all the vital motions are accelerated. To replenish this waste of fluid sleep, therefore, is requisite, which gives the blood a proper degree of fluidity, and regulates the machine.

He next proceeds to consider what it is that sleeps in us. And to this he peremptorily answers that the cerebrum, which he regards as the source of all our voluntary motions, is at rest; while the cerebellum, by him supposed to be the source of vital motion, continues alive

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and active. His theory has been so often refuted already, that we must accuse either his candor or learning, in not perceiving the proper objections. Animals deprived of the cerebrum have been seen to perform many of the voluntary motions; a proof that it cannot be the source of such. But, to dismiss this essay, let it be sufficient to observe, that whenever the author attempts physiological explanations he discovers no great share of knowledge or erudition.

His next essay is upon dreams, where his merit as a metaphysician is somewhat superior to his skill in physiology. In quality of the latter, however, he begins this dissertation with a confused account of the manner in which bodies operate upon the nerves; one time considering them as having a nervous fluid, and another as being elastic springs, that vibrate to every external impression. However, it is sufficient for his purpose that they serve as conveyances from external objects to the thinking power. The nerves, at their origination from the brain, are supposed to be of much more vivid perception than they are at their extremities, which lie at such a distance from the common sensory. "Hence," continues he, "it is that arise all the acts of imagination during vigilancy; and nothing is more known than that in persons of a certain habit of body, or who are given up to intense meditation, or agitated by violent passions, these acts of imagination are equivalent to sensation, and even hinder its effects; though otherwise the impression in itself be very far from faint. Those are the dreams of waking men, and there is a perfect analogy betwixt them and the dreams in sleep; both the one and the other depending on that series of inward concussions at the extremity of the nerves which terminates in the brain; the whole difference is, that whilst awake we can check this series, break the concatenation, alter the direction, and supersede it, by calling in real sensation; whereas dreams are independent of our will, and it is without the verge of our power either to continue an agreeable illusion or disperse an hideous phantom. The imagination in a waking person is a policed republic, where the voice of the magistrate appeases confusion and restores order; the imagination in dreams is the same republic in a state of anarchy; and still the passions make frequent attempts against the legislator's authority, even whilst his prerogative is in its full force, and he is in a capacity of asserting his rights."

Our author is of opinion that there is no period of sleep in which we do not dream, but the images are so confused and faint as to leave not the least trace upon the memory. So that, properly speaking, the

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dream is no more than to have a recollection of our dreams. This is a controversy that has employed many to very little purpose. For if, with Mr. Locke, there be a time when the soul is quite insensible, it can never remember such a time, that interval of insensibility being considered as nothing in its period of existence, and consequently will not admit of reasoning about it.

The succeeding essays turn upon the value and neglect of the laws of conversation on the scale of beings; by which he means that infinite gradation of beings, from the summit of perfection down to inanimate matter. On the order of nature. On the analogy between the nourishment of the soul and that of the body. On the principles of happiness and unhappiness in marriage. On moral liberty. On lending money at interest. The obligation of procuring ourselves the conveniences of life considered as a moral duty. The *nugis addere pondus* is very manifest in this author's manner. Every subject is treated very scientifically, with a great show of argument, which proves nothing; he seems ever upon the wing, yet does not stir an inch. He very conscientiously and methodically divides his subject, surveys it round and round, and then leaves it without stripping off a single obscurity. Need it be added, then, upon the whole, that it is one of those performances which generally serve to gain an author the praise of his acquaintance, and yet create no envy in contemporary writers? The ill-natured must own there is no harm in it, and they who are more generous may, perhaps, allow that it reads *well enough.*

XI.—VAN EGMONT'S TRAVELS INTO ASIA.

"*Travels through Part of Europe, Asia Minor, the Islands of the Archipelago, Syria, Palestine, Egypt, Mount Sinai, etc.* By the Honorable J. Ægidius Van Egmont, Envoy Extraordinary from the United Provinces to the Court of Naples; and John Heyman, Professor of the Oriental Languages in the University of Leyden. Translated from the Low Dutch." 2 vols., 8vo.

Travels acquire one great part of their merit from being new. Every country seems like the pictures in a camera-obscura, continually altering their tints, though the outlines be still the same. A single age introduces new customs and manners, as well as inhabitants. Those who compare the accounts of the travellers of the fourteenth century with those of the moderns will perceive that even Asia has altered its modes, the inhabitants of many places having almost

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changed their nature. From every new publication of travels, therefore, the reader has a right to expect recent information, that it at least excels all other accounts by giving, if not more authentic, at least more modern descriptions. In this respect, however, the purchaser of the book in question will find himself mistaken. These travels have been performed more than an age ago; and we have had several men of better abilities, who have visited and described those countries mentioned in the title-page later than they. To what purpose, then, a new publication, which contains accounts neither so accurate or so modern as those which have preceded it? Really we know not, unless vainly to add to the number of such descriptions, already too voluminous.

One who sits down to read the accounts of modern travellers into Asia will be apt to fancy that they all travelled in the same track. Their curiosity seems repressed either by fear or indolence, and all are contented if they venture as far as others went before them. Thus, the same cities, towns, ruins, and rivers are again described to a disgusting repetition. Thus, a man shall go an hundred miles to admire a mountain, only because it was spoken of in Scripture; yet what information can be received from hearing that Ægidius Van Egmont went up such a hill, only in order to come down again? Could we see a man set out upon this journey, not with an intent to consider rocks and rivers, but the manners and the mechanic inventions, and the imperfect learning of the inhabitants, resolved to penetrate into countries as yet little known, and eager to pry into all their secrets, with an heart not terrified at trifling dangers—if there could be found a man who could unite thus true courage with sound learning, from such a character we might hope much information. Even though all he should bring home was only the manner of dyeing red in the Turkish manner, his labors would be more beneficial to society than if he had collected all the mutilated inscriptions and idle shells on the coasts of the Levant.[1]

---

[1] The admirable sense of this brief criticism is the best answer to Johnson's objection to Goldsmith's wish to travel in the East: "Of all men Goldsmith is the most unfit to go out upon such an inquiry [a knowledge of the arts of the East]; for he is utterly ignorant of such arts as we already possess, and consequently could not know what would be accessions to our present stock of mechanical knowledge. Sir, he would bring home a grinding barrow, which you see in every street in London, and think that he had furnished a wonderful improvement." That he would have written a delightful work, the result of his own accurate observation, there can be no doubt whatever.

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With respect to the gentlemen in view, we have no reason to doubt of their veracity; however, that circumstance alone will not compensate for dry accounts, and observations frequently true, but seldom striking. In copying the Greek inscriptions they seem frequently to have mistaken the letters, unless this defect is to be attributed to an error of the press.

As the religion of the Druses in several parts of the East is not so generally known, we shall give as an extract one part of the book entitled "The first part of the Mysteries of the proper worship of our Maoula."

"All ye," etc. * * * [Here follows a long extract of six pages.]

XII.—MONTESQUIEU'S "MISCELLANEOUS PIECES."

"*Miscellaneous Pieces of M. de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu.*" 8vo.

Such of our readers as are not in possession of the last splendid French edition of the celebrated Montesquieu will find this volume a valuable supplement to his other works, as the translation is executed with spirit, though seemingly inaccurate. There is a pleasure arising from the perusal of the very bagatelles of men renowned for their knowledge and genius; and we receive with veneration those pieces after they are dead which would lessen them in our esteem while living. Sensible that we shall enjoy them no more, we treasure up, as precious relics, every saying and word that has escaped them; but their writings of every kind we deem inestimable. With what eagerness would all the literati of Europe pore over a half-defaced fragment of Plato, Cicero, Homer, or Virgil! Even a trifling poem of Swift or Pope will make a whole edition of their works sell with rapidity, and we now would purchase a warranted original copy of the worst verses Milton ever wrote at ten times the price which the original copy of the "Paradise Lost" brought him.

We love to pursue genius from its serious occupations to its lighter and more airy amusements, and to peruse their unformed sentiments as well as their finished pieces. Seeing their thoughts rise without order, connection, or art, and destitute of the embellishments of style and ornaments of learning, is examining them more closely, entering more intimately into their acquaintances, and more strongly

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marking their original powers. In the one they address us with the formal and distant air of the superior; in the other with the ease and familiarity of a friend, where everything is uttered as it occurs. Studying the outlines of any work of genius is like watching the progress of infancy to maturity; we trace it growing under the hands of the artist; we imagine ourselves present at every addition and improvement, and congratulate ourselves as if we had been assisting to its final perfection. Where it is broken off unfinished, we lament it as a promising child cut off in the bloom of youth, to the disappointment of all our hopes and wishes.

Cicero observes that we behold with transport and enthusiasm the little barren spot, or ruins of a house, in which a person celebrated for his wisdom, his valor, or his learning lived. When he coasted along the shore of Greece, all the heroes, statesmen, orators, philosophers, and poets of those famed republics rose in his memory, and were present to his sight: how much more would he have been delighted with any of their posthumous works, however inferior to what he had before seen! In just this manner did we receive pleasure from the volume before us. The detached pieces with which we are here presented fall greatly short of the merit of all his other performances; yet still they have the spirit of Montesquieu. His defence of the "Spirit of Laws" is close, cool, and judicious; sometimes rising to wit, often shrewdly sarcastic; but generally dry, barren, and of such a kind as indicates that the talents of this great man did not lie in controversy. This, perhaps, may be the reason why his elegant panegyrist, D'Alembert, has so slightly touched upon this piece. As to the "Temple of Gnidus," we must beg leave to dissent in opinion from that polite encomiast, who, we think, has extolled it greatly beyond its merit, and probably from that sympathetic veneration which men of genius ever feel for each other. In our mind it proves little more than that Montesquieu to his other great talents annexed those of fancy and invention. Of the "Essay on Taste" we have spoken in our last number, etc.

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XIII.—THYER'S "GENUINE REMAINS OF SAMUEL BUTLER."

"*The Genuine Remains, in Prose and Verse, of Mr. Samuel Butler.* Published from the Original Manuscripts, formerly in the Possession of W. Longueville, Esq.; with Notes by R. Thyer, Keeper of the Public Library at Manchester." In two vols., 8vo.

When we consider Butler merely as a poet, and a party poet, too, and reflect that poets, in our own time, have been known to excel in one species of composition, and yet have been useless in all other purposes of life, and ignorant in all other pursuits of learning, we bewail, but we are not greatly surprised at, the indigence in which we are told he lived and died. But when we view him by the light in which this publication places him, we are struck with somewhat next to horror at the want of discernment, at the more than barbarous ingratitude, of his contemporaries. When we see him join the humor of Lucian to the philosophy of Plato, and unite the virtue of Socrates with the wit of Aristophanes; when he displays an equal knowledge of men and books; when he adapts reading to reasoning, and all in the cause of liberty and religion, we are apt to bewail, not only the disgrace, but the loss of our country, that could suffer such a person to be, in a manner, dead to society.

Till the pieces before us were published Swift could, with some appearance of justice, have disputed with Butler the palm of wit, humor, and observation of life. But we are of opinion that the question must be now, by the discerning and impartial part of the public, decided in Butler's favor. We cannot, however, say of all the pieces of this collection, as Ovid does of the chariot of the sun, "Materiam superat opus;" for here many of the materials are rich, but the workmanship is rough; they look like pieces of the most precious metal, when they first come out of a beautiful mould; but without the finishing and heightenings that the hand and the tools of the artist can bestow. Many of them bear manifest indications of genius laboring, but not crushed, under indigence; while some of them have received all the polish that art and judgment can bestow.

The editor has performed his duty with great pertinency, yet mod-

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esty of observation; and this publication is far from being one of those catchpenny subscription-works, which, circulating from one good-natured friend to another, at last picks the pocket of the public. We are tempted to wish, however, that Mr. Thyer's studies had led him, a little more than they seem to have done, into those piddling walks of pamphlet and polemical reading, from which alone can be drawn the illustrations of many dark passages of his admirable author; nor can we think he has been always happy in his conjectures.

Through great part of the two volumes before us we perceive that Butler was no friend to the Royal Society,[1] and the method of philosophizing in fashion in his time; and, indeed, as Mr. Thyer observes with great truth, one must own that the members of that learned body, at their first setting out, did justly lay themselves open to the lashes of wit and satire.

The first poem in this collection is entitled "The Elephant in the Moon," and is planned upon a humorous story of a mouse getting into a telescope, with which the virtuosos were viewing the moon, and which they instantly pronounced to be an elephant in the moon. The story, which is full of Butler's humor, is told at first in short, and then in long, verse, but generally in the same terms and terminations of rhyme.

The poem which follows is entitled "A Satire upon the Weakness and Misery of Man," and bears the stamp not only of genius but virtue, with such characteristics of the latter as are impossible to be counterfeited: as for the former, they speak for themselves. In short, this is perhaps the finest and justest satire that any language can produce; and the whole of it has those marks of virtuous indignation which prove that the poet speaks from the heart. This indignation is levelled equally against the court of Charles the Second as against the fanatics; and the reader is grossly mistaken if he imagines that, because Butler was the author of "Hudibras," he favored either the politics or the manners of the court, to which his writings were so serviceable in its distress.

The satire in question, in enumerating the outward circumstances that create the weakness and misery of man, has the following lines:

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[1] "The enemies of the Royal Society were for some time very numerous and very acrimonious; for what reason it is hard to conceive, since the philosophers professed not to advance doctrines, but to produce facts; and the most zealous enemy of innovation must admit the gradual progress of experience, however he may oppose hypothetical temerity."—JOHNSON'S *Life of Butler*.

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"Yet as no barbarousness beside
Is half so barbarous as pride,
Nor any prouder insolence
Than that which has the least pretence,
We are so wretched, to profess
A glory in our wretchedness;
To vapor sillily, and rant
Of our own misery and want.
And grown vainglorious on a score,
We ought much rather to deplore,
Who, the first moment of our lives,
Are but condemn'd, and giv'n reprieves;
And our greatest grace is, not to know
When we shall pay 'em back, nor how;
Begotten with a vain caprich,
And live as vainly to that pitch.

"Our pains are real things, and all
Our pleasures but fantastical;
Diseases of their own accord,
But cures some difficult and hard;
Our noblest piles and stateliest rooms
Are but out-houses to the tombs;
Cities, though e'er so great and brave,
But mere warehouses to the grave;
Our brav'ry's[1] but a vain disguise,
To hide us from the world's dull eyes,
The remedy of a defect,
With which our nakedness is deckt;
Yet makes us swell with pride, and boast,
As if w' had gain'd by being lost."

After some other very fine reflections of the same caste, he concludes in the following noble and spirited strain:

"That wealth, that bounteous Fortune sends
As presents to her dearest friends,
Is oft laid out upon a purchase
Of two yards long in parish churches;
And those too happy men that bought it
Had liv'd, and happier too, without it;
For what does vast wealth bring but cheat,
Law, luxury, disease, and debt,
Pain, pleasure, discontent, and sport,
And easy-troubled life, and short?[2]

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[1] Finery.—GOLDSMITH *from* THYER.

[2] Though this satire seems fairly transcribed for the press, yet on a vacancy in

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"But all these plagues are nothing near
Those far more cruel and severe,
Unhappy man takes pains to find
T' inflict himself upon his mind;
And out of his own bowels spins
A rack and torture for his sins:
Torments himself, in vain, to know
That most, which he can never do;
And the more strictly 'tis denied,
The more he is unsatisfied:
Is busy in finding scruples out,
To languish in eternal doubt;
Sees spectres in the dark, and ghosts,
And starts, as horses do at posts,
And, when his eyes assist him least,
Discerns such subtle objects best:
On hypothetic dreams and visions
Grounds everlasting disquisitions,
And raises endless controversies
On vulgar theorems and hearsays:
Grows positive and confident
In things so far beyond th' extent
Of human sense, he does not know,
Whether they be at all, or no;
And doubts as much in things that are
As plainly evident, and clear:
Disdains all useful sense, and plain,
T' apply to th' intricate and vain;

---

the sheet opposite to this line I find the following verses, which probably were intended to be added; but, as they are not regularly inserted, I choose rather to give them by way of note:

"For men ne'er digg'd so deep into
The bowels of the earth below,
For metals that are found to dwell
Near neighbor to the pit of hell,
And have a magic pow'r to sway
The greedy souls of men that way;
But with their bodies have been fain
To fill those trenches up again;
When bloody battles have been fought
For sharing that which they took not.
For wealth is all things that conduce
To man's destruction, or his use;
A standard both to buy and sell
All things from heaven down to hell."

GOLDSMITH *from* THYER.

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And cracks his brains in plodding on
That which is never to be known;
To pose himself with subtleties,
And hold no other knowledge wise:
Although, the subtler all things are,
They're but to nothing the more near;
And the less weight they can sustain,
The more he still lays on in vain,
And hangs his soul upon as nice
And subtle curiosities,
As one of that vast multitude
That on a needle's point have stood:
Weighs right and wrong, and true and false,
Upon as nice and subtle scales
As those that turn upon a plane
With the hundredth part of half a grain;
And still the subtler they move,
The sooner false and useless prove.
So man, that thinks to force and strain
Beyond its natural sphere his brain,
In vain torments it on the rack,
And, for improving, sets it back;
Is ignorant of his own extent,
And that to which his aims are bent;
Is lost in both, and breaks his blade
Upon the anvil, where 'twas made;
For, as abortions cost more pain
Than vig'rous births, so all the vain
And weak productions of man's wit,
That aim at purposes unfit,
Require more drudgery, and worse,
Than those of strong and lively force."

The satire that follows is what the author calls in long verse, and is upon the licentious age of Charles the Second, contrasted with the Puritanical one that preceded it. In this satire, which is the sequel of the former, we have the following masterly lines:

"For those who heretofore sought private holes,
Securely in the dark to damn their souls,
Wore vizards of hypocrisy, to steal
And slink away, in masquerade, to hell;
Now bring their crimes into the open sun,
For all mankind to gaze their worst upon,
As eagles try their young against its rays,
To prove, if they're of generous breed, or base;
Call heaven and earth to witness how they've aim'd
With all their utmost vigor to be damn'd."

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Speaking of example:

"Example, that imperious dictator
Of all that's good or bad to human nature;
By which the world's corrupted, and reclaim'd;
Hopes to be sav'd, and studies to be damn'd;
That reconciles all contrarieties,
Makes wisdom foolishness, and folly wise."

Then follows a satire upon gaming.

The satire that follows is, we dare say, addressed to Sir William Davenant,[1] whose name our editor has been so delicate as to suppress, and is a piece of sterling wit. Speaking of rhyme and sense, he says:

"I, whom a lewd caprich (for some great crime
I have committed) has condemn'd to rhyme,
With slavish obstinacy vex my brain
To reconcile 'em, but, alas! in vain;
Sometimes I set my wits upon the rack,
And when I would say *white* the verse says *black;*
* * * * * *
When I would praise an author, the untoward
Damn'd sense, says Virgil, but the rhyme—."[2]

Speaking of the plague of rhyme, Mr. Pope has nothing in all his works more spirited and musical than the following lines:

"Without this plague, I freely might have spent
My happy days with leisure and content;
Had nothing in the world to do, or think,
Like a fat priest, but whore, and eat, and drink;
Had past my time as pleasantly away,
Slept all the night, and loiter'd all the day.
My soul, that's free from care, and fear, and hope,
Knows how to make her own ambition stoop."

He concludes the epistle with the following lines:

"Thou, then, that see'st how ill I spend my time,
Teach me, for pity, how to make a rhyme;
And, if the instructions chance to prove in vain,
Teach —— how ne'er to write again."

The next poem that follows, entitled "Repartees between Cat and Puss, at a Cater-wauling in the Modern Heroic Way," is levelled at

[1] Rather, Ned Howard. See next note.

[2] Ned Howard. The Hon. Edward Howard, brother of Sir Robert Howard, brother-in-law of Dryden, author of "The British Princes, an heroic poem," 1669, and of several plays, four of which are in print.

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the rhyme-plays of Dryden (for we cannot think with Mr. Thyer that Butler could throw his eye so low as upon Settle), and some other writers of otherwise good note; but it is supported with such exquisite humor, and with so just a spirit of ridicule, that it cannot admit of any quotations. Meanwhile, we think that in this poem we can discover some seeds that were transplanted into "The Rehearsal," or from "The Rehearsal" into it.[1]

The satire that follows is upon our ridiculous imitation of the French, and is worthy of the author of "Hudibras." The next poem is inscribed to the famous Ned Howard, and till now has always been given to Waller, and printed in his works. Then follows a palinode to the same gentleman, in the like vein of wit and humor. The conclusion of the next satire, which is upon drunkenness, is so inimitably fine, and so much in Butler's manner, that we must give it to the reader:

> "So Noah, when he anchor'd safe on
> The mountain's top, his lofty haven,
> And all the passengers he bore,
> Were on the new world set ashore,
> He made it next his chief design
> To plant and propagate a vine,
> Which since has overwhelm'd and drown'd
> Far greater numbers, on dry ground,
> Of wretched mankind, one by one,
> Than all the flood before had done."

The poem that follows is entitled "A Satire on Marriage," but is, in fact, levelled against adultery. It is but crude, though charged with our author's spirit, as are the three following poems, written in Pindaric ode measures; one upon an "Hypocritical Non-conformist;" the next upon "Modern Critics;" and the third, "To the happy memory of the most renowned Du Val," the highwayman. This last had been published in the author's lifetime. We are sorry Mr. Thyer, in a note upon this ode, should have been so ill-informed as to compare the fate of Maclean, the modern highwayman, to that of Du Val, in being beloved and lamented by the English ladies. We can assure him seriously that the fact is false, and all the stories on that head were mere inventions. By-the-bye, Du Val was remarkably handsome, and Maclean was as remarkably ugly.[2]

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[1] Butler is said to have had a finger in "The Rehearsal."

[2] "The present age can match this French adventurer with an Irish one of equal

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The satire, by way of panegyric, on Sir John Denham, and the many severe touches of our author in other parts of his works against that gentleman, must have been founded upon some personal quarrel or disgust, as Mr. Thyer rightly observes. Amongst other things, Sir John is accused of having bought his "Cooper's Hill," and of having borrowed "The Sophy." But charges of that kind, if not supported by some very strong facts, ought to be discouraged, as they tend to endanger or weaken every author's claim to reputation from his works. "Nuptiæ demonstrant prolem," is an established maxim with regard to the issue of our bodies; and a man's fathering a production, unless it is clearly proved to be illegitimate, ought to establish his claim to the issue of his brains.[1]

But the truth is, there are strong presumptions against the knight in point of plagiarism; for his works are so unequal, that some of them, to make use of Martial's expression to a plagiary, seem to say, *Fur es.* Butler might have reasons for his charge that we are ignorant of.

Amongst the several poems that follow, which we cannot particularize, there is a satire upon Plagiaries, which is finished, and in Butler's best manner.

We cannot agree with Mr. Thyer's conjecture that Oliver Cromwell is meant in the ballad that begins, "*Draw near, good people, all draw near;*"[2] for though Mr. Thyer supports his conjecture by a caricatura of Cromwell's person, drawn by one of his professed enemies, yet we have a much better authority for believing that his face was far from being of the hideous form and complexion there described. There is an original of Cromwell, by Cooper, extant; and it is attended with a whimsical anecdote which is well known to the virtuosi, and carries its own evidences along with it. For there are evident marks of creases in the canvas[3] of the painting, and a blue scarf about his armor is unfinished, which is said to have been owing to the usurper's impatience when he called at Cooper's for the picture; for, seeing the head finished, he hastily pulled the piece from the tenter and, clap-

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fame, the celebrated Mr. Maclean, who came to the same ignoble end, by being a hero in the same way, and was, it is said, no less regretted of the fair sex."—*Butler's Remains, by Thyer*, vol. i. p. 147, ed. 1759.

[1] "A report was spread that the poem of 'Cooper's Hill' was not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds. The same attempt was made to rob Addison of 'Cato,' and Pope of his 'Essay on Criticism.'"—JOHNSON, *Life of Denham.*

[2] Vol. VII. p. 192.

[3] Cooper was a miniature-painter, and never painted on canvas.

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ping it into his pocket, flung into his coach. This painting is conformable to all the accounts of his face that we have from the most impartial hands; and represents it as manly, but somewhat stern, though far from being ugly, far less deformed and hideous, as Butler has painted the subject of this ballad. If we might hazard a conjecture, the poet might allegorically design to satirize some of the committees of Parliament that sat upon the estates of the King's party, and compounded with their owners. Those committees sat in different parts, not only of the kingdom, but of the City.

Amongst the fragments designed by Butler to be inserted in a second part of a satire upon the imperfection and abuse of human learning, one of them falls foul of Milton, for leaving the merits of the controversy between him and Salmasius, about King Charles's murder, and turning it into a war of words, by accusing Salmasius of writing false Latin. This put us in mind of an epigram of Milton's beginning,

> "What made Salmasius, that French chattering pie,
> To aim at English and *Hundreda* cry?"

'Tis pity our author did not complete this design. His fragments, like the pieces of marble got together for rearing a building, are of the most exquisite beauty and workmanship. Amongst others, his description of a pedant is equally just and witty. Of pedantry he says:

> "For pedantry is but a corn, a wart
> Bred in the skin of judgment, sense and art,
> A stupefied excrescence, like a wen,
> Fed by the peccant humors of learn'd men,
> That never grows from natural defects
> Of downright and untutor'd intellects,
> But from the over-curious and vain
> Distempers of an artificial brain."

Next follows a collection of verses, under the title of "Miscellaneous Thoughts," which are finely adapted to their subjects, and which had they fallen into the hands of a poetical trader might have set him up and, as the saying is, "made a man of him forever." It is extremely hard, if not disagreeable, to give anything as a specimen where everything is equally so; but, as we must keep up to our plan, we shall give the first that comes to our hand of those detached verses:

> "The worst of rebels never arm
> To do their king or country harm;
> But draw their swords to do them good,
> As doctors cure by letting blood."

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"No seared conscience is so fell
As that which has been burnt with zeal;
For Christian charity's as well
A great impediment to zeal,
As zeal a pestilent disease
To Christian charity and peace."

"As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves and tear
Whatever ventures to come near:
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant
Does like a rattlesnake prevent."

"When princes idly lead about,
Those of their party follow suit,
Till others trump upon their play,
And turn the cards another way."

"What makes all subjects discontent
Against a prince's government,
And princes take as great offence
At subjects' disobedience;
That neither th' other can abide,
But too much reason on each side."

"As when a greedy raven sees
A sheep entangl'd by the fleece,
With hasty cruelty he flies
T' attack him and pick out his eyes;
So do those vultures use that keep
Poor pris'ners fast like silly sheep,

"As greedily to prey on all
That in their rav'nous clutches fall.
For thorns and brambles, that came in,
To wait upon the curse for sin,
And were no part o' th' first creation,
But for revenge a new plantation,
Are yet the fit'st materials
T' enclose the earth with living walls;
So jailers that are most accurst
Are found most fit in being worst."

Having thus, we hope, given no unsatisfactory account of this curious collection, so far as regards the poetical part of it, we are obliged

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to defer the prose part, in which Butler will appear with equal, if not superior, advantages to a future opportunity.

[Here, in September, 1759 (viii. 208) the *Review* recommenced:]—It is a doubt whether the writings of Butler, or the neglect he met with, be the greatest satire on the age in which he lived; certainly no man was ever possessed of greater talents for ridicule than he; none had a greater fund of original sentiment, none a more thorough detestation of vice, and none a more ungrateful return from society. A modern French writer, who has translated a part of his works, has justly observed that he has more thoughts than lines, and perhaps an exuberance of sentiment is his greatest defect; indeed, so closely do they follow each other, that the reader has neither time to relish what is past, nor prepare himself for what is to follow; as in other commodities, their value seems to be diminished by their profusion.

Of all our English poets Butler was reckoned the most modest man; his confusion was such, upon a first introduction, that some men imagined him scarce removed from idiotism; when he warmed, however, in conversation he then began to shine, and what before was pity in the audience was now turned to admiration. Characters, however, of this kind are perhaps not so well qualified as others for commencing authors. Impressed with too great a respect for the judgment of the reader, they imagine his sagacity equal to their own, and avoid repetition or explanation, as a tax upon his patience or an imputation on his skill. In short, they write as Butler has actually written, pour out thought after thought, leave no interstice in the composition void of sentiment, nor even allow a pause for admiration. Such writing as this, and not the affected diffidence expressed in a preface, is the true characteristic of modesty. Here the writer, as in conversation, says but little, and that to the purpose. Butler's manner is, however, now pretty much worn out of use; most readers now take up books merely to be idle; men of this complexion must be met with smiles, instead of the severity of thoughtfulness. As long as the writer continues to divert, so long will they permit him to instruct them; but if he offers to become too concise for their indolence, he then becomes unintelligible; to what purpose, then, should a writer think deeply, when those whom he addresses will not be at the pains of thinking? In short, this sententious manner of the last age somewhat resembles Gothic architecture, where the eye of the spectator is presented with a

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number of parts, each highly finished, and separately pretty, but which, however, diminish the effect of the whole.

If we read the histories of those great men who enlightened or adorned mankind, and, at the same time, perished, like Butler, by neglect, we shall find their misfortunes owing to the warmth of their friendships, or the virulence of their disgust. Thus Dante, Theodore Gaza, and Cassender were soured by their distresses at last into misanthropy: it was just so with Butler; we find him, through this publication, pursuing his contemporary authors, whom he disliked or despised, either with open or concealed satire; he could not tamely bear to see men carry away all the rewards of admiration, because rich, nor set up as models of politeness, because hung round with titles. Sir John Denham, in particular, has found no quarter; he was one of those who owed most of his reputation to a combination of friends in his favor, and who was as much praised beyond his desert as his antagonist before us was undervalued. Every wrong disposition of literary honors Butler seems to have thought as a negative insult upon genius: he opposed the distribution with spirit, was tacitly approved, and left without a reward. How many plants of medicinal virtue do we not find growing among savages unacquainted with their effects!

The writing characters, as the editor remarks, was a kind of wit much in fashion in the beginning of the last century. Bruyère seemed to have led the mode, but, to confess the truth, has not been equalled by any succeeding imitator: he has the happy art of varying his manner; when the bare description of nature begins to disgust he has recourse to a story, and when that has ceased to surprise he finds refuge in a bon-mot. The characters before us want that entertaining variety, and seem drawn rather after the designs of Theophrastus; and we must do our countryman the justice to own that his sketches are not inferior to those of the refined Grecian.

His character of a small poet, for instance, is as fine a piece of satire and criticism as we have seen united. To give the reader a specimen:

"A small poet is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock, and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of his joints. Imitation is the whole sum

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of him; and his vein is but an itch or clap that he has catched of others; and his flame like that of charcoals, that were burnt before; but as he wants judgment to understand what is best, he naturally takes the worst, as being most agreeable to his own talent. You may know his wit not to be nature, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him; for, as those that have money but seldom are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He measures other men's wit by *their* modesty, and his own by *his* confidence. He makes nothing of writing plays, because he has not wit enough to understand the difficulty. This makes him venture to talk and scribble, as chowses do to play with cunning gamesters, until they are cheated and laughed at. He is always talking of wit, as those that have bad voices are always singing out of tune; and those that cannot play delight to fumble on instruments. He grows the unwiser by other men's harms; for the worse others write, he finds the more encouragement to do so too. His greediness of praise is so eager that he swallows anything that comes in the likeness of it, how notorious and palpable soever, and is as shot-free against anything that may lessen his good opinion of himself. This renders him incurable, like diseases that grow insensible."

Were such a number of original thoughts in the possession of a German commentator, what folios might not be the result of his speculations! In short, this performance might serve as a common-place-book[1] for such as find more difficulty in thinking than expression; a hundred sentiments may be stolen from it, and yet the plagiary be never detected.

What can be more just than his character of a libeller, whom he describes as one whose whole works treat but of two things, his own malice and the faults of another:

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[1] "I am informed by Mr. Thyer, of Manchester, that excellent editor of this author's 'Reliques,' that he could show something like Hudibras in prose. He has in his possession the *common-place-book* in which Butler reposited, not such events and precepts as are gathered by reading, but such remarks, similitudes, allusions, assemblages, or inferences as occasion prompted or meditation produced—those thoughts that were generated in his own mind, and might be usefully applied to some future purpose. Such is the labor of those who write for immortality!"—JOHNSON, *Life of Butler*.

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"He is not much concerned whether what he writes be true or false; that's nothing to his purpose, which aims only at filthy and bitter; and therefore his language is, like pictures of the devil, the fouler the better. He robs a man of his good name, not for any good it will do him (for he dares not own it), but merely, as a jackdaw steals money, for his pleasure. His malice has the same success with other men's charity, to be rewarded in private; for all he gets is but his own private satisfaction, and the testimony of an evil conscience; for which, if it be discovered, he suffers the worst kind of martyrdom, and is paid with condign punishment, so that at the best he has but his labor for his pains. He deals with a man as the Spanish Inquisition does with heretics, clothes him in a coat painted with hellish shapes of fiends, and so shows him to the rabble, to render him the more odious. He exposes his wit like a bastard, for the next comer to take up and put out to nurse, which it seldom fails of, so ready is every man to contribute to the infamy of another. He is like the devil that sows tares in the dark, and while a man sleeps plants weeds among his corn. When he ventures to fall foul on the government or any great persons, if he has not a special care to keep himself, like a conjuror, safe in his circle, he raises a spirit that falls foul on himself, and carries him to *limbo;* where his neck is clapped up in the hole out of which it is never released, until he has paid his ears down on the nail for fees. He is in a worse condition than a school-boy; for when he is discovered he is whipped for his exercise, whether it be well or ill done; so that he takes a wrong course to show his wit, when his best way to do so is to conceal it; otherwise he shows his folly instead of his wit, and pays dear for the mistake."

At the end of these two volumes, for which the public are so much obliged to the editor, are subjoined thoughts upon various subjects, still superior to anything in the foregoing collection. In these the author's peculiar talent shines conspicuously, since his principal merit consists in the strength and justness of his sentiments, without any peculiar skill in arrangement. Had all his works been published, like those of Mohammed, which, as we are told, were delivered in single sentences, it is probable his fame would have suffered no diminution. To give an example of his talent this way:

"This age will serve to make a very pretty farce for the next, if it have any wit at all to make use of it."

"The preferment of fools and undeserving persons is not so much an honor to them, as infamy and dishonor to those that raise them;

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for when a prince confers honor on those that do not deserve it, he throws it away out of his own stock, and leaves himself so much the less as he parts with to those that want merit to pretend to it; and by that ill-husbandry in time leaves himself none at all to pay those to whom it is due."

"The worst governments are the best, when they light in good hands; and the best the worst, when they fall into bad ones."

"The vices of tyrants run in a circle, and produce one another, begin with luxury and prodigality, which cannot be supplied but by rapine. Rapine produces hate in the people, and that hate fear in the prince; fear, cruelty; cruelty, despair; and despair, destruction."

"It is both the wisest and safest way in the world to keep at a convenient distance with all men. For when men converse too closely they commonly, like those that meet in crowds, offend one another."

"There is a kind of physiognomy in the title of books, no less than in the faces of men, by which a skilful observer will as well know what to expect from the one as the other."

"Men of the greatest apprehension and aptest geniuses to anything they undertake do not always prove the greatest masters in it: for there is more patience and phlegm required in those that attain to any degree of perfection, than is commonly found in the temper of active and ready wits, that soon tire, and will not hold out; as the swiftest race-horse will not perform a long journey so well as a sturdy, dull jade. Hence it is that Virgil, who wanted much of that natural easiness of wit that Ovid had, did, nevertheless, with hard labor and long study, arrive at a higher perfection than the other, with all his dexterity of wit, but less industry, could attain to. The same we may observe of Jonson and Shakspeare; for he that is able to think long, and judge well, will be sure to find out better things than another man can hit upon suddenly, though of more quick and ready parts; which is commonly but chance, and the other art and judgment."

How works of such merit have been so long suppressed as those before us is, indeed, somewhat surprising; or how the author himself, in his needy hours, was never induced to turn them to profit, is what we cannot account for: perhaps the rewards of copy-money, as it is called, were not so high then as they are now, and fame might have been the only incentive to publication.

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XIV.—MARRIOTT'S "HORACE."

REPLY TO "THE CRITICAL REVIEW."

"*The Twentieth Epistle of Horace to his Book, modernized by the Author of 'Female Conduct'* (THOMAS MARRIOTT, Esq.), *and applied to his own Book, and intended as an Answer to the Remarks on his Book made by the Writer of 'The Critical Review.'*" 8vo. Owen. Price 6*d*.

IT was once a debate among casuists, which we could wish to see revived, whether the contempt offered to great men in disguise ought justly to be resented by them as injurious. After much reasoning upon the matter, Escobar[1] at length determined that as men they have a right to resent; but as great men they are obliged to forgiveness. This last part of the argument is so applicable to our present purpose, that we cannot avoid urging it in the strongest manner in expostulating with the great man with whom we are at present unhappily embroiled. We have a right to be forgiven, because we now at last acknowledge the dignity of him from whom (impressed with terror as we are) we ask forgiveness. A few months ago a poem entitled "Female Conduct" came from the press, published in the usual manner, without one single mark of the author's importance; and we, in our usual manner, found something in it to praise, and something to reprove.[2] At this time we knew very little of Mr. Marriott, and, in the sincerity of our hearts, wished his dull, well-meaning efforts success. Soon, however, it was found that in talking of him we were all in the wrong box, nor paid him half that deference which he claimed as his due. The pamphlet before us, written in all the fury of resentment, tells us all about him. By this we are informed, but, alas! too late for redress, that Mr. Marriott is tall; that he is rich; that he is thin and lean; that he laughs when the sun shines; and lastly, that he is the very man who took the two Gregories.[3] Why could he not have told us all this when he published his first pamphlet? No! he

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[1] A Spanish Jesuit, born at Seville, in 1588, and died, while a missionary at Lima, in 1669. His works were printed in *twenty-six* folio volumes.

[2] See Article II., Vol. VII. p. 822.

[3] I am sorry I cannot explain this.

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slips it out upon the world in obscurity, and, like Peter the Great, is resolved to quarrel with every creature that does not pay homage to his greasy greatness in disguise. Had he put but half what the present pamphlet contains into the preface of the former, it were easy to have clapped on a pair of prudential spectacles, and read his poetry into rhyme; for he may be convinced that we sooner would have eaten gunpowder than have meddled with the author who took the two Gregories.

Though the performance was opened with a thorough resolution not to lose our temper upon the perusal, yet we find it so severe that we kindle as we read. It is all an orange stuffed with cloves: when fatigued with scolding in prose, he has recourse to rhyme, and when he has teased us sufficiently with English verse, he takes up the cudgels in Latin. All are alike to him, back-sword, single falchion, or quarter-staff; he wields them all with equal dexterity, and no favor. Now he calls us scribblers, anon minor critics, then dull critics, bad-hearted critics. This sure is not polite; yet all this might be borne, but who can be calm when he calls us Bavius? Yes, dear reader, he actually calls us Bavius! Ah, little did we think that while we censured the writer of "Female Conduct," we were only raising the indignation of the author who took the two Gregories.

Yet shall it be left to his own breast whether he deals candidly with us or the public. He first writes bad verses, and next he tells the world he does not desire a reputation for poetry. This is very modest either way. Would not any one be induced from such a performance, and with such an invitation, to speak his sentiments without shrinking? In an evil hour we took the author at his word, pitied his performance, and gave him a discharge from Parnassus at his own request; and yet, oh ingratitude! here we have him in a violent passion for our pains. This author is surely a sly one. He invites us to a feast; tells us we are heartily welcome to fall to, and yet is violently angry with us for eating. Does this become the patron of virtue, this become the avowed champion of the fair sex? Does this become the man who has fought, and consequently vanquished, gamesters, Methodists, and Bolingbroke? Oh, vartue, vartue! to what will this degenerate age at length arrive, when the very man who gives a morsel of bread with one hand picks it from our teeth with the other!

By this time the reader, perhaps, desires to see how our poet treats us in rhyme; and though, by quoting him, we propagate our own dis-

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grace, yet will we be just to him and the public. The epistle in view is from the author to his own book. Let us suppose him sitting like the man in the primer in his arm-chair, thus addressing the manuscript which he holds between his finger and thumb: "My little book," says he, "you have an eye or a mind to—" But take it in his own words:

"My book, you have an eye to Temple Bar
That you may trim in Owen's shop appear;
That you with gilded ornaments may shine,
Polish'd without, and delicate within.
You hate the close restraint of lock and key,
Which to a modest book would grateful be.
But go from me forewarn'd, this lesson learn,
When gone from me you never can return;[1]
When this shall happen, I (who in your ear
Instill'd good counsel which you would not hear)
In your distress will scornful laugh at you,
Like him who down a rock in anger threw
The ass, that would not his commands pursue.
Who'll strive against his will to save a fool
Whom friendly admonitions can't control?"

The reader at length smokes the champion we have to deal with; he will observe what strength of thought and diction, and what a flow of poetry are here! A piddling reader, it is certain, might object to almost all the rhymes of the above quotation; but the less rhyme the more like blank verse, and all know that Milton wrote without such a restraint; but if any reader is for having the above quotation to be rhyme, he has nothing more to do than to read it poetically. Let *key*, for instance, be called *kee*, and then it rhymes with *be;* and let *fool* be called *fole*, and then it answers *control* in the next line. By this means the poetry, which our author, no doubt, meant for blank verse, may serve for either. We have here given but a taste of our bard's performance: those who are pleased with it may indulge themselves to satiety in a publication, which he promises shortly, of several other modernized works of this kind. We shall beg leave, in all friendship only, to offer this unconquered champion the following motto to his future production:

Κην με φαγης επι ριζαν, ομως ετι καρποφορησω.

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[1] "We are assured there is a mistake here, being informed a large bale of this work was sent to Hillingdon for waste paper." *O——n Gregory, jun.*—GOLDSMITH. Marriott lived at Hillingdon, in Middlesex.

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XV.—GUICCIARDINI'S "HISTORY OF ITALY."

"*The History of Italy, written in Italian by Francesco Guicciardini, a Nobleman of Florence.* Translated into English by the Chevalier AUSTIN PARKE GODDARD, Knight of the Military Order of St. Stephen." In 10 vols., 8vo.

NOTHING can be more just than the character given of Guicciardini by Lipsius, "Inter nostros summus est historicus; inter veteres mediocris:" if compared to modern historians, he will be found superior; if with the ancients, he must be contented with a subordinate situation. It is, indeed, a little extraordinary why the ancients, particularly the Roman historians, should still remain the uncontested and unrivalled masters of historical excellence. Their experience was then much more confined than ours, since to their wisdom we can add that of an intervening space of almost two thousand years. The politics of their princes was not so confined, as the law of nations was scarcely attended to; and war, which with us is little more than a treaty written in blood, was with them the removing of empires and the enslaving of millions: still, however, with such limited experience, and in countries governed by such rude masters, Sallust and Tacitus wrote their histories, and left their successors models which they may endeavor to imitate; but, if their future efforts be not attended with better success, cannot hope to rival.

That since the revival of learning the Italians have excelled the rest of Europe in history, is a fact so well known that it hardly deserves to be insisted upon. Barely to mention the names of Machiavelli, Davila, Nani, Muratori, and several others, will serve to silence opposition: the fact is notorious; the reason of their peculiar excellence is not equally so.

Italy is divided into a number of petty states, whose mutual security lies in their mutual jealousy and distrusts. Here, then, politicians are formed, and states governed in miniature; here a man may, and often has, exerted all the stratagems of war at the head of two hundred men, and exhausted all the chicanery of politics in the government of a petty corporation. This was the soil for an historian; here, as in a map, he perceived the excellence and the inconveniences of every species of polity; could point out, with precision, the in-

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effective attempts of democracy, or the headlong efforts of mistaken monarchy; this was a field for historical speculation; even he that ran might, if he pleased, be a reader.

In this country Guicciardini was bred, and at the time when its petty states might properly be said to be fermenting into form. He had all the advantages that could conduce to a thorough knowledge, both of the facts he relates and the personages who were concerned in conducting them. He was at once (what seldom happens to be united in the same person) a scholar, a soldier, and a politician; and employed by his country at different times in all those three capacities, with advantage to it and with honor to himself. His narrative is manly and grave, and his facts are made, as in a well-written play, to rise from each other. His impartiality appears manifest: even his own country, to which he owed so many obligations, is treated with historical justice, and its enemies treated with so much candor that the reader can hardly say whether the author was of Florence or Pisa.

These are a part of his excellences; but it must not be concealed what critics have objected against him on the other hand. He is taxed with being tedious and particular; that he now and then indulges reflection, and retards the events, which, in history, should be ever hastening towards the catastrophe. "As for that part of his history," says Montaigne, "which he seems to be most proud of, I mean his digressions and discourses, it must be owned that some of them have peculiar merit, and are adorned with eloquence and nature; but still he seems in love with them: for, desirous of omitting nothing, and his subject supplying him with more than sufficient matter, he becomes feeble by delay, and his history at length savors of pedantic trifling." Dr. Donne, when talking of the Creation, as delivered by Moses, objects the same faults to our author: "If the history of the beginning of the world," says he, "were written by so prolix an author as Guicciardini, not even the world itself would be able to contain the books written upon its own creation." Yet, notwithstanding the objections of so great men, his history can seem tedious to none but the indolent; and in this class, perhaps, we may rank the two great men now quoted—at least the former confesses himself to be so. There is, through the whole work, especially the first five books, a preparation of incidents, that, instead of being prolix, the reader can scarce lay down the book without an ardent desire of knowing what follows next; and the worst that can be said of his speeches is, that they are fine political harangues, improperly placed.

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There is an objection of another nature, which carries more weight, because it unfortunately happens to be true; namely, his representing all the actions of his personages as arising from bad motives. "E fu anche sempre inclinato," says a countryman of his, "à le peggiori, come apare nella sua spessa maledicenza di ciascheduno; la quale appresso alla vulgare malignità gli lià guadagnata estimazion di veridico." He was ever leaning to the worst side of a character, as appears by his giving nobody a good word, merely to appear in the eyes of the vulgar as a speaker of truth. Even the most enthusiastic admirer of Guicciardini must allow that this observation is just, since, in the representation of so many characters, he scarce describes one whose conscience is his motive to action. The persons who figure in his drama are almost all knaves or fools, politic betrayers, or blustering idiots. In short, the history before us may be styled a truly misanthropical performance. To a person inclined to hate the species, what ample matter will it not afford both for ridicule and for reproach!

We see the history open with the account of a monarch immersed in pleasures, surrounded with flatterers, not only ignorant of the polite arts, but hardly acquainted with the figures of the letters, incapable of discovering merit, or, what is as bad, incapable of directing it to its proper sphere. We see such a monarch—for so he represents Charles the Eighth of France—resolved to play the conqueror and plunder kingdoms. Observe how pointed the ridicule is: imagine this man, with a body as deformed as his intellects were contemptible, of a very short stature, bandy-legged, of a puny constitution and detestable visage, equipped like a hero, clothed in complete steel, mounted upon a mettlesome courser, marching into every town at the head of his army, looking fiercely, with his lance on his thigh, and calling upon the obsequious crowd for homage. To make the picture still more poignant, imagine such a figure in love and acting the gallant! Who can forbear smiling at an account like this, unless his mouth be repressed by considering that the affairs of his fellow-creatures were subjected to the caprice of such a diminutive idiot?

On the other hand, the Italians, whom he came to conquer, are drawn in circumstances even of greater debasement: they meet this army of France without head or conductor, with neither vigor, prudence, nor unanimity; they leave an easy conquest, without striking a blow in defence of their privileges. Yet let not the reader imagine they were all this time unemployed; they were busily taken up

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with plots, treaties, politics, and poison. They were too rich or too cowardly to be soldiers themselves; their armies were, therefore, composed of mercenaries, who being a mixture of peasants, people in low life, subjects of different potentates, and entirely dependent on their captains, with whom they agreed for a salary, and in whose power it was to detain or dismiss them, they had neither natural nor acquired parts to act gallantly. "The captains were very seldom the subjects of the prince they served, but had a different interest and separate views; were full of piques and jealousies; their services not commonly limited to a certain time; and being entirely masters of their own companies, they seldom kept the number they were paid for complete." Such is the description of the Italian soldiery. No wonder, then, the country fell an easy prey to the first invader; for we may be assured that that army will seldom fight well which has nothing to lose by a defeat.

Yet, notwithstanding the noted cowardice of such troops, they pretended to more personal bravery than those of any other nation beside. Their condottieri, as an historian contemporary with Guicciardini relates, were a set of the most assuming fellows alive. One called himself Cut-head, another Bloody-bones, a third assumed some other frightful appellation; and yet these fellows would often refuse to be led up to a practicable breach, though guarded only by a few peasants as timorous as themselves. But let us do them justice: for single combat they were lions, every one of them; cowards in the army, and duellists in peace. Guicciardini relates a combat between thirteen of these Italians and as many Frenchmen, who, as mentioned before, had overrun Italy without opposition. The reader may take the combat in the words of the translator, which will at once serve as a specimen of his language and the misplaced abilities of the Italian soldiery:

"Upon the neck of these unlucky accidents" (some advantages gained by the Spaniards over the French), "happened another, which mightily checked the forwardness of the French, who had no cause to lay the blame on the malignity of fortune, since the event must be accounted the pure effect of true valor and resolution. The matter of fact was this: a French trumpet that was sent to Barletta, to treat about the ransom of some soldiers taken at Rubos, heard some Italian men-at-arms speak in terms reflecting on his countrymen. Of this he made a report at his return to the camp, which occasioned an answer to the Italians, and both parties were so heated as to kindle a general

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resentment, which had no way to vent itself, till it was at length agreed that, for the honor of their respective nations, thirteen French men-at-arms should enter the lists with as many Italians, in an open, secure place, and combat till the victory was decided.

"Accordingly, there was a plain space of ground appointed, between Barletta, Andria, and Quadrata, to which the champions were conducted by a set number of their comrades; and, for further security against ambuscades, each of the generals, with the greater part of his army, accompanied them half-way, animating them, and charging them that, as men selected from the whole army, they should be sure to answer, both in heart and hand, the expectations conceived of them, which ran so high that in their hands, and in their valor, the honor of such noble nations was, by common consent, intrusted. The French viceroy animated his men by reminding them that those they saw before them were the very same Italians who had trembled at the name of the French, and had always taken care to get out of their way, without giving them an opportunity of exercising their valor. How often had they traversed their country, from the Alps to the utmost part of Italy! That their adversaries had not acquired new spirits or vigor, nor were inspired with a fresh generosity of soul; but being in the pay of the Spaniards, and under their command, they had not the power to contradict the will of their masters, who were accustomed not to encounter their enemies with plain valor and open force, but to circumvent them by wiles and stratagems, and now intended to be idle spectators of the dangers of others; but, as soon as these Italians shall be brought into the field, and confronted with the arms and fierce looks of those who have always beaten them, their usual fright will return, and either they will have no heart to fight at all, or else will fight under such fear as to make them an easy prey; the lofty speeches and vain bravadoes of the Spaniards being but a poor foundation for raising the spirits, and a very frail buckler against pointed steel and the fury of the conqueror.

"On the other side, Gonsalvo was heartening and stimulating his Italians with equally pungent motives. He recalled to their mind the ancient glory of their nation, and the honors acquired by their arms, which has rendered them masters of the world. It was, said he, in the power of those few brave men, who were not inferior in valor to their ancestors, to make it appear to all the world that Italy, the conqueress of all nations, had, for a few years past, been overrun by foreign armies for no other reason but the imprudence of its

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princes, who, prompted by ambition, first fell out among themselves, and then called in foreigners, to enable them to get the better of one another. The French, he told them, had never obtained a victory in Italy by true valor, but under the conduct or by the arms of the Italians themselves, or by the fury of their artillery, the dread of which, as an instrument of war unknown in Italy, and not the fear of their arms, opened them a passage into the country. But now they had an opportunity given them of fighting with sword and lance, body to body, where each of them had liberty to display his own personal valor, and be a glorious spectacle to the chief Christian nations; and before so great a number of noble persons of their own country, all of them, as well of one side as the other, were extremely desirous that they should get the victory. That they should remember that they were trained under the most famous captains of Italy, continually exercised in arms; and that there was not a single person of their number but had given proofs of his valor in various places, and much to his honor. For them, therefore, it was reserved, either by coming off conquerors to retrieve the honor of the Italian nation, and render its name glorious and formidable, as it had been, not only in the days of their ancestors, but even in their own times; or else, if victory was not in the power of such hands as theirs, that there could be no room to hope for better times, but that Italy must forever remain in a state of perpetual and ignominious servitude. The other officers and private soldiers of both armies were no less solicitous in stimulating their champions and kindling their courage, charging them to show their bravery, and to behave like themselves, and worthy of the confidence reposed in them, for augmenting, by their own proper valor, the glory and splendor of their nations.

"Thus charged and animated, the champions were conducted into the field, each one full of ardor and in high spirits, where both parties were enclosed within a list, opposite to each other. The signal being given, they ran furiously at each other with their lances, in which encounter, none seeming to have the advantage, they laid their hands to their other weapons with great force and animosity, each one exerting himself in so extraordinary a manner as to beget in all the spectators a tacit confession that no soldiers more valiant nor more worthy to act so glorious a part could have been selected out of both armies. But when they had combated a good while, and the ground was covered with pieces of armor, and blood had issued out of the wounds given on both sides, and the event was as yet uncertain, all the be-

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holders keeping a profound silence, and being almost under as much anxiety and concern of mind as the combatants themselves, it happened that Guglielmo Albimonte, one of the Italians, was thrown from his horse by a Frenchman, who ran fiercely upon him with his horse to despatch him; but Francesco Salamone, running to assist his companion, fetched a full blow at the Frenchman, who, being intent on the slaughter of Albimonte, was not on his guard, which struck him dead on the spot. After this he and Albimonte, who had recovered himself, with Miale, who had also been wounded and dismounted, fell upon sticking the enemy's horses with long swords, which they had provided for that purpose, and killed several of them; by which means the Frenchmen began to have the worse of the combat, and at last some of the Italians took one, some another of them, till they were all made prisoners.

"The victors were received with joyful acclamations by their comrades, and treated by Gonsalvo, who met them half-way, with all the expressions of gladness and respect, congratulating each man in particular, and all in general, as restorers of the Italian honor. They afterwards made their entry into Barletta in a triumphant manner with their prisoners, amidst the sound of drums and trumpets and the noise of cannon, and accompanied with military shouts and huzzas. How small (to use the words of our author in another place) is the praise of cutting a figure in tournaments with a heavy lance! and how greatly does it differ from bravery or from conduct!"

With respect to the present translation, as the gentleman has made an apology for his style in the beginning, we shall not take upon us the invidious task of selecting its faults. Be it sufficient to say it is better done than could reasonably be expected from a person a great part of whose life was spent in a foreign country. The Grand-duke of Tuscany, Cosmo the Third, had invited him to Italy when but a boy, and there he resided for eighteen years. We could wish to encourage every attempt like this, which serves to make Italian learning better known in England, where it is more generally admired than understood.

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XVI.—HAWKINS'S "MISCELLANIES."

"*Miscellanies.* By WILLIAM HAWKINS,[1] M.A., Fellow of Pembroke College, Oxford." In three volumes, 8vo.

IN this publication Mr. Hawkins appears under the character of a divine, a critic, and a poet; and in his triple capacity we shall beg leave to consider him.

His first tract in divinity is entitled "A Rational Inquiry into the Speculative and Practical Principles of the Christian Religion." A performance not without merit; but the author certainly might have done more, or at least better, had he attempted to do less. In a small tract like this it was impossible to exhaust the whole subject of divinity, as he has endeavored to do; it was impossible, in so short a compass, to silence the atheist, the deist of every denomination, the Arian, the Roman Catholic, and all the various sects and opinions amongst ourselves, which either idleness or ignorance has produced; it was a vain attempt, we say, to confine in his scanty page opinions that have already exhausted tomes of undecided controversy. In showing how far reason, unassisted by revelation, can lead us into the nature of Deity and ourselves, he has perhaps given our rational faculties greater sagacity than they merit, as he thinks that reason alone points out the immortality of the soul. His words are: "If man is a being compounded of body and spirit, which we have endeavored to prove, there is in his nature a principle of existence. A mortal spirit is a contradiction in terms; for the essential difference between body and spirit is, that the latter is not subject to corruption. Without attributing this native principle of incorruption to spirit (if I may so say), we cannot prove the eternity of God, which is asserted by all who admit his existence; for God is not a corporeal being; he therefore exists as a spirit to and from all eternity." Thus he hangs the proof of the eternity of the Godhead—*a parte post*, to speak with the schools

[1] Son of the author of the "Treatise of the Pleas of the Crown," Poetry Professor at Oxford, rector of Little Casterton, in Rutlandshire; and at his death, in 1801, vicar of Whitchurch, Dorsetshire.

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—upon the same feeble support that he does that of the soul of man; and yet the one is capable of the strongest demonstration, while the other has scarce the shadow of reason to support it, and is obliged to fly to revelation to silence inquiry. The eternity of the Godhead, *a parte post*, is proved thus: no being can lose its existence but by an act of power superior to its own; but no being has a power superior to the Godhead: therefore he must be eternal. On the contrary, the soul of man may survive the body a thousand years; but what argument can be drawn from reason that divine power may not then annihilate it? This difficulty ever stuck with the philosophers, nor did their reasonings ever proceed farther than to prove the soul a more vivacious principle than the body. The reasoning of Plato on this head was excessively weak; and yet, perhaps, it was all that reason could do. "We see," says he, "different parts of the body after death have different duration: the sinews last longer than the flesh; the bones still longer, and so forth; why, then, shall not the soul be of greater duration than either?" Thus spake unassisted reason; but revelation has brought our doubts into certainty, and surely it is taking from the latter to ascribe to reason what is not its due. Were our author's arguments enforced against deists or atheists only, we should heartily join issue; but he has chalked out a narrow path for faith to walk by, and sometimes declaims with heat, we had almost said virulence, against many opinions amongst Christians which are purely theoretical, mere speculations, which should serve as playthings to exercise the indolence of theology, rather than as brands to excite its rancor or reproach.

His next tract is a review of a book entitled "A Free and Candid Examination of the Principles Advanced in the Bishop of London's[1] Sermons, and in his Discourses on Prophecy; wherein the commonly received system, concerning the nature of the Jewish and Christian Dispensations, is particularly considered," etc. The Burgosean controversy has not more divided our speculative divines than the late broached dispute, whether the Jews had any notion of a future state, is likely to do. The Bishop of London, in his sermons, assumes the affirmative; but he has had many opponents; and now the argument seems kindled up, nor perhaps will be extinguished till some opinion more new rises or revives for a while to attract the attention. Mr. Hawkins seems to be pretty confident in the advantage of his cause;

[1] Dr. Thomas Sherlock.

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and this we may venture to say, that he seems to be on the safe side, for he is on the Bishop's; and though he loses his cause, he may gain a vicarage. As for the controversy, so much has been said on both sides, that we must really acknowledge ourselves sceptics in the debate. It is probable that the Jews were well acquainted with the doctrine of the soul's surviving after death, from its being a received opinion in Egypt, and in several nations round them. But how far this doctrine may be contained in the Old Testament is what perhaps will never be determined, unacquainted as we are at this period with the strict meaning of the language in which it is written. The whole dispute must turn on the import of some Hebrew words; and who is there now alive capable of being a judge in such a controversy? We can know enough, and believe enough, without being acquainted with a syllable of the matter; we could wish our divines would therefore turn their arms against the common enemy; and while infidelity is at the gate, not waste the time at civil altercation.

The second volume contains "Poetical Prelections," pronounced in the natural philosophy school, in the University of Oxford, of which seminary Mr. Hawkins was a member, and constituted professor of poetry there. His design and method in this course of lectures are thus explained by himself:

"'De ratione vero, quâ in sequentibus prælectionibus usurus sum, quæ præfanda censui, quam paucissimis accipite. Ea igitur,' etc. The method which I shall pursue in the following course of lectures is briefly as follows. All I have had to say upon dramatic poetry I have rather treated in a series of critical dissertations than reduced to a system, partly because I chose to deviate from the barren track, and partly because I know that those who are fond of poetry are seldom fond of having things treated with a philosophical dryness. One general rule is sufficient to regulate all poetry—a rule borrowed from nature, of which the poet is always an imitator—*let there be nothing monstrous.* If we strictly attend to this, it will be quite unnecessary to perplex you and myself with technical terms and critical minutiæ—a subject which can neither inform the learner nor please those who are acquainted with poetry. I am not ignorant that the drama is confined by the strictest laws; but I hope soon to be able to show that we not only may sometimes infringe upon those laws, but that we even ought to do it, if we would ease the reader and adhere to nature strictly. To be entirely explicit, those who follow the letter of the law must be often guilty of injustice, and sometimes commit

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faults more unnatural and unreasonable than those from which they profess to deter us.

"I am in the mean time perfectly sensible how invidious a task it must be to impugn doctrines established by time and by Aristotle—a name which critics of a lesser order implicitly admire, a man whose orders they are ever ready to obey. They, however, who teach others are not to refute but determine, and ever to have that maxim of Horace in their eye:

"'Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri.'

"It is not the authority of any precept we are to esteem, but the reasons on which it is established. The authority of Aristotle, I will allow, justly stands in the highest among us of Oxford, yet it would be absurd to pay it upon all occasions an implicit obedience. There is no reason why he who is justly accused with error in other sciences should be our only guide in poetry. However, if any should accuse me of audaciousness or arrogance, that resting upon my own authority alone, of which no man has a meaner opinion, I impugn the doctrines of critics of established reputation, let them know that vanity has been by no means my motive. I desire no fame for being the parent of new opinions; I only aim at defending our great countryman Shakspeare, and to show that what have been imputed to him as faults are often the result of art and invention."

This pretty well serves to give a general idea of Mr. Hawkins's design, which he has treated with some learning, though but little conviction. The rules of the drama were not invented by Aristotle, but the Greek tragedians: those rules they adopted, because nature and the rules were the same; and in this whole performance we cannot see an objection to them, but that of Shakspeare, and other English writers wrote well without being acquainted with them.

But let us hasten to his third volume, where, stripped of his gown, and descended from the chair of Aristarchus, Mr. Hawkins endeavors to put his own precepts into practice, and enters the lists of fame, divested of those adventitious ornaments, sometimes the rewards of genius, but not unfrequently found the badges of stupidity.

The first performance here is called "The Thimble," an heroic-comical poem, in five cantos, illustrated with notes, critical and explanatory, by Scriblerus Secundus. There is nothing in the whole province of writing more difficult to attain than humor: the poet in other subjects walks a broad road, but here he seems to tread along a line, and the slightest deviation undoes him. Humor once missed,

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most effectually turns the author ridiculous; all the satire he would fondly level at others is now pointed against himself; and, as the tyrant of a tragedy, he is obliged to swallow the poison prepared for another. A disappointed humorist is indeed a most deplorable figure; somewhat like blockheads of vivacity in company, ever grinning without a jest. The whole plot of these five cantos is no more than a young lady happening to prick her finger with a needle. The gods and goddesses were resolved to make a thimble to prevent such disasters for the future. Vulcan accordingly made one, and Venus gave it to the lady's lover, and he brought it to his mistress, and so they were resolved to be married. This is a plot of genuine antique simplicity; however, it is illustrated with a match of shuttlecock and blind-man's-buff by way of episode.

The next is "Henry and Rosamond," a tragedy which Mr. Garrick refused, because it was more like a poem than a play. Shakspeare, our author's favorite, seems principally imitated, the antiquated turn of his diction being sometimes erroneously preserved.

Then follows "The Siege of Aleppo,"[1] a tragedy refused at both

[1] 9th April, 1778 (at Sir Joshua's).—BOSWELL: "It is very easy for you, Mr. Garrick, to talk to an author as you talked to Elphinston; you, who have been so long the manager of a theatre, rejecting the plays of poor authors. You are an old judge, who has often pronounced sentence of death. You are a practised surgeon, who have often amputated limbs; and though this may have been for the good of your patients, they cannot like you. Those who have undergone a dreadful operation are not very fond of seeing the operator again."—GARRICK: "Yes, I know enough of that. There was a reverend gentleman (Mr. Hawkins), who wrote a tragedy, the 'Siege' of something, which I refused."—HARRIS: "So the siege was raised!"—JOHNSON: "Ay, he came to me and complained; and told me that Garrick said his play was wrong in the *concoction*. Now, what is the concoction of a play?"—(Here Garrick started, and twisted himself, and seemed sorely vexed; for Johnson told me he believed the story was true.)—GARRICK: "I—I—I—said *first* concoction."—JOHNSON (smiling): "Well, he left out *first*. And Rich, he said, refused him *in false English:* he could show it under his hand."—GARRICK: "He wrote to me in violent wrath, for having refused his play: 'Sir, this is growing a very serious and terrible affair. I am resolved to publish my play. I will appeal to the world; and how will your judgment appear?' I answered, 'Sir, notwithstanding all the seriousness, and all the terrors, I have no objection to your publishing your play; and, as you live at a great distance (Devonshire, I believe), if you will send it to me I will convey it to the press.' I never heard more of it! Ha! ha! ha!"—BOSWELL, by Croker, p. 583.

Hawkins in a letter to Garrick taxes him with having rejected his "Siege of Aleppo" "because it was 'wrong in the first concoction,' as you said, or on some such general consideration."—*Garrick Correspondence.*

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houses,[1] like the former. This is, by many degrees, the best of Mr. Hawkins's productions, and is a work that really deserves applause; and it will be saying not much, not indeed enough, in its favor to aver that several worse pieces have been of late accepted by the managers, and exhibited with success. To quote from it would be to injure the author, since its greatest merit lies in the opposition of character, the variety of the distress, and the unexpected catastrophe. As in the former play, so here, he seems to have Shakspeare ever in his eye. There are many works more of our author in this publication, in all which we find something to praise. Be it enough to say in general that Mr. Hawkins was not born a poet, or that imitation has spoiled him.

XVII.—MODERN NOVELS.

"*Jemima and Louisa; in which is contained several Remarkable Incidents relating to Two Ladies of Distinguished Families and Fortunes. In a Series of Letters, by a Lady.*" 12mo.

The female muse, it must be owned, has of late been tolerably fruitful. Novels written by ladies, poems, morality, essays, and letters, all written by ladies, show that this beautiful sex are resolved to be, one way or other, the joyful mothers of children. Happy it is that the same conveyance which brings an heir to a family shall at the same time produce a book to mend his manners, or to teach him to make love, when ripe for the occasion. Yet let not the ladies carry off all the glory of the late productions ascribed to them; it is plain by the style, and a nameless somewhat in the manner, that pretty fellows, coffee-critics, and dirty-shirted dunces have sometimes a share in the achievement. We have detected so many of these impostors already, that for the future it is resolved to look upon every publication that shall be ascribed to a lady as the work of one of this amphibious fraternity. Thus by wholesome severity many a fair creature may be prevented from writing that cannot spell; and many a blockhead may be deterred from commencing author that never thought. The plan of the work is as follows:

Two misses, just taken home from the boarding-school, are *prodigious* great friends, and so they tell each other their secrets by way of

[1] Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

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letter. It cannot be expected, and truly it would be out of nature, to suppose persons so young, and so very pretty, capable of writing proper English; so they transgress in this particular almost in every sentence, *you was* and *they is* being frequent expressions between them. In the first letter Miss Jemina Courtly, or Mima, for shortness' sake, lets her old and intimate friend know that her mother died when she was eight years old; that she had one brother and one sister; with several other secrets of this kind, all delivered in the confidence of friendship.

In the progress of this correspondence we find she has been taken home for carrying on an intrigue with Horatio, a gentleman of the neighborhood, and by means of her sister's insinuations—for she happens to be her enemy—confined to her chamber, her father at the same time making an express prohibition against her writing love-letters for the future. This command Miss Mima breaks, and of consequence is turned out-of-doors; so up she gets behind a servant without a pillion, and is set down at Mrs. Weller's house, the mother of her friend Miss Fanny. Here, then, we shall leave, or rather forget her, only observing that she is happily married, as we are told in a few words towards the conclusion.

We are next served up with the history of Miss Louisa Blyden, a story no way connected with the former. Louisa is going to be married to Mr. Evanion; the nuptials, however, are interrupted by the death of Louisa's father, and at last broke off by means of a sharper, who pretends to be miss's uncle, and takes her concerns under his direction. What need we tell *as how* the young *lovier* runs mad, miss is spirited away into France; she at last returns; the sharper and his accomplices hang or drown themselves, her lover dies, and she—oh tragical! keeps her chamber? However, to console us for this calamity, there are two or three other very good matches struck up; a great deal of money, a great deal of beauty, a world of love, and days and nights as happy as heart could desire—the old butt-end of a modern romance.

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XVIII.—HAWKINS'S REPLY TO "THE CRITICAL REVIEW," ETC.

"*A Review of the Works of the Rev. W. Hawkins, late Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford: and of the Remarks made on the same in 'The Critical Review' for August, and in 'The Monthly Review' for September*, 1759. *In a Letter to the Author of both Reviews.*"

THE present review of the works of Mr. Hawkins is supposed to be written by a friend; but, when we come to examine the performance, the friend appears pretty plainly to be no other than Mr. Hawkins himself. It seems his works, in three volumes, had passed in review before us, in our critical capacity, some months ago, and we thought them but *indifferent;* paraded it a second time before the profound authors of *The Monthly Review*, and they thought them *indifferent;* they solicited the public attention in the usual methods of publication, and if we may judge by the success, there also they were thought but *indifferent.* So many witnesses in one story would probably have convinced any reasonable being of his own mediocrity. Mr. Hawkins, however, was not to be convinced; he has undertaken to review his own writings; has published a comment that almost nobody will read, upon writings that almost nobody has read; has surveyed himself on all sides, and thinks himself on every side invulnerable. "O te Bolane, cerebri felicem fecerunt Divi!"

A man who reviews his own works is indeed a curiosity, and the reader is undoubtedly impatient to hear in what manner he treats himself. Our reviewer, therefore, sets off with informing us that "he is apt to believe the candid and judicious reader will acknowledge his style, whether Latin or English, in verse or in prose, to be pure, easy, fluent, manly, and eloquent. It is sometimes, perhaps, too voluble and diffusive; but, I think, seldom so as to be perplexed and unintelligible. In short, I presume, in this respect, Mr. Hawkins's miscellanies are fit to be upon the same shelves with the works of the most celebrated modern writers, either in our own or the Latin tongue. It will be but justice to our author to add, that he sufficiently sustains the compound character both of a verse and prose writer; the merits of each are as distinct as may be; nor does the one seem to be a whit

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the worse for the other." The reader now sees the great difference between us and this gentleman: he is for putting his own works upon the same shelf with Milton and Shakspeare, and we are for allowing him an inferior situation; he would have the same reader that commends Addison's delicacy to talk with raptures of the purity of Hawkins; and he who praises "The Rape of the Lock" to speak with equal feelings of that richest of all poems, Mr. Hawkins's "Thimble."

But we, alas! cannot speak of Mr. Hawkins with the same unrestrained share of panegyric that he speaks of himself; and though we despise the crowd upon other occasions, yet we must join them in this instance, and leave this gentleman to his self-applauding singularity. We allowed him, indeed, some small share of merit in a former article; and this is most certain, that whatever he may say of our partiality, or our malevolence, the manner in which his works were treated then betrayed neither; but bore a greater share of indulgence than our duty to the public should, in strict justice, have permitted. In whatever pieces we were good-natured enough to make no objections this gentleman has imagined we had nothing to object; we passed over the merits of his style in silence, and he has thought proper to regard this as a symptom of malevolence, which was in reality the strongest instance of our moderation.

After he has sufficiently *bedunced* us through several pages, he at last has the tenderness to answer to our particular objections, and that with sufficient perplexity. In this dispute he at least has the advantage of being as tedious as he thinks proper; because he seems no way solicitous about trespassing on the reader's patience. We must, on the other hand, study conciseness, because we write in order to be read.

The first material objection which he endeavors to answer is that made to his endeavoring to prove, by reason alone, the immortality of the soul. We thought, at the time we objected, and still think, that we are obliged to revelation alone for any evidence in this matter; and that those philosophers, who were guided only by reason, vainly endeavored to prove that immortality which it is our duty to believe. Plato, who is said to have dogmatized more on this than any other subject (as we before observed), brought but very superficial arguments to prove a truth of so great importance to society: we instanced one, namely, that of the different duration of the different parts of the body, and thought this the most plausible argument he makes use of. Mr. Hawkins is of a different opinion; but unfortu-

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nately does not give any reasons, nor any quotations from Plato, to prove his sentiments, but says any school-boy may do it. Almost all Plato's reasoning upon this subject depends upon two data, that of the soul's pre-existing before the body, and that of abstract existences, which he calls ideas; which commentators have pretended to explain an hundred different ways; if we grant him either of these, it is certain his proofs are sufficiently cogent; but it is hoped no Christian divine will grant him the first; and the latter, what is it but begging the question?

But Mr. Hawkins thinks it not only apparent from reason, but as demonstrable as the immortality of God himself; and yet brings no proof of the immortality of God but that of spirit not being subject to corruption. Whether spirit is subject to corruption or no, is the whole question in debate; and surely it cannot be called an argument roundly to assert that it is or it is not; and yet such an argument is all that Mr. Hawkins has thought proper to use. We offered a better, namely, the omnipotence of the Godhead; and if he does not think proper to make use of it, that is his fault, not ours.

Our self-reviewer goes on to praise himself where we thought him only tolerable; to quote from himself where he thinks it will redound to his reputation. A man is indeed hard put to it for praise, and must have but indifferent neighbors, who is thus obliged to commend himself. But why has Mr. Hawkins taken so much pains to accuse us of envy and malevolence? Was it his fame as a writer that we wanted to remove, in order to make way for our own? That could hardly have been the case with respect to the author of tragedies that were all either damned or refused, or poems that were entirely forgotten! We might have pitied him, indeed, but we surely could not envy. Perhaps our motive to malevolence might have been that Mr. Hawkins stood between us and a good living: we can solemnly assure him we are quite contented with our present situation in the Church, are quite happy in a wife and *forty pounds a year*,[1] nor have the least ambition for pluralities. The truth is, Mr. Hawkins, like every disap-

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[1] "It will also throw a light upon many parts of it, when the reader understands that it is addressed to a man who, despising fame and fortune, has retired early to happiness and obscurity, with an income of forty pounds a year."—GOLDSMITH, dedication of *The Traveller*.

> "A man he was to all the country dear,
> And passing rich with forty pounds a year."
>
> GOLDSMITH, *The Deserted Village*.

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pointed author, was angry, and knew none but us to wreak his vengeance upon: he somewhat resembles the sergeant in the comedy, who, whenever insulted by his superior officers, went home to beat his wife.

XIX.—DUNKIN'S "EPISTLE TO LORD CHESTERFIELD."

"*An Epistle to the Right Honorable Philip, Earl of Chesterfield; to which is added an Eclogue.* By WILLIAM DUNKIN, D.D."[1] 8vo.

IN this publication Dr. Dunkin appears at once excessively merry and extremely sorrowful. His epistle to the Earl of Chesterfield is most *familiarly* good-humored; his eclogue, or "Lawson's Obsequies,"[2] is mournful to the last degree. The epistle may be considered a smart prologue to a deep tragedy, or a jig before an adagio, or (to run into his own manner) a plate of pickles before a shoulder of mutton. The death of his friend seems no way to have abated his festivity; and though he weeps for Lawson in poetry, he laughs with his Lordship in prose; in short, were we to judge of the writer by this production, we would give him the same appellation which Chapelain gave to Ménage, "the poet with the double face."

His epistle to the Earl of Chesterfield begins thus: "My Lord,—Your fast friend, trusty correspondent, and faithful ally, the prince of printers, archbibliopolist, intelligencer-general, and general advertiser of the kingdom of Ireland, having lately discovered that I had not for many months addressed your Lordship by letter, or otherwise, with a very grave face and composed countenance, but a fervor and tartness of style unwont to flow from the dispassionate tongue of his most *serene highness*, called me roundly to task, and expressed his august indignation and royal resentment. 'What!' said he, 'was it for this that *we* brought thy labors from the darkness of thy closet into the

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[1] In early life Dunkin attracted the attention of Dean Swift, who, in a letter to his old friend Alderman Barber ("Works," ed. Scott, vol. xix. p. 117), describes him as a "gentleman of much wit, and the best English as well as Latin poet in Ireland." The Earl of Chesterfield, when he held the Government of Ireland, gave him the school of Enniskilling. He died in 1765. His "Poetical Works," in two volumes quarto, were published in 1774.

[2] Dr. John Lawson, author of "Lectures concerning Oratory, delivered at Trinity College, Dublin." Died 1759.

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light of *our* shop, and clothed thy naked and neglected name with legible respect and titular dignity? What apartment from the base to the summit of our Palladian palace hath not been open for thy reception, and furnished for thy residence? When was *our* oval table unspread for thy repast; and when was our big-bellied bottle withheld from thy lips? Hast thou not sat down in *our* presence, even on *our* right hand, while poets have stood in waiting? And have *we* not in familiar-wise conversed with thee, while *we* have only nodded unto critics?'"

This *serene highness*, this *we*, is Mr. Faulkner, the printer,[1] who, if he speaks in this manner, must be, no doubt, an excessively facetious, humorous companion, and well worthy not only the acquaintance of the poet and his lordship, but also of the public. A great part of the epistle is taken up with this speech; which, whenever the writer takes up the conversation himself, is every whit as humorous as the other. Hear him:

"But, alas! how will the sanguine hopes and expectations of the parties premised be rendered totally null and void, when the bellowing tribe of meagre bards and lank critics, like Pharaoh's ill-favored and lean-fleshed kine, eat up my best-featured and fairest offspring! What can be wrought and finished with nicer art and ingenuity than Arachne's lawn, suspended to the sublime ceiling of a spacious hall, as it were beyond the reach of inferior accidents? When, lo! some vile, unthrifty chamber-maid cometh with her anti-Christian Pope's-head brush, and sweepeth down the weaver and his web together.

"Such, I fear, will become the downfall and undoing of these my lofty lucubrations, disconcerted and broken by the callous and clumsy hands of witlings and word-catchers, who from damned poetry have turned their heads to foul criticism, as folks convert their cast coach-horses to dung-carts.

"Little will it avail me that, independent of external aid, I have spun the materials out of my own brains, and labored whole days and nights in bringing the work to perfection, when the delicate and tender texture, instead of standing the test, will not even abide the touch.

"The dung-carts and their criticisms may pass well enough together; and, lest they should object against this comparison of myself to

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[1] George Faulkner, designated by Swift "the prince of Dublin printers." He rose to eminence chiefly under Swift's patronage, and was the first who gave to the world a collected edition of his works. Died 1775.

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an insect, as mean and creeping, let them hear what Pliny saith of such industrious and neat spinsters: 'Aranearum genus eruditâ operatione conspicuum.' The family of spiders are very notable for their curious housewifery. But, in case they should spare the spider, they will arraign the retailer of this homely similitude for an arrant plagiary: to quash which indictment I can offer no fairer plea than an honest confession, that I borrowed the thought, with very little variation, from a voluminous Latin and English poem, written purely for the benefit of their fraternity many years ago, although not yet published. It is dedicated to your Lordship, and must, I believe, pass for mine, till they can lay it before the door of a better father.

"Here would I willingly halt, and spread a veil over the poet and spider, but murder and truth will, at some odd time or other, ebulliate. Much it irketh me to conceive anything that might cast the least unsavory note of aspersion on any member of our society. But what I am going to mention is rather a matter of compassion and pity than reproach or shame; a distemper which frequently seizes the body poetical with sudden fits and starts, and, what is most extraordinary, the violence of the paroxysm, instead of heating, chills the whole mass of blood, ties the tongue, and sinks the spirits. Some naturalists have ascribed it to the malign influence of a planet, and look upon it as the consequent and concomitant effect of a versifying itch; but I should rather attribute it to mere sublunary causes; and such accidents will happen while there are such unclassical things upon earth as paltry debts, insolent writs, and rude bailiffs; for, although poets may take great licenses, yet, alas! Grub Street is no place of privilege."

Who could have thought, to speak sincerely, that such indifferent prose should come from the man who is author of many pretty poetical pieces, amongst which this of "Lawson's Obsequies" is not the worst. The following lines, for instance, are not despicable:

"But should he fall? and shall the mighty Muse
The tuneful tribute of her grief refuse?
Refuse to him her memorable tears
With whom she sported in his tender years?
While, yet unconscious of himself he stray'd,
Unsought, unnoticed, through the pensive shade;
With wealth unfavor'd, to no lordly line
Allied, but Pallas and the sacred Nine,
I cull'd him out from all the sable crowd
Of Alma's tribes, indignant of the proud,

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The pert, the vain, preferr'd his humble name,
And woo'd his friendship with a pious flame.
We laugh'd at fops, fantastically gay,
The pomp of pride, and impotence of sway;
At scribblers vile, who blurr'd the blacken'd page
With fustian frenzy for poetic rage;
We laugh'd with Johnson, of ungenerous heart,
Who well could act the candid critic's part;
From fruitful fancy start the happy hint,
Surprising, quick as flashes from a flint;
Maturely plan the regular design,
Mix wit with ease, and point the glowing line."

There runs, however, through the poem an affectation which it is not easy to excuse, as when the poet has "manful eloquence" for "manly eloquence," the "museful powers" for "the muses:" such errors, though trifling, give an air of vanity to the whole. The man who is bred at a distance from the centre of learning and politeness must have a great deal of modesty or understanding, who does not give a loose to some vanities which are apt to render him ridiculous everywhere but at home. Bred amongst men of talents inferior to himself, he is too apt to assume the lead, as well from the press as in conversation, and to overrate his own abilities. His oddities amongst his friends are only regarded as the excrescences of a superior genius; amongst those who live beyond the sphere of his importance they are considered as instances of folly or ignorance.[1] There is scarcely a trifling city or university in Europe which has not its great men; characters who are taught by adulation to fancy themselves figuring in the republic of letters, and leaving monuments of their merit to remote posterity. If there should happen to be two of this character in the same city, the compliments they mutually bestow on each other are pleasant enough: they attempt to raise each other's reputation by mutual flattery, and establish their little dominion within the circle of all their acquaintance.

A traveller passing through the city of Burgos, in Spain, was desirous of knowing who were their most learned men, and applied to one of the inhabitants for information. "What!" replied the Spaniard, who happened to be a scholar, "have you never heard of the admi-

[1] Goldsmith is here unintentionally glancing at his own oddities, and the way they were afterward thought of by friends, and by men like Walpole and Beauclerk.

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rable Brandellius, or the ingenious Mogusius—one the eye and the other the heart of our university, known all over the world?" "Never," cries the traveller; "but pray inform me what Brandellius is particularly remarkable for?" "You must be very little acquainted in the republic of letters," says the other, "to ask such a question. Brandellius has written a most sublime panegyric on Mogusius." "And, prithee, what has Mogusius done to deserve so great a favor?" "He has written an excellent poem in praise of Brandellius." "Well, and what does the public, I mean those who are out of the university, say of those mutual compliments?" "The public are a parcel of blockheads, and all blockheads are critics, and all critics are spiders, and spiders are a set of reptiles that all the world despises."

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CONTRIBUTIONS

TO

"THE MONTHLY REVIEW."

IN

1757 AND 1758.

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The Monthly Review was conducted, during the period of Goldsmith's connection with it, 1757 and 1758, by its publisher, Ralph Griffiths. It is well known, however, that the publisher's wife had as much to do with it as the publisher himself, and that Goldsmith's own contributions were altered and interpolated by Griffiths and his wife ("Prior," i. 222). The writers in the rival publication, *The Critical Review* (of which Smollett was then the editor), make frequent allusions to female interference. In the same number of *The Critical* (that for November, 1757), in which Goldsmith's first article appeared, is a Letter "To the old Gentlewoman who directs the *Monthly*." When Griffiths asserted that the *Monthly Review* was not written by "physicians without practice, authors without learning, men without decency, or writers without judgment," Smollett replied, that "the *Critical Review* is not written by a parcel of obscure hirelings, under the restraint of a bookseller and his wife, who presume to revise, alter, and amend the articles occasionally. The principal writers in the *Critical Review* are unconnected with booksellers, unawed by old women, and independent of each other." (*Critical Review*, vii. 151.) And appended to the notice of Goldsmith's *Inquiry*, in the number for April, 1759, is the following N.B.:

"N.B.—We must observe that, against his own conviction, this author has indiscriminately censured the two *Reviews*,[1] confounding a work, undertaken from public spirit, with one supported for the sordid purposes of a bookseller. It might not become us to say more on this subject."

Our knowledge of the articles contributed by Goldsmith to *The Monthly Review* is derived from Griffiths's own copy of the work, once in the possession of Mr. Heber ("Prior," i. 225), and now in the Bodleian Library.

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[1] See Vol. III. p. 59.

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"THE MONTHLY REVIEW."

I.—"MYTHOLOGY AND POETRY OF THE CELTES."

[The following paper was sent us by the gentleman who signs "D.," and who, we hope, will excuse our striking out a few paragraphs for the sake of brevity.]

On "Remains of the Mythology and Poetry of the Celtes, particularly of Scandinavia, designed as a Supplement and Proof of the Introduction to the History of Denmark." By P. H. Mallet.[1] Copenhagen, 1756. 4to.

If all the brilliancy of sentiment which so dry a subject may require to its support, and all the laborious assiduity which may be necessary in the solution of its intricacies, demand applause, Professor Mallet must deserve it, who has so happily united both. The learned on this side the Alps have long labored at the antiquities of Greece and Rome, but almost totally neglected their own; like conquerors who, while they have made inroads into the territories of their neighbors, have left their own natural dominions to desolation.

The cause of this our author ascribes, first, to the disadvantageous idea we have conceived of the Celtes in general, an idea entirely groundless, and which offers no reason for not studying those antiquities to which our manners, our government, our laws, are continually calling us back. Secondly, to the few monuments of Celtic mythology which have reached our times. "To draw this subject from obscurity, we ought in some measure to give new life to those poetical mythologists, our ancestors; we should consult them, and attend, in the frightful gloom of their forests, to those mysterious incantations in which is concealed the whole system of their religion and morality."

In France, Spain, and England the ravages of time, or of more destructive zeal, have left few remains of this sacred poesy. The countries of the North, who were more slowly converted from superstition,

[1] Paul Henry Mallet, born at Geneva in 1731, died 1807.

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still preserve those valuable monuments. Here is to be found the "Edda," first written in Iceland after the abolition of the Celtic religion there. This was a work designed for the use of those young Icelanders who intended to become scaldes, or poets. Odin and Friga, genii and fairies, served as machinery to Northern poetry then, as Grecian mythology does to ours now; and though they had abandoned the religion, yet the poets found it necessary to retain the knowledge of these fabulous divinities. The author of the "Edda," therefore, has given his countrymen an abridgment of this mythology, with a poetical dictionary to explain words or metaphors that may be too sublime. A translation of this work M. Mallet now lays before the public. There were two books of this name; the first was composed by Sæmund Sigfusson, born in Iceland about the year 1057; but, being too voluminous and obscure in many respects, Snoro Sturleson, about a hundred and twenty years after, abstracted from the collection of Sæmund a system of poetical mythology both easy and intelligible. The Celtic religion, as our author clearly evinces in the work preceding this, was at first extremely simple; yet even this did not long hold its simplicity. Though nothing can be more express than some passages in the "Edda" concerning the supreme government of One God, yet those intelligencers who are supposed to act by his commands receive in it too much veneration; their assistance seems nearer than that of a Deity, whose very name calls to our imagination the immense distance between him and his creatures; yet must we still remember (says M. Mallet) that the "Edda" is but a poetical mythology, in which the real opinions of those times are set off with all the luxuriance of a heated imagination.

A king of Sweden, says the "Edda," named Gylfe, astonished at the respect his subjects paid to some people who had newly come from Asia, was resolved to travel to Asgard, habited like an old man, and under the fictitious name of Gangler, with intention to improve by the journey.

On his arrival there he was introduced into a magnificent palace, where he had a long conference with three kings—Har, Jafnar, and Thredi—whom he found seated on thrones in one of the inner apartments. These conferences are comprised in thirty-three fables, of which the first part of the "Edda" is composed. There we see those remarkable passages already hinted at with relation to the Supreme Being. Gangler demands, "Who is the supreme of the gods?" Har replies, "Him whom we call Alfader, that is, Father of all." Gangler

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Rev. John Home

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again asks, "What has he done to make his glory appear?" Har replies, "He lives eternally. He governs his dominions, and things great and little, with great care. Jafnar adds, "He has made the heaven, the earth, and the air." "He has done more than making an heaven or an earth," continues Thredi; "he has made man, and infused into him a living soul, which, even after the body is reduced to dust and ashes, shall continue to live forever."

The three first fables abound in allegories, as extraordinary as an imagination the most fruitful of wonders could possibly conceive, on the formation of the earth and the creation of man. Here may be perceived, however, striking resemblances of the doctrine of Moses, with respect to the luminous matter before that of the sun and moon, as also of the Deluge, and the history of the giants spoken of in Genesis. Our author, in his notes, takes care to point out these similitudes, and remarks that of all the known systems that of the ancient Persians most approaches the mythology of the "Edda:" an observation which greatly serves to confirm what several learned men have advanced, that anciently there was no difference between the Persians and Celtes.

The fourth fable describes Odin as father of gods and men, and who by his virtue has produced all things. Friga (or the earth) is his daughter and wife, on whom he begat his son Thor. This doctrine of the union of the Deity with the earth is one of great antiquity. It has been generally received in all the Celtic nations; nay, the Greeks themselves adopted the same sentiments, as appears by the history of Saturn and Rhea. And here our author ingeniously remarks, that though in this mythology the concourse of Deity and matter produced the universe, yet there is a vast difference, according to the Celtes, in these two principles. The Supreme God was eternal. By him matter was made, and consequently had a beginning. The name also of Thor, their son, signifies, in the language of the North, thunder; and our Thursday even now is called by the Flemish Donderday, or the day of thunder.

Nothing, however, can be more ridiculous than the system of physics that runs through the whole "Edda," particularly the sixth fable. A horse with his shining mane scatters light, and illuminates the earth and air. Two little children, with a pitcher suspended at the end of a stick, accompany the moon, and occasion its eclipses. The sun runs very swiftly, for two wolves, ready to devour him, continually follow. In this fable we have the origin of a custom received among us the

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source of which seems to have been forgotten. The "Edda" gives the night pre-eminence over the day; it precedes and out of it the day is produced. Hence we say "this day se'nnight," for seventh night; "fortnight," for fourteenth night. Thus customs taken from forgotten opinions are often erroneously attributed to the effects of chance or caprice.

The eighth fable takes for its title "The Holy City; or, the Residence of the Gods." In it we hear of Odin demanding a draught of the Fountain of Wisdom, but obliged to pawn one of his eyes for the grant. Thus, we see the father of heaven wanting an eye, which Mimis keeps as a pledge in his own possession, and every morning bathes it with hydromel. A strange allegory this; and, what is worse, we want the key for its solution. In this fable also we find a complete theory of Fairyism. "Three virgins, whose names, as in the Celtic language, are past, present, and future, as fates, dispense the periods of man's life; but there are several who assist at his birth, and decide his future fortune." Fairies, according to the conjectures of our author, were deified prophetesses, for the Celtic women excelled in every sort of superstition, particularly in augury; and perhaps those who were most distinguished in this art were raised to the rank of gods. The ninth fable treats of Thor, son to the father of the universe, who conquered the giants, who performed many wonderful exploits, and whose palace was called an asylum against fear. He, too, like the Persian Mithras, was the symbol of fire, and like him a merciful divinity, a mediator between God and man.

In the sixteenth and seventeenth fables, in the histories of Loke and Loup Fenris, we have the principle of evil characterized in the most perspicuous and striking manner. Loup Fenris is represented as a being educated by the gods, till they perceived "that he every day most surprisingly increased in stature, and till the oracles had apprised them he should one day be their foe. Accordingly they united to bind him, and the execrations he then poured forth were most horrible; since when the 'foam issues from his mouth in such abundance that it forms a river called Vam, that is to say, vices; but this monster will break his chains at the twilight (crepuscule) of the gods; in other words, at the end of the world.'"

But the great event which the "Edda" never loses sight of is the future destruction of the world; and the description of it, in the thirty-third and thirty-fourth fables, is to the last degree sublime and picturesque. Take an instance in the following sketch: "Loup Fen-

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ris advances, opening his enormous jaws, the lower of which descended to earth while the upper was lifted to heaven, and would have aspired even above the heavens, could it find room. Destroying flames burst from his eyes and nostrils; he vomits floods of poison, that overwhelm the air and the waters in the inundation. In the midst of this tumult the heaven divides, and the genii of fire come riding through the chasm." We are displeased to find Odin, the father of all, perish in the dreadful catastrophe. This contradicts his eternity; but we are not to expect precision in poetical mythology.

Vodar, his son, however, became at last victorious, and reduced all things to order. And, says the "Edda," when this world shall be consumed by flames, again shall spring from the sea another earth, beautiful, pleasing, and clothed with landscapes of unceasing verdure.

The author, in a note at the end of the last fable, gives us the doctrine of the "Edda," stripped of its poetical ornaments and its adventitious allegories. "And though," says he, "the "Edda" should have no other merit than that of informing us what the Celtes thought of futurity, even for this it might deserve to be saved from oblivion."

II.—HOME'S TRAGEDY OF "DOUGLAS."

"*Douglas: a Tragedy, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal in Covent Garden.*" 8vo.

When the town, by a tedious succession of indifferent performances, has been long confined to censure, it will naturally wish for an opportunity of praise; and, like a losing gamester, vainly expect every last throw must retrieve the former. In this disposition a performance with but the slightest share of merit is welcomed with no small share of applause; its prettinesses exalt us into rapture; and the production is compared, not with our idea of excellence, but of the exploded trash it succeeds. Add to this that the least qualified to judge are ever foremost to obtrude their opinions: ignorance exclaims with excess of admiration; party roars in its support; and thus the trifle of the day is sure to have the loudest voices and the most votes in its favor; nor does it cease to be "*the finest piece in nature*" till a newer, and consequently a finer, appears, to consign it to oblivion.

Do these men of applause, who can so easily be brought

"To wonder with a foolish face of praise,"

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deserve our envy or our censure? If their raptures are real, none but the ill-natured would wish to damp them; if fictitious, stupidity only can sympathize with their pretended felicity.

As in company the loudest laugh comes generally from the person least capable of relishing the conversation,[1] so in criticism those are often most easily pleased whose sensations are least exquisite in the perception of beauty. The glutton may like the feast, but the delicacy of the epicure alone can distinguish and enjoy the choice, the disposition, the flavors, that give elegance of spirit to the entertainment.

To direct our taste, and conduct the poet up to perfection has ever been the true critic's province; and though it were to be wished that all who aim at excellence would endeavor to observe the rules he prescribes, yet a failure in this respect alone should never induce us to reject the performance.

A mechanically exact adherence to all the rules of the drama is more the business of industry than of genius. Theatrical law-givers rather teach the ignorant where to censure than the poet how to write. If sublimity, sentiment, and passion give warmth and life and expression to the whole, we can the more easily dispense with the rules of the Stagyrite; but if languor, affectation, and the false sublime are substituted for these, an observance of all the precepts of the ancients will prove but a poor compensation.

We would not willingly have applied this last observation to the performance now before us; but when a work is obtruded upon us as the consummate picture of perfection, and the standard of taste,

"Ne quodcunque volet, poscat sibi fabula credi!"

Let candor allow this writer mediocrity now; his future productions may probably entitle him to higher applause.[2]

With respect to his present tragedy, we could, indeed, enter on a particular examen of the beauties or faults discoverable in the diction,

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[1] "And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind."

The Deserted Village.

[2] "I am greatly struck with the tragedy of 'Douglas,' though it has infinite faults. The author seems to me to have retrieved the true language of the stage, which had been lost for these hundred years; and there is one scene (between Matilda and the old peasant) so masterly, that it strikes me blind to all the defects in the world."—GRAY (Mitford's "Gray," vol. iii. p. 160), 16th of August, 1757.

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sentiment, plot, or characters;[1] but, in works of this nature, general observation often characterizes more strongly than a particular criticism could do; for it were an easy task to point out those passages in any indifferent author where he has excelled himself, and yet these comparative beauties, if we may be allowed the expression, may have no real merit at all. Poems, like buildings, have their point of view, and too near a situation gives but a partial conception of the whole. Suffice it, then, if we only add that this tragedy's want of moral, which should be the groundwork of every fable; the unfolding a material part of the plot in soliloquy; the preposterous distress of a married lady for a former husband, who had been dead near twenty years;[2] the want of incidents to raise that fluctuation of hope and fear which interest us in the catastrophe, are all faults we could easily pardon, did poetic fire, elegance, or the heightenings of pathetic distress afford adequate compensation; but these are dealt to us with a sparing hand.

However, as we have perceived some dawnings of genius in this writer, let us not dwell on his imperfections, but rather proceed to show on what particular passage in his performance we have founded our hopes of his brightening, one day, into stronger lustre.

Those parts of nature, and that rural simplicity with which the author was, perhaps, best acquainted, are not unhappily described; and hence we are led to conjecture that a more universal knowledge of nature will probably increase his powers of description. The native innocence of the shepherd Norval is happily expressed. It requires some art to dress the thoughts and phrases of the common people without letting them swell into bombast, or sink into vulgarity; a fault generally charged upon the English authors, who are remarked by their neighbors of the Continent to write too much above, or too much below, every subject they undertake to treat upon.

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[1] "The structure of the story somewhat resembles that of Voltaire's 'Mérope,' but is as simple and natural as that of the French author is complicated and artificial. 'Mérope' came out about 1743, and Mr. Home may therefore easily have seen it; but he has certainly derived his more simple and natural tale from the old ballad of 'Gil Morrice.' In memory of this the tune of 'Gil Morrice,' a simple and beautiful air, is, in Scotland at least, always played while the curtain rises."—Sir Walter Scott, *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. xix. p. 345, edit. 1835.

[2] "There is something overstrained in the twenty years spent by Lady Randolph in deep and suppressed sorrow; nor is it natural, though useful, certainly, to the poet, that her regrets should turn less on the husband of her youth than upon the new-born child whom she had scarcely seen."—Sir Walter Scott, *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. xix. p. 342.

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Glenalvon's character is strongly marked, and bears a near resemblance to Shakspeare's "Richard." It is thus delineated in the first act:

"ANNA.

Why speaks my lady thus of Randolph's heir?

LADY RANDOLPH.

Because he's not the heir of Randolph's virtues.
Subtle and shrewd, he offers to mankind
An artificial image of himself;
And he with ease can vary to the taste
Of different men its features. Self-denied,
And master of his appetites he seems;
But his fierce nature, like a fox chain'd up,
Watches to seize unseen the wish'd-for prey;
Never were vice and virtue pois'd so ill
As in Glenalvon's unrelenting mind.
Yet he is brave and politic in war."[1]

The following passage is an oblique panegyric on the Union, and contains a pleasing gradation of sentiment. The lines marked in italics demand particular distinction:

"LADY RANDOLPH.

War I detest; but war with foreign foes,
Whose manners, language, and whose looks are strange,
Is not so horrid, nor to me so hateful,
As that with which our neighbors oft we wage.
A river here, and there an idle line
By fancy drawn, divides the sister kingdoms.
On each side dwells a people similar,
As twins are to each other—
Both for their valor famous through the world.
Yet will they not unite their kindred arms,
And if they must have war, wage distant war,
But with each other fight in cruel conflict.
Gallant in strife, and noble in their ire,
The battle is their pastime. They go forth
Gay in the morning, as to summer sport:
When evening comes the glory of the morn,
The youthful warrior, is a clod of clay."

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[1] "Mrs. Siddons told me that she never found any *study* (which, in the technical language of the stage, means the getting verses by heart) so easy as that of 'Douglas,' which is one of the best criterions of excellence in the dramatic style."—MACKENZIE'S *Life of Home*, vol. i. p. 43. "The last character in which Mrs. Siddons appeared was that of Lady Randolph, in Home's 'Douglas.'"—CAMPBELL'S *Life of Mrs. Siddons*, p. 361.

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It may not be improper to observe, before we take our leave of this performance, that it was first acted with great applause in Edinburgh, but made its appearance in England under a peculiar disadvantage;[1] the commendation a man of taste[2] had bestowed on it, previous to its representation here, perhaps raised too much expectation in some, and excited a spirit of envy and critical prejudice in others. Possibly, indeed, that gentleman, in some degree, sacrificed his taste to his friendship. However, if this was the case, he will sustain no great loss with regard to his reputation, since he may gain as much on the one hand as he can lose on the other; the worst that can be said amounting only to this, that the benevolence of his disposition prevailed over the rectitude of his judgment.

III.—THORNTON AND COLMAN'S "CONNOISSEUR."[3]

"*The Connoisseur.* By Mr. Town, Critic and Censor-General." 4 vols., 12mo.

When fate or fortune calls from us the friend whose society has contributed toward the pleasure or the happiness of our lives, how gladly do we substitute in his room all that remains of him! We find consolation in every pledge of friendship he has left behind, and cherish every relic that reminds us of our past satisfaction. *The Connoisseur* has taken leave of the public, and every admirer of good taste and good-humor must regret his departure; but he here commits to their patronage a new edition of his late publications, and we doubt not their welcome reception of them will evince their regard to his memory.

The writer may be styled the friend of society, in the most agreeable acceptation of the term; for he rather converses with all the ease

[1] "Douglas" came out at Edinburgh, December 14th, 1756; and at Covent Garden, March 14th, 1757. It was refused by Garrick. Why is unknown.

[2] David Hume, the historian, who was outrageous in his praises of Home and Wilkie.

[3] *The Connoisseur* was a weekly paper, conducted by the elder Colman and Bonnell Thornton. The first number appeared Thursday, January 31, 1754, and the last, Thursday, September 30, 1756—in all 150 numbers. The papers were collected, were in a sixth edition in the year in which Goldsmith died, and have since been properly included in the great body of British essayists.

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of a cheerful companion than dictates, as other writers in this class have done, with the affected superiority of an author. He is the first writer since Bickerstaff who has been perfectly satirical yet perfectly good-natured; and who never, for the sake of declamation, represents simple folly as absolutely criminal. He has solidity to please the grave, and humor and wit to allure the gay; in a word, as the manners of the times which he represents differ from those of the preceding, so his method of treating them is different from that of former essayists. "Whatever objections," says our author, "the reader may have to the subjects of my papers, I shall make no apology for the manner in which I have chosen to treat them. The dread of falling into what they are pleased to call colloquial barbarisms, has induced some skilful writers to swell their bloated diction with uncouth phrases and the affected jargon of pedants. For my own part, I never go out of the common way of expression, merely for the purpose of introducing a more sounding word with a Latin termination; the English language is sufficiently copious, without any further addition of new terms; and the native words seem to me to have far more force than any foreign auxiliaries, however purposely ushered in—as British soldiers fight our battles better than the troops taken into our pay.

"The subjects of my essays have been chiefly such as I thought might recommend themselves to the public notice, by being new and uncommon. For this reason I purposely avoided the worn-out practice of retailing scraps of morality, and affecting to dogmatize on the common duties of life. In this point, indeed, *The Spectator* is inimitable; nor can I hope to say anything new upon these topics, after so many excellent moral and religious essays, which are the powerful ornament of that work; I have therefore contented myself with exposing vice and folly, by painting mankind in their natural colors, without assuming the rigid air of a preacher or the drowsiness of a philosopher; I have rather chosen to undermine our fashionable excesses by secret sapping than to storm them by open assault. In a word, upon all occasions I have endeavored to laugh people into a better behavior; as I am convinced that the sting of reproof is not less sharp for being concealed, and advice never comes with a better force than when it comes with a laughing one."

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Bonnell Thornton.

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IV.—BURKE ON "THE SUBLIME AND BEAUTIFUL."

"*A Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful.*" 8vo. Dodsley.

THERE are limits prescribed to all human researches, beyond which if we attempt to explore, nothing but obscurity and conjecture lie before us, and doubts instead of knowledge must terminate the inquiry. The genius, not the judgment, of an author may appear in the too abstracted speculation; he may contribute to the amusement, but seldom to the instruction of the reader. His illustrations may perplex but not enlighten the mind; and, like a microscope, the more he magnifies the object, he will represent it the more obscurely.

There is, perhaps, no investigation more difficult than that of the passions, and other affections resulting from them. The difference of opinion among all who have treated on this subject serves to convince us of its uncertainty. Even the most eminent philosophers have sometimes taken novelty, not truth, for their conductor; and have destroyed the hypothesis of their predecessors without being able to establish their own. It often happens, indeed, that while we read the productions of such a philosopher, though we condemn the reasoner we admire the writer. Yet still, learning, taste, and perspicuity can lay claim but to a subordinate degree of esteem, when they are employed in contradicting truth, or in the investigation of inextricable difficulties.

Our author thus, with all the sagacity so abstruse a subject requires, with all the learning necessary to the illustration of his system, and with all the genius that can render disquisition pleasing, by proceeding on principles not sufficiently established, has been only agreeable when he might have been instructive. He rejects all former systems, and founds his philosophy on his own particular feelings. He has divided the whole into sections, with the contents of each prefixed, a method peculiarly necessary in works of a philosophical nature, as such divisions serve for resting-places to the reader, and give him time to recollect the force of the author's reasoning.

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The sublime and the beautiful have, through inadvertency or ignorance, been frequently confounded, and mistaken one for the other. What in its own nature is sublime has the appellation of beauty; and what is beautiful is often called sublime. This, as the author remarks, must necessarily cause many mistakes in those whose business it is to influence the passions; since, by being unacquainted with the difference between the sublime and the beautiful, they cannot happily succeed, unless by chance, in either. The design of the work, then, is to lay down such principles as may tend to ascertain and distinguish the sublime and the beautiful in any art, and to form a sort of standard for each.

The author first inquires into the affections of the sublime and beautiful in their own nature; he then proceeds to investigate the properties of such things in nature as give rise to these affections; and lastly, he considers in what manner these properties act to produce those affections and each correspondent emotion.

All our passions have their origin in *self-preservation* and in *society;* and the ends of one or the other of these they are all calculated to answer. The passions which concern self-preservation, and which are the most powerful of all the passions, turn mostly on pain or danger. For instance, the idea of pain, sickness, and death fills the mind with strong emotions of horror; but life and health, though they put us in a capacity of being affected with pleasure, make no such impression by the single enjoyment.

When danger or pain immediately affect us they are simply terrible, and incapable of giving any delight; but when the idea of pain or danger is excited, without our being actually in such circumstances as to be injured by it, it may be delightful, as every one's experience demonstrates. This pleasing sensation, arising from the diminution of pain, and which may be called hereafter *delight*, is very different from that satisfaction which we feel without any pain preceding it, which may be in the sequel termed *positive pleasure*, or simply pleasure. Delight acts by no means so strongly as positive pleasure, since no lessening, even of the severest pain, can rise to pleasure,[1] but the

[1] To prevent any interruption of the author's chain of reasoning, whatever remark may happen to occur to us, in the course of our epitome of his performance, we shall subjoin it as a note. Thus, with regard to his distinction between delight and pleasure, we may here observe that most of the real pleasures we possess proceed from a diminution of pain. Our author imagines that positive pleasure operates upon us by relaxing the nervous system; but that delight acts in a quite con-

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mind still continues impressed with awe; a sort of tranquillity shadowed with horror. When we have suffered from any violent emotion the mind naturally continues in something like the same condition, even after the cause which first produced it has ceased to operate; as the fashion of the countenance and the gesture of the body, in those who have just escaped some imminent degree of danger, sufficiently indicate.

Whatever excites this delight, whatever is fitted in any sort to excite the ideas of pain and danger, without their actual existence; whatever is in any sort terrible, or is conversant about terrible objects, or operates in a manner analogous to terror, is the source of the sublime; that is, it is productive of the strongest emotion the mind is capable of feeling.[1]

The second head to which the passions are referred, in relation to

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trary manner. Yet it is evident that a reprieve to a criminal often affects him with such pleasure that his whole frame is relaxed and he faints away. Here, then, a diminution of pain operates just as pleasure would have done, and we can see no reason why it may not be called pleasure. To put our objections in another light—all wants that immediately affect us are in some degree painful. If upon offering any enjoyment to the mind it feels no consciousness of the want, no uneasiness for the fruition of the pleasure proffered, we may safely conclude it will find no great degree of pleasure in its possession. How vainly do delicacies solicit the appetite of him who feels not a want from hunger! What various methods are tried to create this pain, only that the voluptuous may enjoy a greater pleasure by its diminution! Hence, if what the author himself allows to be pleasures are increased by preceding pain, why may they not be produced from it? In fact, pleasure and pain may be found positively subsisting without relation to each other; but then they may also be found mutually to produce each other.—GOLDSMITH.

[1] Our author, by assigning terror for the only source of the sublime, excludes love, admiration, etc. But to make the sublime an idea incompatible with these affections, is what the general sense of mankind will be apt to contradict. It is certain we can have the most sublime ideas of the Deity without imagining him a God of terror. Whatever raises our esteem of an object described, must be a powerful source of sublimity; and esteem is a passion nearly allied to love: our astonishment at the sublime as often proceeds from an increased love as from an increased fear. When, after the horrors of a tempestuous night, the poet hails us with a description of the beauties of the morning, we feel double enjoyment from the contrast. Our pleasure here must arise from the beautiful or the sublime. If from the beautiful, then we have a positive pleasure, which has had its origin, contrary to what the author advances, in a diminution of pain. If from the sublime, it is all we contend for; since here is a description which, though destitute of terror, has the same effect that any increase of terror could have produced.—GOLDSMITH.

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their final cause, is society. There are two kinds of society; the first is the society of the sex, the passion belonging to which is called love; it contains a mixture of lust, and its object is the beauty of women. The other is the great society with man and all other animals; but this has no mixture of lust, though its object be beauty.[1] The passions belonging to the preservation of the individual, which are capable of affecting us with the strong emotions of the sublime, turn wholly on pain and danger; but those of society, on our desire of enjoyment; hence, as the sublime had its rise in pain, so beauty has its source in positive pleasure.

The passion caused by the great and the sublime in *nature*, when these causes operate most powerfully, is astonishment; by which all the motions of the soul are suspended, with some degree of horror. Whatever also is terrible with regard to sight is sublime, whether this cause of terror be endued with greatness of dimensions or not; for it is impossible to look to anything as trifling or contemptible that may be dangerous. To heighten this terror, obscurity, in general, seems necessary. When we know the full extent of any danger, when we accustom our eyes to it, a great deal of the apprehension vanishes. Thus, in pagan worship, the idol is generally placed in the most ob-

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[1] Self-interest, and not beauty, may be the object of this passion: it is not from beauty in the man we cement friendships; it is not from beauty in animals that we value and maintain them; nor from the beauty of vegetables that we improve them by culture: were this the case, there would be no society betwixt the deformed of mankind; we should entertain an abhorrence of every ill-looking though useful and inoffensive animal; receive the painted snake to our bosom, and the spotted panther into our dwelling. Even in vegetables we prefer use to beauty: "Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur." Reason, not sensation, certainly suggests our ideas of this species of beauty, and from the dictates of reason it is we admit of new connections. The infant, new to the world, finds all beauty in color: as he grows older, shape, smoothness, and several other adventitious ideas are superadded, which his reason, not his senses, have suggested. Some, even among the adult, have no idea of what is called beauty in animals with which they are not conversant, as the beauty of horses, dogs, etc.; but an acquaintance with these animals, and a knowledge of their fitness, by particular symmetries, etc., to answer their own or our purposes, soon discover to us beauties of which we could otherwise have had no conception. Hence a great part of our perceptions of beauty arises, not from any mechanical operation on the senses, capable to producing positive pleasure, but from a rational inference drawn with an eye of self-interest, and which may, in many instances, be deduced from self-preservation. Therefore, some ideas of beauty have their origin in self-preservation.—GOLDSMITH.

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scure part of the temple; which is done with a view of heightening the awe of its adorers. Wherefore it is one thing to make an idea clear, and another to make it affecting to the imagination. Nay, so far is clearness of imagery from being absolutely necessary to influence the passions, that they may be considerably operated upon, as in music, without presenting any image at all. Painting never makes such strong impressions on the mind as description, yet painting must be allowed to represent objects more distinctly than any description can do; and even in painting a judicious obscurity, in some things, contributes to the proper effect of the picture. Thus, in reality, clearness helps but little towards affecting the passions; as it is, in some measure, an enemy to all enthusiasm whatsoever.[1]

All general privations are great, because they are terrible; as vacuity, darkness, solitude, silence. Greatness of dimension is a powerful cause of the sublime. Infinity is another source; though perhaps it may be resolved into magnitude. In all objects where no boundary can be fixed to the eye, as in the inside of a rotund, there must necessarily arise the idea of greatness. Another source of greatness is difficulty. When any work seems to have required immense force and labor to effect it, as in Stonehenge, the idea is grand. Magnificence, too, or a great profusion of any things which are splendid or valuable in themselves, is sublime.

With respect to colors, such as are soft or cheerful (except perhaps a strong red which is cheerful), are unfit to produce great images. An immense mountain, covered with a shining green turf, as the author expresses it, is nothing in this respect to one dark and gloomy. The cloudy sky is more grand than the blue, and night more sublime

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[1] Distinctness of imagery has ever been held productive of the sublime. The more strongly the poet or orator impresses the picture he would describe upon his own mind, the more apt will he be to paint it on the imagination of his reader. Not that, like Ovid, he should be minute in description, which, instead of impressing our imagination with a grand whole, divides our idea into several littlenesses. We only think the bold yet distinct strokes of a Virgil far surpass the equally bold but confused ones of Lucan. The term *painting*, in poetry, perhaps implies more than the mere assemblage of such pictures as affect the sight; sounds, tastes, feelings, all conspire to complete a poetical picture: hence, this art takes the imagination by every inlet, and while it paints the picture can give it motion and succession too. What wonder, then, it should strike us so powerfully? Therefore, not from the confusion or obscurity of the description, but from being able to place the object to be described in a greater variety of views, is poetry superior to all other descriptive arts.—GOLDSMITH.

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and solemn than day; therefore, in historical painting, a gay or gaudy drapery can never have a happy effect; and in buildings, where an uniform degree of the most striking sublimity is intended, the materials should consist of sad and fuscous colors; and as darkness is productive of more sublime ideas than light, the inside should have all that gloom which may be consistent, at the same time, with showing the particular beauties of the architecture. Sounds also have a great power in producing the sublime: the noise of cataracts, raging storms, thunder; these overpower the soul, suspend its action, and fill all with terror. A sudden beginning also, or ceasing of sound, puts all our faculties on their guard. Low, tremulous, intermitting sounds, and the yelling of animals, all, as they inspire some degree of horror, conduce to exalt us into the sublime. Smells and tastes, particularly the ideas of excessive bitters or intolerable stenches, have some, though but a small share, in our ideas of greatness.

With respect to feeling, the idea of bodily pain in all the modes and degrees of labor, anguish, torment, is productive of the sublime; and nothing else in this sense can produce it. Hence, every cause of the sublime, with reference to the senses, evinces that the sublime is an idea belonging to self-preservation: that is, therefore, one of the most affecting we have—that its strongest emotion is an emotion of distress, and that no positive or absolute pleasure belongs to it.

Beauty is that quality, or those qualities, of bodies by which they cause love, or some passion similar to it. This idea cannot arise from proportion, since in vegetables and animals there is no standard by which we can measure our ideas of proportion; and in man exact proportion is not always the criterion of beauty; neither can it arise from fitness, since then all animals would have beauty; for every one seems best adapted to its own way of living; and in man strength would have the name of beauty, which, however, presents a very different idea. Nor is it the result of perfection, for we are often charmed with the imperfections of an agreeable object. Nor, lastly, of the qualities of the mind; since such rather conciliate our esteem than our love. Beauty, therefore, is no criterion of reason, but some merely sensible quality acting mechanically upon the human mind, by the intervention of the senses. I shall consider, therefore, says the author, in what manner these sensible qualities are disposed in such things as, by experience, we find beautiful, or which excite in us the passion of love, or some correspondent affection.

First, then, the qualities of beauty, as they are merely sensible qual-

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ities, are comparative smallness. Thus the diminutives of every language express affection. In the animal creation, exclusive of their own species, it is the small we are inclined to be fond of. Secondly, they must be smooth; a quality so essential, that few things are beautiful that are not smooth: in trees and flowers, smooth leaves are beautiful, smooth slopes in gardens, smooth streams in landscapes. Thirdly, to have a variety in the direction of parts. Fourthly, to have those parts not angular, but melted, as it were, into each other. Fifthly, to be of a delicate frame, without any remarkable appearance of strength. Sixthly, to have its colors clear and bright, but not very strong and glaring. Seventhly, or if it should have any gloomy colors, to have it diversified with others. In sounds, the most beautiful are the soft and delicate; not that strength of note required to raise other passions, nor notes which are shrill, or harsh, or deep. It agrees best with such as are clear, even, smooth, and weak. Thus there is a remarkable contrast between the beautiful and the sublime: sublime objects are vast in their dimensions; beautiful ones comparatively small. Beauty should be smooth and polished; the great, rugged and negligent. Beauty should not be obscure; the great ought to be dark and gloomy. Beauty should be light and delicate; the great ought to be solid, and even massive.

The author comes next to consider in what manner the sublime and beautiful are produced. As the sublime is founded on pain and terror, which are but different degrees of an unnatural tension of the nerves, whatever produces this tension must be productive also of the sublime; but how any species of delight can be derived from a cause so apparently contrary to it, deserves to be considered.

As the body, by inactivity, contracts disorders, so labor is necessary to prevent those evils. Labor is an exertion of the contracting power of the muscles, and as such resembles pain (which consists in tension or contraction) in everything but degree. Thus, as common labor, which is a mode of pain, is the exercise of the grosser, a mode of terror is the exercise of the finer, parts of the system. In this case, if the pain or terror be so modified as not to be actually noxious, they are capable of producing delight, since they serve to put the machine into motion. In visual objects the eye labors to take in their great dimensions; and, by a parity of reasoning, we may extend this to every sense in its reception of sublimity. Darkness has, by general consent of mankind, and perhaps by its own painful operation on the sensory, been accounted terrible; too great a dilatation of the pupil

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of the eye, caused by darkness, may be offensive to the mind, as being primarily so to the organs of the body: and hence this sensation is so well fitted to produce sublimity.[1]

Beauty, as we may gather from the attitude of any person beholding a beautiful object, arises from a quite contrary cause to the sublime, namely, from an universal relaxation of the nervous system. Hence smoothness, which has no asperities to vellicate the parts, nor cause a sensation of pain, is beautiful. Sweets also, which, when reduced to their proper salts, assume a globular figure, and may be called the smooth in taste, must consequently relax, that is, be beautiful to the sense which they respectively affect. Smallness and color may be accounted for on the same principles.

Thus have we given an abstract of the more material parts of a performance which seems to have cost the author much study and attention; and which, with all the charms of style, is branched out more extensively on the subject than any modern work of this kind within our recollection. A writer who endeavors to penetrate beyond the surface of things, though he may be sometimes too minute, and at others even erroneous, will, however, clear the way for succeeding adventurers, and perhaps make even his errors subservient to the investigation of truth. If we have, in a very few instances, attempted to point out any mistake or oversight in this very agreeable author's principles, not a captious spirit of controversy, but a concern for truth, was the motive: and the ingenious inquirer, we are persuaded, is too much a philosopher to resent our sometimes taking a different course in pursuit of the game he has started.

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[1] The muscles of the uvea act in the contraction, but are relaxed in the dilatation, of the ciliary circle. Therefore, when the pupil dilates, they are in a state of relaxation, and the relaxed state of a muscle is its state of rest. In an amaurosis, where these muscles are never employed, the pupil is always dilated. Hence darkness is a state of rest to the visual organ, and consequently the obscurity which the author justly remarks to be often the cause of the sublime, can affect the sensory by no painful impression; so that the sublime is often caused by a relaxation of the muscles, as well as by a tension.—GOLDSMITH.

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V.—SMOLLETT'S "HISTORY OF ENGLAND."

"*A Complete History of England, deduced from the Descent of Julius Cæsar to the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle*, 1748. *Containing the Transactions of one thousand eight hundred and three Years.* By T. Smollett, M.D." Four vols., 4to.

When the historian relates events far removed from the age in which he writes, when evidence is become scarce, and authorities are rendered doubtful, from the obscurities which time has thrown upon them, he ought, above all things, to be careful that his narration be as amply authenticated as the nature of his researches will allow. Strictly speaking, the eye-witness alone should take upon him to transmit facts to posterity; and as for the historians, the copyists, the annotators, who may follow him, if possessed of no new and genuine materials, instead of strengthening they will only diminish the authority of their guide: for, in proportion as History removes from the first witnesses, it may recede also from truth; as, by passing through the prejudices, or the mistakes of subsequent compilers, it will be apt to imbibe what tincture they may choose to give it. The *later* historian's only way, therefore, to prevent the ill effects of that decrease of evidence which the lapse of years necessarily brings with it, must be by punctually referring to the spring-head from whence the stream of his narration flows; which at once will cut off all appearance of partiality or misrepresentation. As in law the rectitude of a person's character is not alone sufficient to establish the truth of a fact, so in history not merely the writer's testimony, be our opinion of his veracity ever so great, but collateral evidence also, is required to determine everything of a questionable nature. The fundamental materials for the general history of any country are the public records, ancient monuments, and original historians of that country; and in proportion as they are slighted by the compiler, these venerable originals themselves may fall into neglect, and possibly, in the end, even into irretrievable oblivion; and when *they* are gone in vain may we look for an enlightening ray to guide us through the darkness of antiquity: we must then be content with the uncertain gleam with which an erroneous or partial leader is pleased to conduct us.

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There were of old, and still are, indolent readers, who turn to an author with the design rather of killing than improving their time; and who, scared at the serious face of instruction, are rather attracted by the lively, florid style of a Florus than the more substantial disquisitions of a Polybius. With such readers every step an historian takes towards determining the weight of evidence, or the degrees of credibility, is an excursion into the regions of dulness; but while the writer proceeds in his narrative, without reflection, they continue to read without reflecting, and his history enlightens them just as much as romance would have done; for they are equally unconcerned about truth in either.

Truth should be the main object of the historian's pursuit; elegance is only its ornament: if, therefore, we see a writer of this class plume himself upon his excelling in the last, and at the same time slighting the evidences that ought to ascertain and support the first, suspicion will naturally arise, and the author's credit will sink in proportion.

With respect to the history now before us, the compiler does not pretend to have discovered any hidden records or authentic materials that have escaped the notice of former writers; or to have thrown such lights upon contested events or disputed characters as may serve to rectify any mistaken opinions mankind may have entertained with respect to either. His care is rather to disburden former histories of those tedious vouchers and proofs of authenticity which, in his opinion, only serve to swell the page and exercise the reader's patience. He seldom quotes authorities in support of his representations; and if he now and then condescends to cite the testimony of former writers, he never points to the page, but leaves the sceptical reader to supply any defect of this kind by an exertion of that industry which the author disdains; and thus on the veracity of the relater are we to rest our conviction, and accept his own word for it that he has no intention to deceive or mislead us.

That this author, however, has no such design, may be fairly presumed from his declining all attempts to bias by any remarks of his own. Determined to avoid all *useless disquisitions*, as his plan professes, he steers wide indeed of that danger, and avoids all disquisitions as useless. A brief recital of facts is chiefly what the public is to expect from this performance. But, with submission, we think the ingenious author might have afforded us something more. He has undoubted ability; and he well knows that a moderate interspersion

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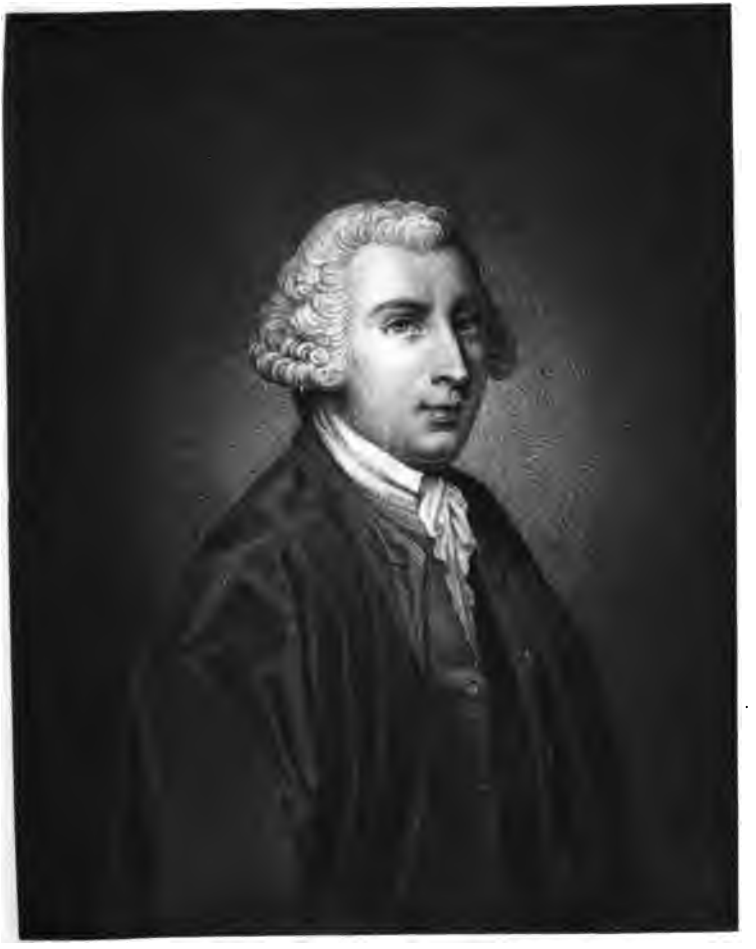

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of manly and sensible observations must have greatly enlivened his work, and would hardly have been deemed superfluous by such readers as have any turn for reflection.

With respect to the style of this historian, it is in general clear, nervous, and flowing; and we think it impossible for a reader of taste not to be pleased with the perspicuity and elegance of his manner. But what he seems principally to value himself upon, and what his patronizers chiefly mention in praise of his performance, are the characters he has summed up at the close of every reign. Here, however, we cannot fall in with the ingenious Doctor's admirers. But we forbear to enlarge, and shall therefore proceed to enable our readers, in some measure, to judge for themselves, by a few specimens, taken from such parts of the history as, we apprehend, the author's friends will think we do him no injustice in selecting. The character of James the First is thus drawn by our historian:

"James was in his stature of the middle size, inclining to corpulency; his forehead was high, his beard scanty, and his aspect mean. His eyes, which were large and languid, he rolled about incessantly, as if in quest of novelties. His tongue was so large, that in speaking or drinking he beslabbered the by-standers. His knees were so weak as to bend under the weight of his body. His address was awkward, and his appearance slovenly. There was nothing dignified either in the composition of his mind or person. We have, in the course of his reign, exhibited repeated instances of his ridiculous vanity, prejudices, profusion, folly, and littleness of soul. All that we can add in his favor is, that he was averse to cruelty and injustice; very little addicted to excess, temperate in his meals, kind to his servants, and even desirous of acquiring the love of his subjects, by granting that as a favor which they claimed as a privilege. His reign, though ignoble to himself, was happy to his people. They were enriched by commerce, which no war interrupted. They felt no severe impositions; and the Commons made considerable progress in ascertaining the liberties of the nation."

CHARACTER OF CHARLES THE FIRST.

"Such was the unworthy and unexampled fate of Charles the First, King of England, who fell a sacrifice to the most atrocious insolence of treason, in the forty-ninth year of his age, and in the twenty-fourth of his reign. He was a prince of a middling stature, robust, and well-proportioned. His hair of a dark color, his forehead high, his com-

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plexion pale, his visage long, and his aspect melancholy. He excelled in riding and other manly exercises; he inherited a good understanding from nature, and had cultivated it with great assiduity. His perception was clear and acute, his judgment solid and decisive; he possessed a refined taste for the liberal arts, and was a munificent patron to those who excelled in painting, sculpture, music, and architecture. In his private morals he was unblemished and exemplary. He was merciful, modest, chaste, temperate, religious, personally brave; and we may join with the noble historian in saying, 'he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian of the age in which he lived.' He had the misfortune to be bred up in high notions of the prerogative, which he thought his honor and his duty obliged him to maintain. He lived at a time when the spirit of the people became too mighty for those restraints which the regal power derived from the constitution; and when the tide of fanaticism began to overbear the religion of his country, to which he was conscientiously devoted. He suffered himself to be guided by counsellors who were not only inferior to himself in knowledge and judgment, but generally proud, partial, and inflexible; and from an excess of conjugal affection, that bordered upon weakness, he paid too much deference to the advice and desire of his consort, who was superstitiously attached to the errors of popery, and importuned him incessantly in favor of the Roman Catholics. Such were the sources of that misgovernment which was imputed to him during the first fifteen years of his reign. From the beginning of the civil war to his fatal catastrophe his conduct seems to have been unexceptionable. His infirmities and imperfections have been candidly owned in the course of the narration. He was not very liberal to his dependents; his conversation was not easy, nor his address pleasing; yet the probity of his heart and the innocence of his manners won the affection of all who attended his person, not even excepting those who had the charge of his confinement. In a word, he certainly deserved the epithet of a virtuous prince, though he wanted some of those shining qualities which constitute the character of a great monarch."

CHARACTER OF OLIVER CROMWELL.

"Oliver was of a robust make and constitution, and his aspect was manly, though clownish. His education extended no further than a superficial knowledge of the Latin tongue, but he inherited great talents from nature; though they were such as he could not have exerted

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to advantage at any other juncture than that of a civil war inflamed by religious contests. His character was formed from an amazing conjunction of enthusiasm, hypocrisy, and ambition. He was possessed of courage and resolution that overlooked all danger and saw no difficulty. He dived into the characters of mankind with wonderful sagacity, while he concealed his own purposes under the impenetrable shield of dissimulation. He reconciled the most atrocious crimes to the most rigid notions of religious obligation. From the severest exercise of devotion he relaxed into the most ludicrous and idle buffoonery. He preserved the dignity and distance of his character in the midst of the coarsest familiarity. He was cruel and tyrannical, from policy; just and temperate, from inclination; perplexed and despicable in his discourse; clear and consummate in his designs; ridiculous in his reveries; respectable in his conduct: in a word, the strangest compound of villany and virtue, baseness and magnanimity, absurdity and good-sense, that we find upon record in the annals of mankind."

CHARACTER OF CHARLES THE SECOND.

"Charles the Second was in his person tall and swarthy, and his countenance marked with strong, harsh lineaments. His penetration was keen, his judgment clear, his understanding extensive, his conversation lively and entertaining, and he possessed the talent of wit and ridicule. He was easy of access, polite, and affable; had he been limited to a private station, he would have passed for the most agreeable and best-natured man of the age in which he lived. His greatest enemies allow him to have been a civil husband and obliging lover, an affectionate father and an indulgent master; even as a prince he manifested an aversion to cruelty and injustice. Yet these good qualities were more than overbalanced by his weakness and defects. He was a scoffer at religion, and a libertine in his morals; careless, indolent, profuse, abandoned to effeminate pleasure, incapable of any noble enterprise, a stranger to manly friendship and gratitude; deaf to the voice of honor, blind to the allurements of glory, and, in a word, wholly destitute of every active virtue. Being himself unprincipled, he believed mankind were false, perfidious, and interested; and therefore he practised dissimulation for his own convenience. He was strongly attached to the French manners, government, and monarch: he was dissatisfied with his own limited prerogative. The majority of his own subjects he despised or hated, as hypocrites, fanatics, and republicans, who had persecuted his father and himself, and sought

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the destruction of the monarchy. In these sentiments he could not be supposed to pursue the interest of the nation; on the contrary, he seemed to think that his own safety was incompatible with the honor and advantage of his people. Had he been an absolute prince, the subjects would have found themselves quiet and happy under a mild administration; but, harassed as he was by a powerful opposition, and perplexed with perpetual indigence, he thought himself obliged, for his own ease and security, to prosecute measures which rendered his reign a misfortune to the kingdom, and entailed upon him the contempt of all the other powers in Europe. Yet that misfortune did not immediately affect the nation in its commercial concerns. Trade and manufactures flourished more in this reign than at any other era of the English monarchy. Industry was crowned with success, and the people in general lived in ease and affluence."

We shall conclude with the following summary of the qualifications required in an historian. His learning, says Bayle, should be greater than his genius, and his judgment stronger than his imagination. In private life he should have the character of being free from party, and his former writings ought always to have shown the sincerest attachment to truth. I ask several questions, says the same author, who the historian is? of what country, of what principles? for it is impossible but that his private opinions will almost involuntarily work themselves into his public performances. His style also should be clear, elegant, and nervous. And lastly, to give him a just boldness of sentiment and expression, he should have a consciousness of these his superior abilities. As to the first requisites, how far our author is possessed of them his former productions will abundantly demonstrate; but in the last he seems to have fallen short of none of his predecessors.[1]

[1] "It is said that this voluminous work, containing the history of thirteen centuries, and written with uncommon spirit and correctness of language, was composed and finished for the press within fourteen months; one of the greatest exertions of facility of composition ever recorded in the history of literature. Within a space so brief it could not be expected that new facts should be produced; and all the novelty which Smollett's history could present must needs consist in the mode of stating facts, or in the reflections to be deduced from them. In this work the author fully announced his political principles, which, notwithstanding his Whig education, were those of a modern Tory, and a favorer of the monarchical part of our constitution. For such a strain of sentiment some readers will think no apology necessary; and by others none which we might propose

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VI.—CHARLEVOIX'S "HISTORY OF PARAGUAY."

"*Histoire du Paraguay, par le Père François Xavier de Charlevoix,*[1] *de la Compagnie de Jésus.*" Three vols., 4to. Paris, 1756.

THE pleasure we find in modern history arises either from the accuracy and veracity of the historian, or from our being unacquainted with the country he describes. In this last respect we look upon the accounts of the traveller as new discoveries, and, in some measure, pardon any improbabilities, by considering the hazards he must have encountered in procuring us any information whatsoever. Of all accounts, those of the missionaries, as they depart most from truth, stand most in need of this indulgence: the dangers they have undergone should be set in the opposite scale against the improbabilities they relate; and though we cannot allow them the praise of having given us good accounts, yet it is some merit in them to have given at least *some* account. We are certainly obliged to them for bringing us acquainted with countries which the badness of climate, the difficulty of access, or the unfavorable disposition of the inhabitants, would still conceal from those whose only motives to a knowledge of them were curiosity or avarice. But such is in general the credulity of those religious adventurers, or so much do they endeavor to impose upon ours, that we often wish they who pretend to teach others the truth had been better acquainted with it themselves.

What has been said of the relations of the missionaries in general may with propriety be applied to the author of this performance: a

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would be listened to. Smollett has made his own defence, in a letter to Dr. Moore, dated 2d of January, 1758. He says: 'I desire you will divest yourself of prejudice, at least as much as you can, before you begin to peruse it, and consider well the facts before you pass judgment. Whatever may be the defects of my work, I protest before God I have, as far as in me lay, adhered to truth, without espousing any faction, though I own I sat down to write with a warm side to those principles in which I was educated; but in the course of my inquiries, some of the Whig ministers turned out such a set of sordid knaves, that I could not help stigmatizing them for their want of integrity and sentiment.'"—SIR WALTER SCOTT, *Misc. Prose Works*, vol. iii. p. 148.

[1] A learned and industrious Jesuit, born at St. Quentin, in 1684, died 1761.

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work rather calculated to defend the Jesuit missionaries from the reproach of avarice, or of disaffection to their temporal sovereigns, than to give us a distinct view of a country hitherto so little known. It is hard to say whether the natural or the civil history of Paraguay, as related by this author, most abounds with improbability. In the one we are told of birds fighting with serpents, and, upon being wounded, having recourse to an herb which immediately heals the wound and gives them strength to renew the combat; also of serpents who, having swallowed more than they can digest, turn their bellies to the sun, which rotting the skin, the birds light upon and carry away the remains of the surfeit, and thereby restore health to the reptile. In the other we hear of missionaries miraculously cured of mortal wounds, travelling twelve days' journey in less than one, bringing down rain, and routing armies at the word of command. Yet, in spite of all this absurdity, the subject is no less curious than uncommon; and some readers, no doubt, may be pleased with an extract from those parts of the history less chargeable with the idle tales above hinted at.

Paraguay (so called from a river of that name) is bounded on the north by the lake Des Xarayes, and the provinces of Santa Cruz and Charcas; on the south by the Straits of Magellan; on the east by Brazil; and on the west by Chili and Peru. It must not be supposed (says the author) but that in a country of such vast extent, watered by an infinite number of rivers, covered with immense forests, and chains of mountains of an almost immeasurable length, some of which lift themselves above the clouds; in a country where valleys are all subject to inundations more extensive and lasting than are to be met with elsewhere, and which abounds in lakes and marshes, where the stagnating waters, putrefying, corrupt the air; in fine, where the cultivated parts bear no proportion to those uncultivated, —in such a country it must not be supposed that there can be a sameness of climate, or uniformity in the characters and manners of its inhabitants.

What may be said of this people in general is, that they are all, more or less, of an olive complexion; are rather above than below the middle size; have thick legs, large joints, and round, flat faces. The men and women, especially in the warm climates, go all naked; and even the women cover only those parts which decency requires should be concealed. The inhabitants of every country, however, have different manners of adorning or rather disfiguring themselves, which often

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give them a shocking appearance. Some, notwithstanding, make caps, and other parts of dress, from the most beautiful feathers of birds, which have a fine effect. The author further informs us that they are almost all naturally stupid, savage, perfidious, voracious, and addicted to drunkenness, without precaution or forecast, even with respect to the necessaries of life; that they are lazy and indolent to the last degree, except in some places; that pillage and revenge often render them furious without making them brave; that they are generally cowards; and that even such of them as have preserved their liberty owe it solely to those inaccessible parts of the country which they inhabit.

In those vast plains which extend from Buenos Ayres to Chili, and also very far southward, the horses and kine left there by the Spaniards, upon their first abandoning that settlement, have multiplied to such a degree that in the year 1628 a good horse might have been purchased for two needles, and a cow in proportion; but at present the price is increased: however, no vessel, for thirty years past, has left the port of Buenos Ayres without taking forty or fifty thousand skins on board. There are some hunters who only bring away the tongues and the fat; the latter, in that country, serving instead of butter and oil.

How great soever our ideas of the increase of those animals may be, yet still they will be enlarged if we consider the infinite number of dogs, lions, and tigers which prey upon the wild cattle and destroy incredible numbers of them. It is said that the lion does not wait the approach of danger, like the tiger, but hunts for his diversion, and after killing eight or ten, feasts only upon one. But the wild dogs destroy most; and yet, such is the stupid barbarity of the inhabitants, that they only reproach those who would attempt to lessen the number of these mischievous animals! The manner of hunting the wild cattle is singular enough: a number of hunters assemble on horseback, in the midst of one of those large plains where there is the greatest store of game, and then separating, each cuts with a hatchet the hinder legs of every beast he overtakes, upon which the animal falls to the ground. The hunter continues the pursuit, cutting away to the right and left, as long as he finds cattle to pursue. Thus each hunter, it is said, can kill eight hundred in an hour; which, however, seems an exaggeration. Upon attempting to escape the wounded animals only obstruct one another, so that their destroyers have often time to refresh themselves and begin again. In fine, after some days

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spent in this violent exercise, they return by the road they came, and carry away all that they think convenient of the animals they have slain.

The cotton shrub is a native of this country. Besides maize, manioc, and potatoes, which make the greatest part of the food of those Indians who do not lead a wandering life, there are several fruits and simples found here unknown to the Europeans. No country abounds more with serpents of various kinds, and their apes are almost of human stature. Foxes are common in some provinces, and they have hares that are extremely tame, and whose skins are beautifully mottled.

Westward of the river of Paraguay (Rio de la Plata) lies the extensive province of Guaycurus, the greatest part of which is uninhabitable; for in the wet season the ground is so swampy, and in the dry so parched, that the soil opens in large fissures, and the inhabitants would perish for want of water, did they not retire to the neighborhood of those lakes that never dry up; the waters of which are, however, extremely unwholesome.

Among the customs peculiar to this people that of the children being held in the greatest dependence till they arrive at the age of fourteen is one. Before that time every person exercises authority over them; but at this age they are pierced with a certain instrument in several parts of the body: an operation which, though extremely painful, they demand with eagerness, and sustain with intrepidity; and then they receive their liberty and their name.

Their discipline in war is extremely strict; and, besides that which they continually wage with the Spaniards, they are generally embroiled every year with some of their neighbors. They never attempt to face the enemy in the open plain, but have a thousand stratagems to lead him into defiles, where they may fall upon him with advantage, as their only weapons are the arrow, the hatchet, and a cutlass made of bone.

In the kingdom of Tuccuman, farther west than Guaycurus, it is somewhat remarkable that those parts which approach the line are coldest, which is owing to their lying in the neighborhood of exceeding high mountains. Those who inhabit the northern parts of this country are mostly subsisted by fishing; those who live more to the south, by hunting. In general they are of small stature, and more stupid than the other Americans; and some of them have no other habitations than caves dug under ground, from whence they never stir till hunger obliges them. Their ordinary beast of burden is a sheep, almost as big as a camel, and of surprising strength. Lions

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and tigers infest the country, but the first are small, and not very dangerous; the latter are in no country so large or so fierce: the Indians set fire to the woods, and kill them with their arrows as they attempt to avoid the flames.

The country of Chaco is remarkably subject to inundations, which proceed from the melting of the snow on the great neighboring mountains. These inundations are often so sudden that the inhabitants are obliged to embark in their canoes or to climb trees, and remain there till the flood subsides. But these inconveniences are recompensed by the advantages which ensue; for scarcely has the deluge passed away, when the plains of Chaco put on the appearance of the most beautiful parterres, and, beheld from the mountains, form a prospect that, perhaps, nothing in nature can equal. To what advantage, continues the author, might all this turn, were the country inhabited by an industrious people, whose labors might correct the inconveniences to which it is subject, and who knew how to avail themselves of its natural advantages! But the inhabitants of Chaco are contented with slightly stirring the earth after it has been flooded, which, notwithstanding the little pains taken, affords all the necessaries of life in great abundance.

We are told of an amphibious animal which infests the country of Tapé, somewhat resembling a ram, but with the teeth and claws of a tiger, which it surpasses in ferocity. The Indians never behold these creatures without terror; and when they leave the lakes (which they often do in numbers) there is no other method of avoiding their fury than by climbing a tree; which, however, does not always afford protection; for this terrible animal sometimes roots up the tree, which, falling, delivers up the unhappy victim; or perhaps he waits at the foot of it till the Indian, spent with hunger, can no longer support himself, but falls a prey to his merciless enemy.

The Jesuit missionaries, by a long succession of pretended miracles, by perseverance, by every stratagem that policy could suggest, have brought most of the inhabitants of this extensive country to embrace the Roman Catholic religion; have brought them from their forests and caves into social communities; have induced the Indians, formerly poor, and who had hardly wherewith to maintain themselves, now to pay tribute, and support the luxury and grandeur of the King of Spain; and have centered out the country into little republics, as the author calls them, where the Jesuit and his assistant are generally absolute.

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In short, if the accounts here given are to be believed, the Indians are now brought into the most civilized state, and have the necessaries and luxuries of life in almost as great plenty and elegance as the Europeans themselves.

The author, toward the end of the third volume, corrects a passage in the account of "Anson's Voyage Round the World," where it is affirmed that the bay of St. Julian receives a very large river which issues from a great lake. In the said voyage are also given two plates of the bay. Father Charlevoix, from a variety of observations, particularly those of Father Quiroga, who went round the bay, and examined it with the greatest exactness, affirms that it receives not even the smallest rivulet.

The greatest part of this performance affords little to engage the attention of the English reader. It is chiefly to be regarded as an ecclesiastical history, calculated rather for those countries which still retain the most bigoted superstition, than for the perusal of such as choose to examine into prodigies before they believe them. Yet, with all the absurdities with which it is replete, it will possibly have its desired effect; for it can sink the reputation of the Jesuits no lower than it is already sunk among the wise of all nations; and it may greatly exalt their character for holiness among the ignorant and superstitious.

VII.—CARDINAL DE POLIGNAC'S "ANTI-LUCRETIUS."

"*Anti-Lucretius, of God and Nature: a Poem. Written in Latin by the* Cardinal De Polignac. *Rendered into English by the Translator of 'Paradise Lost.'*"[1] 4to.

It is a doubt whether the Cardinal de Polignac be better known to the statesmen of Europe as a politician or to the learned as a poet: it is certain his talent of persuasion in both capacities was extraordinary; and it is somewhat surprising that, amidst such a multiplicity of state negotiations as might seem sufficient to engross all his attention, he found leisure for the intricate disquisitions of philosophy. As neither his editor nor our translator have mentioned what first

[1] John Dobson, of New College, Oxford, the translator into Latin verse of Prior's "Solomon" and Milton's "Paradise Lost."

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gave rise to this poem, it may not be improper to mention it here. "A seeming chance," as we are told, "first put Polignac upon this undertaking. The author, in his return from Poland, made some stay in Holland, where, becoming acquainted with M. Bayle, he asked him which of the sects in vogue he professed. Bayle eluded the question, by repeating some lines out of Lucretius; and, being closer pressed, he made no other answer than that he was a true Protestant. The Abbé still urging him, he answered, with some emotion, 'Yes, sir, I am a true Protestant, and to the utmost extent of the word, for I protest against all that is said or done;' which was followed by another more energetic repetition from Lucretius. The Abbé, finding that learned person far gone in the system of Epicurism, or at least of Scepticism, and that these notions were seducingly advanced in his celebrated dictionary, immediately conceived a design of refuting those errors, and his two relegations (to the States) proved fortunate for the accomplishment."

Certainly nothing can be a more proper antidote than the "Anti-Lucretius" against the mischievous doctrines of the charming poet, but indifferent philosopher, here controverted by our author. It must be confessed Lucretius has more poetic enthusiasm, and more frequently amuses his reader with the glowing descriptions of a fine imagination. Our author, with greater severity, seems always in quest of truth, and never loses the philosopher in the poet. Lucretius strikes his reader with the brilliancy of his arguments: the demonstrations of Polignac operate more slowly, but then they are sure to carry conviction. The one aims at instruction merely to please; the other pleases merely to instruct. In short, the fictions of the disciple of Epicurus seem to acquire additional graces from poetry, while poetry receives new graces from his antagonist by being employed in the service of truth.

Lucretius has long ago been translated into our language. This, in some measure, implied a necessity for translating his opponent also; and the first book of the "Anti-Lucretius" in English verse is here submitted, by the ingenious Mr. Dobson, as a specimen of his abilities for the whole. He certainly seems every way equal to the laborious undertaking, if we may be allowed to judge from this part of the performance now before us. He ever preserves the sense, and very seldom loses the spirit, of his original. Sometimes, however, he seems inferior to him in strength; thus, line 32, in the original,

"Incute vim dictis, propriamque ulciscere causam,"

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he translates less energetically thus:

"inspire
My song, and vindicate thy sovereign cause."

Where the poet rapturously cries out,

"O utinam, dum te regionibus infero sacris,"

the translator coolly says,

"Were mine the gift, as o'er the sacred clime."

But, that the reader may not rest solely upon our judgment, it may be proper to select a specimen or two of the original, to which, subjoining the translation, we shall leave him to determine for himself. The author thus addresses the atheist:

"Si virtutis eras avidus, rectique bonique
Tam sitiens, quid Relligio tibi sancta nocebat?
Aspera quippe nimis visa est? Asperrima certe
Gaudenti vitiis, sed non virtutis amanti.
Ergo perfugium culpæ, solisque benignus
Perjuriis ac fœdifragis, Epicure, parabas.
Solam hominum fæcem poteras devotaque furcis
Devincire tibi capita, indignæque patronus
Nequitiæ tantum scelerisque assertor haberi;
Cui tales animos viresque atque arma ministras.
Degener ille bonis etenim non ingruit horror
Quem perimis: sibi nec restingui Tartara poscunt,
Quos bene gesta satis tranquillant; ipsaque morum
Integritas, et parta quies moderamine casto
Vindicat à miserâ longæ formidine pœnæ.
His procul anguicomæ strident crepitantque flagellis
Eumenides; procul his æterna incendia fumant."

"Were you with ardent love of virtue fir'd,
And did you thirst for equity and truth,
Why should Religion's sacred laws offend?
She's too severe. Severe she is to those
Whom Vice delights, but not to Virtue's friends.
For Vice, then, Epicurus, you contriv'd
A friendly refuge, to each miscreant kind,
Each perjur'd wretch. Hence to your banners hie
In droves the dregs and outcast of mankind.
Hence are you styl'd th' assertor of the base,
Patron of villains; whom you thus supply
With impious courage, and ignoble arms.
For that degen'rate fear you boast to quell
Damps not the virtuous, whose ingenuous deeds
Becalm their minds, and chaste integrity
Wraps in soft peace, unconscious of alarms.

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From these far distant, hiss and clash their thongs
The snake-curl'd Furies; distant far from these
Burn the relentless flames that never die."

"Quid si autem invenies quod credimus, ultima cum te
Sustulerit tenebrisque perennibus obruerit nox,
Nempe Deum ultorem, quem non cognoveris antè,
Vel potius notum famâ neglexeris? Eheu!
Horresco reputans: tibi luditur alea, Quinti,
Magna nimis. Quoquò te vertas, fit tua pejor
Conditio nostrâ. Neque enim, si fallimur, hujus
Erroris dabimus pœnas: sors æqua manebit
Nos omnes; uno simul involvemur inani:
Tu, si deciperis, contrà; sine fine futurus
Infelix. Cur tanta igitur discrimina tentas?"

"But should you find (what merits firmest faith),
When Death shall wrap thee in her sable shade,
Should you then find, with righteous vengeance arm'd,
That God you knew not once, or known, defied,
I shudder at the thought. Ah! Quintius, rash
Th' adventure; great the hazard you explore.
Shift as you please, in every light appears
Your state far worse than ours. What if we err?
That error no dread punishment attends.
One fate then all involves; we all shall sink
In one vast unessential void absorpt.
Err you? What fatal misery ensues!
Woe infinite!—Such perils who would prove?"

The "Anti-Lucretius" is not a refutation of Lucretius only, but of those in general who seem to have been favorers of atheism. Democritus, Aristotle, Epicurus, Hobbes, and Spinosa are confuted; and among the number of those whom he has opposed we are sorry to find Newton, Locke, and Gassendus, whose opinions concerning a vacuum, etc., he has taken great pains to obviate; but his reasonings on natural subjects seem chiefly drawn from the stores of Des Cartes, in whose amusing systems our author had been early initiated; and it is but natural to controvert any opinions that tend to discover the futility of our former researches into nature. If the translator proceeds in this performance (as we sincerely hope he will), some notes added in those places where the author erroneously controverts the great men already mentioned would certainly be not less useful than pleasing to the English reader. His vacuums and his gravity of atoms may be given up to Lucretius, while still our obligations will remain to the author for impugning the rest of his doctrines.

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VIII.—HANWAY'S "EIGHT DAYS' JOURNEY."

"*A Journal of Eight Days' Journey from Portsmouth to Kingston-upon-Thames; through Southampton, Wiltshire, etc. With Miscellaneous Thoughts, Moral and Religious; in Sixty-four Letters: addressed to Two Ladies of the Party. To which is added an Essay on Tea; considered as Pernicious to Health, obstructing Industry, and impoverishing the Nation: with an Account of its Growth, and great Consumption in these Kingdoms. With several Political Reflections; and Thoughts on Public Love. In Thirty-two Letters to Two Ladies.* By Mr. H——. The second edition, corrected and enlarged."[1] Two vols., 8vo.

Mr. Hanway, who has already obliged the public with an account of his travels into distant parts of the world, here presents the reader with the result of his travels nearer home. This journal was, perhaps, at first designed for the amusement of his friends, and by their too partial applause he might have been tempted to send it into the world; however, he can lose little reputation though he should not succeed in an attempt of such a nature as this; especially as he has already shown himself equal to subjects and undertakings that require much greater abilities. Novelty of thought and elegance of expression are what we chiefly require in treating on topics with which the public are already acquainted; but the art of placing trite materials in new and striking lights cannot be reckoned among the excellences of this gentleman, who generally enforces his opinions by arguments rather obvious than new, and that convey more conviction than pleasure to the reader.

The description of the places through which this journey of eight days was performed takes up but a very little part of this performance. The reader will find that, in his present travels, the author's mental are much more frequent than his personal excursions; as, through the whole, he takes every opportunity (and sometimes forces one) to indulge his propensity to moralizing. In this capacity, indeed, he shows great goodness of heart, and an earnest concern for the welfare of his country. However, though his opinions are generally true, and

[1] The first edition was printed about a year ago, and presented by the author to his friends only, but not sold.—Goldsmith.

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his regard for virtue seems very sincere, yet these alone are not, at this day, sufficient to defend the cause of truth; style, elegance, and all the allurements of good writing must be called in aid;[1] especially if the age be in reality, as it is represented by this author, averse to everything that but seems to be serious.

In these letters, which may with more propriety be styled essays, or meditations, the author informs the two ladies of his party concerning everything that happened upon the journey (though it is supposed they wanted no information in that respect), and on every occurrence he expatiates and indulges in reflection. The appearance of an inn on the road suggests to our philosopher an eulogium on temperance; the confusion of a disappointed landlady gives rise to a letter on resentment; and the view of a company of soldiers furnishes out materials for an essay on war. But he seems to reserve his powers till he comes to treat of Tea,[2] against which he inveighs through almost the whole second volume; assuming the physician, philosopher, and politician. To this plant he ascribes the scurvy, weakness of nerves, low spirits, lassitudes, melancholy, "and twenty different disorders, which, in spite of the faculty, have yet no names, except the general one of nervous complaints." Nay (as the author exclaims), our very nurses drink tea! and, what is more deplorable still, they drink *run* tea, that costs not above three or four shillings a pound! The ladies spoil their teeth and complexions, and the men have lost their stature and comeliness, by the use of this pernicious drug; our time is consumed in drinking it; our morals injured by the luxuries it induces; our fortunes impaired in procuring it; and the balance of trade turned against us by its importation. To remedy these evils, the author, though he allows us to continue the use of our porcelain cups and our sipping, would substitute in the place of tea several very harmless herbs of our own growth, such as ground-ivy, penny-

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[1] "When Dr. Goldsmith, to relieve himself from the labor of writing, engaged an amanuensis, he found himself incapable of dictation; and after eying each other some time, unable to proceed, the Doctor put a guinea in his hand and sent him away; but it was not so with Mr. Hanway: he could compose faster than any person could write."—PUGH'S *Life of Hanway*, 8vo, 1787, p. 224.

[2] Johnson, "a hardened and shameless tea-drinker" (for so he describes himself), reviewed the "Eight Days' Journey" in *The Literary Magazine* for 1757, and was bitter on what he calls Jonas's "long and vehement invectives against tea." Hanway replied to Johnson in *The Gazetteer*, and Johnson returned to the onslaught in *The Literary Magazine*.

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royal, horehound, trefoil, sorrel, not forgetting cowslip flowers, whose wine, he tells us, is a powerful soporific; and, truly, if this be the case, the infusion might have some good effects at many a tea-table.

"It is the curse of this nation," exclaims our author, "that the laborer and mechanic will ape the lord; and therefore I can discover no way of abolishing the use of tea, unless it be done by the irresistible force of example. It is an epidemical disease; if any seeds of it remain, it will engender an universal infection. To what a height of folly must a nation be arrived, when the common people are not satisfied with wholesome food at home, but must go to the remotest regions to please a vicious palate! There is a certain lane near Richmond, where beggars are often seen, in the summer season, drinking their tea. You may see laborers who are mending the roads drinking their tea; it is even drank in cinder carts; and, what is not less absurd, sold out in cups to hay-makers. He who should be able to drive three Frenchmen before him, or she who might be a breeder of such a race of men, are to be seen sipping their tea!

"'Was it the breed of such as these
That quell'd the proud Hesperides?'

Were they the sons of tea-sippers who won the fields of Cressy and Agincourt, or dyed the Danube's stream with Gallic blood? What will be the end of such effeminate customs extended to those persons who must get their bread by the labors of the field?

"From the pride of imitating their betters, and the habit of drinking this deluding infusion, nurses in general, in this part of the island, contract a passion for this bitter draught, which bears down all the duties of humanity before it! Nor are these alone distempered with this canine appetite for tea; you know it to be almost literally true in many instances; every mistress of a family knows it to be true of their servants in general, especially the females, who demand your submission to this execrable custom; and you submit as if the evil was irremediable; nay, your servants' servants, down to the very beggars, will not be satisfied unless they consume the produce of the remote country of China. They consider it as their Magna Charta, and will die by the sword of famine, rather than not follow the example of their mistresses. What would you say, if they should take it into their heads not to work without an allowance of French wine? This would not be thought a more extravagant demand now than tea was esteemed forty years ago. Consider the tendency of these pernicious and absurd customs!

"Look into all the cellars in London, you will find men or women sipping their tea in the morning or afternoon, and very often both morning and afternoon: those will have tea who have not bread. I once took a ramble for two months, attended only by a servant: I strolled far into several parts of England, and when I was tired of riding I walked, and, with as much decency as I could, often visited little huts, to see how the people lived. I still found the same game was playing, and misery itself had no power to banish tea, which had frequently introduced that misery. I have been told that in some places, where the people are so poor that no one family possesses all the necessary apparatus for tea, they carry them to

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each other's houses, to the distance of a mile or two, and club materials for this fantastic amusement!

"What a wild infatuation is this! it took its rise from example; by example it is supported; and example alone can abolish the use of it. The suppression of this dangerous custom depends entirely on the example of ladies of rank in this country. Tea will certainly be acknowledged a bad thing as soon as you leave off drinking it. No lady's woman, or gentlewoman's chamber-maid, will drink a liquor which her mistress no longer uses. Some, indeed, have resolution enough in their own houses to confine the use of tea to their own table; but their number is so extremely small, amidst a numerous acquaintance, I know only of Mrs. T——, whose name ought to be written out in letters of gold."

Thus we see how fortunate some folks are. Mrs. T. is praised for confining luxury to her own table: she earns fame, and saves something in domestic expenses into the bargain! But to be as much in earnest as Mr. Hanway himself seems to be—this gentleman appears more desirous of saying everything that may be said on every subject, than of only selecting all that can be said to the purpose; and, by endeavoring to obviate every doubt that might still remain with his reader, he often uses a redundancy of argument that rather serves to tire than convince us.

When he treats of tea in his assumed medical capacity he speaks by no means like an adept in physic: indeed, it is not to be expected that every gentleman can be acquainted with a science that requires so much time and industry in the acquisition, and therefore we may forgive his errors without pointing them out; but if to be unacquainted with the medical art indicates no want of general knowledge, perhaps it argues some want of prudence, to speak of subjects to which our acquirements are not adequate.

Yet, after all, why so violent an outcry against this devoted article of modern luxury? Every nation that is rich hath had, and will have, its favorite luxuries. Abridge the people in one, they generally run into another; and the reader may judge which will be most conducive to either mental or bodily health: the watery beverage of a modern fine lady, or the strong beer and stronger waters of her great grandmother?[1]

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[1] Speaking of Mr. Hanway, who published "An Eight Days' Journey from London," "Jonas," said he, "acquired some reputation by travelling abroad, but lost it all by travelling at home."—*Boswell*, by Croker, p. 217. His travels *abroad* contain very curious details of the then state of Persia.

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IX.—"MEMOIRS OF MADAME DE MAINTENON."

"*Memoirs for the History of Madame de Maintenon, and of the last Age.* Translated from the French, by the Author of the 'Female Quixote.'"[1] Five vols., 12mo.

UNACCOUNTABLE is the fondness of some French historians for connecting the revolutions of an age with the memoirs of persons who neither possessed sufficient power, nor were so deeply engaged in intrigue, as to influence any of its important events. We are at a loss in what class to place such amphibious productions, as they are generally an assemblage of truth and falsehood, in which history wears the face of romance, and romance assumes the appearance of history; where the writer's endeavors are equally exerted in rendering trifles important, and subjects of importance trifling. Who but must smile at accounts wherein some little personage, indebted to the historian, perhaps, for notice, takes the lead in a history of Europe, and connects its incidents! It brings to memory the courts of ancient kings, where a dwarf was generally employed as master of the ceremonies.

The work now under view consists, in the original, of fifteen volumes, the first six of which contain memoirs of Madame de Maintenon, regularly connected, in the manner of a history; the next ensuing eight contain this lady's epistolatory correspondence; and the last is made up of letters from the Bishop of Chartres, her spiritual director.

Fifteen volumes, relative to the history of Madame de Maintenon, who could ever have expected to see? But never was the republic of letters so copiously supplied from the press as at present: "Quo corruptior est status, eo plures sunt leges." We could with pleasure and

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[1] Mrs. Charlotte Lennox. See Vol. I. p. 121. Johnson's partiality for this lady is well known. Here, however, is a fresh instance of it from a letter hitherto unpublished: "Lord Orrery has read over Charlotte's book ("Harriot Stuart"), and declares in its favor, though less ardently than we. He has spoken in its praise to Mr. Millar. It vexes me to think that scarcely any man when he enters upon a book gives himself up to the conduct of the author, but first imagines a way of his own, and then is angry that he is led from it."—*Dr. Johnson to* ——, December 10, 1751.

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Madame de Maintenon

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emolument have accompanied the lady in her adventures through half a volume or so; but to be baited with the piety of a female devotee,[1] to be served up with the stale amours of an old monarch, battered with debauchery, through almost fifteen long volumes! The historian may persuade us to pardon the failings of his heroine, but we can never forgive his prolixity in her defence.

The author makes many professions of veracity, and informs us he has rummaged several cabinets for authentic materials; yet still it must be acknowledged he frequently forgets the historian in the novelist; often giving us speeches which are as unlikely to be genuine as it is improbable that the speakers or hearers should ever divulge such conversation. He frequently contradicts truth, and as frequently himself; sometimes substitutes antithesis to thought, and seems more desirous of being smart than judicious. With all these imperfections, can we expect entertainment in such a writer? Yet, in spite of his defects, he certainly affords a great deal: his trifles are often made interesting by an engaging manner; his reflections are always sprightly; and his style so peculiarly elegant (though in some places too much labored), that we easily perceive the subject far beneath the writer's abilities, and though we see not in him much merit as an historian, he possesses many excellences as a writer. In short, such readers as like a great deal of amusement, with a little history and a little truth, will have their taste amply gratified and their time agreeably spent upon the performance of M. Beaumelle.

We are at a loss to account for M. Voltaire's calling the present performance a romance; he, of all men, should have been cautious of thus stigmatizing a work which bears so strong a resemblance to "The Age of Louis the Fourteenth."

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[1] "If you have not got the new Letters and Memoirs of Madame de Maintenon, I beg I may recommend them for your summer reading. As far as I have got, which is but into the fifth volume of the Letters, I think you will find them very curious and very entertaining. The fourth volume has persuaded me of the sincerity of her devotion, and two or three letters at the beginning of my present tome have made me even a little jealous for my adored Madame de Sévigné."—*Horace Walpole to the Earl of Strafford*, June 6, 1756.

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X.—VOLTAIRE'S "UNIVERSAL HISTORY."

"*Universal History, etc. In a Letter to the Authors of 'The Monthly Review.'*" 1757.

The number of surreptitious editions which have been published in M. Voltaire's name would make us imagine that both his friends and the booksellers were alike combined against his fame and his property; these by stealing his manuscripts, and those by publishing his immature productions. I really compassionate this gentleman for his want of discernment in the choice of friends; and their base treatment of him must surely excite the indignation of every lover of literature. It is the same indignation, no doubt, which has so often transported the author himself even beyond the bounds of truth, and provoked him strenuously to disown some pieces which he afterwards found no difficulty in publicly reclaiming, when the production made its appearance somewhat more methodically. Had his friends stolen his manuscripts but once or twice, we could have forgiven them; but to make a trade of it, as they have done!—our astonishment at their effrontery even exceeds our pity for the suffering author.

Our surprise is still increased when we consider that manuscripts are a commodity in which thieves do not care much to deal. We know not what veneration the thieves abroad may have for wit, but, among us, whole reams of poetry, history, and even divinity, would lie as safe in the public highways as in the garrets of the composers, unless the price paid by the shops for waste paper should tempt the sons of industry to carry it off.

But the depriving an author of his property, or his fame, is not all the mischief that attends these surreptitious publications: the world may at least be brought to question everything that appears under his name, and, perhaps even his genuine productions may, like the rest, be treated as imposture. Shall I repeat an old story? A lady who had heard much of the Marquis de Racan became very desirous of a personal acquaintance with him, and sent him an invitation to her house. The overture coming to the knowledge of two facetious gentlemen of his acquaintance, they resolved to anticipate the favor intended for the marquis. Accordingly, two hours before the appoint-

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ed time, one of them waited upon the lady, and confidently assumed the name of Racan. He was received with every demonstration of respect. On her part the lady showed the best side of her understanding, talked over all her criticisms, displayed her wit, and was extremely brilliant. On the other hand, she was infinitely charmed with the conversation of the gentleman; who, however, thought proper to make this first visit but a short one. No sooner had he taken his leave than his companion, who had waited for the opportunity, also assumes the marquis's name, and introduces himself with the utmost effrontery. The lady was a little discomposed at the imposture of her former visitant; but the protestations and well-counterfeited indignation of the new one removing her chagrin, she recovered her good-humor, rallied away, and was the best company in the world. The second false Racan had scarce left the well-pleased lady, enjoying all the triumphs of her own vivacity, when the marquis himself actually arrived. We shall not attempt to describe the confusion of both parties on this occasion. In short, the lady resolved not to hazard a third deception, and the real Racan was refused admittance. The application is obvious.

But to come to the immediate occasion of this epistle, namely, a new publication of no less than seven octavos,[1] ascribed to M. Voltaire, which, if one may be allowed to judge by the excellence of the performance, is not stolen into the world, though we have no other authority than the bookseller's word for its being genuine. This publication contains the "Universal History, or a Survey of the Manners and Customs of all Nations," from the time of Charlemagne; the materials better methodized, more enlarged, and far more accurate than in the former editions. With this history is connected that of the

[1] "There is an addition of seven volumes of 'Universal History' to Voltaire's works, which I think will charm you. I almost like it the best of his works. It is what you have seen extended, and the Memoirs of Louis XIV. *refondus* in it.... From mistakes in the English part, I suppose there are great ones in the more distant histories; yet altogether it is a fine work. He is, as one might believe, worst informed on the present times. He says eight hundred persons were put to death for the last rebellion. I don't believe a quarter of the number were; and he makes the first Lord Derwentwater—who, poor man! was in no such high-spirited mood—bring his son, who by-the-way was not above a year and a half old, upon the scaffold to be sprinkled with his blood. However, he is in the right to expect to be believed; for he believes all the romances in Lord Anson's voyage; and how Admiral Almanzor made one man-of-war box the ears of the whole empire of China!"—*Horace Walpole to the Earl of Strafford*, July 4, 1757.

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age of Louis XIV.; and the whole is continued down to the year 1756. The additions are very numerous, particularly in those parts relative to the manners of the East; though even here the author and the public have suffered, it seems, an irreparable loss, in that of the manuscript which contained the history of the Oriental arts and sciences; the materials of which, we are told, he was furnished with by a Greek of Smyrna, named Dadiki, interpreter to King George I. The history of the age of Louis XIV. is increased in this edition more than one-third, particularly in the anecdotes concerning that monarch's reign; and the history of the war of 1741, which in former editions reached no lower than the battle of Fontenoy, is now continued to the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle.

It would be superfluous to add our commendation of those pieces which even in their imperfect state have deservedly gained the approbation of the public. Voltaire's beauties as a writer are many and obvious; his faults few, and those well concealed under the dazzle of his abilities. It is certain M. Voltaire often colors too strongly. Fond of characters and anecdotes that may serve to strike the reader, he generally raises or depresses both, as best suits the point of representation he has in view; and if he does not find his facts and personages sufficiently remarkable, or to his purpose, he generally makes them so. His maxims are commonly drawn from too small a number of instances to be always true; and though as short and comprehensive as those of Tacitus, they are by no means so striking. The remarks of Tacitus seem to rise from the narration; those of Voltaire often proceed from the man. The partiality of which he so often accuses the English historians he himself has not been able to avoid. In fine, he seems to confirm the remark of one of his countrymen, "that poets would make the best historians were they more attached to truth."

In that part of the work now before me, which gives the history of the late rebellion in Scotland, M. Voltaire flourishes away as follows:

"In this war the kingdom of Great Britain was upon the point of experiencing such another contest as that of the White and Red Rose. Prince Charles-Edward, grandson to the unfortunate James II. of England, by the father's side, and to the great John Sobieski of Poland, by the mother's, attempted to ascend the British throne by one of those enterprises of which we have very few examples, except among the English alone, or in the fabulous times of antiquity.

"On the 12th of August, 1745, he embarked in a little frigate of eighteen guns, without apprising the court of France of his intentions; and provided only with seven officers, one thousand eight hundred swords, twelve hundred muskets, two

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thousand pounds in money, and not a single soldier, for the conquest of three kingdoms.

"Escaping, however, all the dangers of his voyage, he landed on the south-east coast of Scotland, and was received with every mark of homage by the inhabitants of Moydart, to whom he made himself known. 'But what can we do?' said they, falling at his feet. What can men do unfurnished with arms? Poor and helpless, we live on oat-bread and cultivate an ungrateful soil.' 'I will share your labors in its cultivation,' replied the Prince; 'your provisions shall be mine; I will partake of your poverty, and I will furnish you with arms.'

"The poor people, melted at his humility, yet encouraged by his resolution, took arms in his favor. The neighboring clans flocked to his assistance; and a bit of taffety which he had brought with him was displayed as the royal standard. As soon as he found himself at the head of fifteen hundred men he directed his march to the city of Perth; took possession of it, and caused himself to be proclaimed Regent of England, France, Scotland, and Ireland, in the name of his father, James III. Strengthened by the arrival of some Scottish lords, who repaired to his standard, he marched to Edinburgh, and took possession of that capital. The English Privy Council set a price upon his head, and thirty thousand pounds were offered to whoever should deliver him up dead or alive. He gave no answer to this but gaining a complete victory, with his fifteen hundred mountaineers, over the English army, at Preston Pans, where he made as many prisoners as he had men. These Highlanders are the only people of Europe who preserve the ancient military dress and buckler of the Romans; but with the dress they had also the Roman courage, and wanted only their discipline to equal them. At this time the kings of France and Spain remitted him some supplies of money; they wrote to him; honored him with the title of brother; and between two and three hundred men of the royal regiment of Scots, with some piquets, were sent to him from France, and landed, after having passed through the midst of the English fleet.

"The young Prince conquered all before him, and proceeded even within thirty leagues of London; he was then at the head of about eight thousand men. A different general from that who commanded at the battle of Preston Pans advanced from Scotland to oppose him; the Prince returned, in the midst of winter, attacked him at Falkirk, and a second time gained the victory.

"Now was the time to bring about a revolution. Part of the inhabitants of London were secretly attached to his interests, and ferment and confusion reigned through the capital. The Duke de Richelieu was upon the coasts of France, ready to bring ten thousand men to his assistance; but France being at that time unprovided with ships of war, the enterprise came to nothing, and all the efforts and victories of Charles were rendered fruitless. The Duke of Cumberland, at the head of a well-disciplined army, properly provided with cannon, routed those mountaineers, who had nothing to oppose to him but their courage. This battle, which was fought at Culloden, not far from Iverness, proved decisive, and the whole Scottish army was dispersed. The Prince, after such a calamity, experienced more afflicting adventures than those of Charles II. upon his defeat at Worcester; like him he wandered from place to place, sometimes with but two friends, companions of his distress; sometimes with but one only; and sometimes with not a creature to comfort or attend him; lurking in caverns by day, and making the

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forests his habitation by night; his clothes reduced to rags, and himself destitute of subsistence; seeking refuge among desolate islands; and pursued incessantly by those who sought his destruction for the reward which was set upon his head.

"Having one day walked thirty miles on foot, being pressed with hunger, and ready to sink beneath the weight of his distress, he ventured to enter a house the master of which he well knew was attached to the opposite party. 'Behold,' said he, entering, 'the son of your king, who comes to ask a morsel of bread, and a coat to keep off the severity of the season! I know thou art my enemy, but I believe thou hast too much honor to take advantage of my distress, or abuse the confidence I repose in thee: take and preserve these rags that cover me; thou mayest return them to me one day in the palace of the kings of England.' The gentleman, touched at his misfortunes, gave him all the succor his ability, in a country so desolate, would permit, and inviolably preserved the secret.

"After long wandering thus upon the coast of Lochabar he finally escaped the pursuit of his enemies. A little vessel wafted him over to Bretagne, from whence he went to Paris, where he remained till the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, by which the King of France was obliged, for the common good, to forbid him his dominions. This was the completion of the misfortunes of the unfortunate race of the Stuarts. Since that time the retreat of this Prince is concealed from the whole world."

We shall next give our readers an extract from our author's concise account of the present war:

"In the midst of a peace which had its foundation in mutual jealousy and in warlike preparations, equally terrible to both parties, an unforeseen event has changed the whole political system of Europe for the present, and time will give it a new appearance hereafter. A trifling quarrel between France and England, for certain savage lands dependent on Canada, has inspired the sovereigns of Europe with new politics. This quarrel hath arisen from the negligence of the ministers who were employed in concluding the treaty of Utrecht, in 1712 and 1713. By this treaty France had ceded to England the country of Acadia, in the neighborhood of Canada; but the limits were not specified, for the ministers themselves were ignorant of them. Such errors are seldom committed in private contracts. Confusion was the necessary result of this omission. Did justice and philosophy enter into the disputes of mankind, they would show that both sides disputed concerning a country to which neither had the least right; but principles like these seldom influence the affairs of the world. The English were for having the whole country, even to the frontiers of Canada, and for destroying the commerce of France in this part of America. They were far superior in North America, both in the riches and the number of their colonies, but still more so at sea, by their fleets; and having destroyed the marine of France in the year 1741, they had flattered themselves that nothing would be able to oppose them, either by land or sea, in that part of the world. They have, however, deceived themselves in all these respects, at least in what has yet happened.

"They began, in the year 1755, by attacking the French on the side of Canada; and, without any declaration of war, made prize of more than three hundred merchant-ships belonging to France; they also took some vessels of other nations which were carrying French merchandise.

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"The conduct of the King of France, on this occasion, was quite different from that of Lewis XIV. He at first contented himself with demanding justice, and even forbade his subjects to make the least opposition. Lewis XIV. had affected to talk with superiority in the courts of Europe; Lewis XV. made those courts perceive the superiority which was arrogated by the English; Lewis XIV. was reproached with ambitiously aiming at universal monarchy; Lewis XV. made the world perceive the real dominion which the English usurped and actually exercised over the seas. And hence, as Europe once desired the humbling of Lewis XIV., so they now wished to lower the pretensions of the English.

"In the mean time Lewis XV. enjoyed a glorious and just revenge. His forces gained a most complete victory over the English in North America; and a formidable fleet issued from his ports, with design to invade the Electoral dominions of the King of England.

"This invasion of Germany again threatened Europe with new commotions, the first sparks of which had been kindled in North America. This it was that gave rise to a change in the whole political system of Europe. The King of England intended to oppose to the French, in Germany, with an army of Russians, which the English were to keep in pay. The Empress of Russia was at this time in alliance with the Emperor and the Empress Queen of Hungary. The King of Prussia had reason to fear lest the Russians, the Imperialists, and Hanoverians should, with united forces, oppress him. Though he had a hundred and fifty thousand men in arms, he gladly came into an alliance with the King of England, to hinder, on the one hand, the Russians from entering Germany, and, on the other, to prevent the French from doing the like on the opposite side. This fine stroke in politics had effects which were very disagreeable to the King of Prussia, and which were unexpected by all: it reconciled the Houses of Austria and Bourbon! What so many treaties, so many marriages, could never bring to pass—what none could hope for after the accession of Charles V. to the empire, was, at the end of two hundred years, brought about without any trouble, by the umbrage France had taken at a prince of the empire.

"But treaties were not all the means the King of France made use of toward obtaining revenge for the depredations of the English. He was supplied with all the money he had occasion for by one of those resources which are to be found only in kingdoms so opulent as that of France. Twenty new places of farmers-general, and some borrowed money, sufficed to support the beginning of the war; while Great Britain was exhausted with exorbitant taxes.

"The coasts of England were menaced with a pretended invasion. These were not the times of Queen Elizabeth, who, with the powers of England alone, having Scotland to fear, and scarce able to restrain Ireland, bravely withstood the efforts of Philip the Second. The King of England, George the Second, thought it necessary to call over the Hanoverians and Hessians to defend the country. The English, who had looked for no such incident, murmured to see themselves overrun with strangers. The displeasure of some was changed into fright, and all trembled for their liberty."

The rest of the chapter is taken up with an account of the siege of Port Mahon, where we see the French performing prodigies of valor,

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scaling those walls, in the face of the enemy, which others would find the utmost danger in descending, even in cool blood. But Frenchmen can do or say anything.

In the anecdotes of Lewis XIV. the author presents his reader with some pieces written by that monarch. The following are part of the instructions which he delivered to his grandson, Philip V., upon his departure for Spain. They were penned in haste (as we are told), and with a negligence which discovers the genius and disposition of a writer much better than studied compositions would have done. In these we behold both the father and the king:

"Love the Spaniards and all other subjects of your crown, and servants of your person. Prefer not those who flatter you most; esteem such as hazard your displeasure by pursuing what is right: such are your friends in reality.

"Endeavor to be yourself the happiness of your subjects; and, for this reason, make war only when you are forced to it; after having well considered and weighed with your council the motives which render it necessary.

"Endeavor to put your finances into good order. Let the Indies and your fleets be your chief concern. Keep commerce in your thoughts. Still maintain the strictest union with France. What can be more advantageous to the interests of both kingdoms than an union which nothing will be able to resist?[1]

"If you are constrained to make war, command your armies in person.

"Endeavor to reinstate your troops in all quarters, but begin with those of Flanders.

"Never leave business for pleasure, but portion out set times for amusement as well as labor.

"There are few pleasures more innocent than hunting, or that of an agreeable country-house: provided neither be too expensive.

"Give great attention to those who address you upon business, and be very slow in deciding at the beginning.

"When you have received proper information, be mindful that it is you yourself who are to decide; however, though you are never so well experienced, always hear the arguments and advice of your council before you determine.

"Do all that lies in your power to find out those of the greatest merit, that you may be well served in all exigencies.

"Endeavor to have your governors and viceroys always natives of Spain.

"Use good manners to all the world. Never say anything displeasing to any person whatsoever; yet pay peculiar distinctions to rank and merit.

"Testify your gratitude to the late King, and to all those who advised the making you his successor.

"Repose great confidence in Cardinal Porto-Carero, and let him see the pleasure his past conduct has afforded you.

"I think something considerable should be done for the Ambassador who first demanded you, and paid his homage as a subject.

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[1] It seems, however, he was deceived in this particular.—GOLDSMITH.

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"Forget not Bedmar; he has merit, and is capable of doing you service.

"Place entire confidence in the Duke de Harcourt; he has capacity, and he has honesty; all his advice will be intended for your good.

"Keep all the French within bounds.

"Use all your domestics well, but never indulge them in too many familiarities, nor ever depend too much upon them. As long as they behave prudently employ them, but for the most trifling fault discharge them; and never take their part against the Spaniards.

"Keep no correspondence with the Queen-dowager but such as cannot be dispensed with. Oblige her to leave Madrid, but do not permit her to go out of Spain. Wherever she resides, observe her conduct, and endeavor to prevent her interfering in business; and such as maintain a close correspondence with her are to be suspected.

"Ever love your relations. Still remember the pain which they felt at your departure. Preserve a correspondence with them in trifles, as well as in things of more importance. Ask from us whatever you think proper with which you cannot be supplied in the country to which you go. We shall use the same liberties with you.

"Never forget that you are a Frenchman, and be ever on your guard against contingencies. When you have an assurance of the succession of Spain for your children, visit your kingdoms, go to Naples, to Sicily, to Milan, and to Flanders; thus you will have an opportunity of seeing us: you may visit in the mean time Catalonia, Arragon, and other parts of Spain. See what is to be done with respect to Ceuta.

"Throw some money among the populace upon your arrival in Spain, particularly on your entry into Madrid.

"Do not appear in the least disgusted at the extraordinary figures you will find among your subjects. Offer not to ridicule them, though they seem ever so absurd. Every country has its peculiar fashions; you will soon be familiarized to what at first appears monstrous.

"Avoid, as much as possible, the doing those a favor who endeavor to obtain it by a bribe. On proper occasions dispense your favors liberally, but receive no presents from others, or at least only trifles. If at any time you cannot well avoid the acceptance, after a few days have intervened, make more than an equivalent return.

"Reserve a particular cabinet for such things as you would keep secret from others, of which yourself must carry the key.

"I shall conclude with the most important part of my advice. Suffer yourself not to be governed. Assume the king; never keep a favorite, or a prime-minister. Listen to, consult with, your privy council; but let none but yourself determine. God, who has made you a king, will also give you such lights as are requisite for government, while your intentions preserve their integrity."

M. Voltaire has made several additions to his memoirs of the French writers; for instance, those of the great Montesquieu appeared not in the former editions:

"Charles Montesquieu, president of the Parliament of Bordeaux, born in 1689, published, at the age of thirty-two, his 'Persian Letters,' a work of humor, abounding with strokes which testify a genius above the performance. It is written in

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imitation of the 'Siamese Letters' of Du Freny, and of the 'Turkish Spy;' but it is an imitation which shows what the originals should have been. The success their works met with was, for the most part, owing to the foreign air of their performances; the success of the 'Persian Letters' arose from the delicacy of their satire. That satire which in the mouth of an Asiatic is poignant would lose all its force when coming from an European.[1] The genius which appeared in this performance opened to M. Montesquieu the gates of the French Academy, even though it had been reflected upon by him. Yet at the same time the liberty which he took in speaking of government, and the abuses of religion, induced Cardinal de Fleury to exclude him from the intended honor. However, the author took very politic measures for reconciling this minister to his interests. He published a new edition of this work, in which he retrenched, or softened, all that could be censured by that great man, either as cardinal or minister. The author carried the book, thus altered, to the cardinal, who, though he seldom read, looked over part of the performance. The air of confidence which appeared in the author upon presenting it, together with the instances of some persons of credit in his favor, reconciled the cardinal, and Montesquieu was admitted into the Academy.

"After this he published his treatise on the grandeur and decline of the Romans, a subject which, though trite, he rendered new, by fine reflection and exquisite coloring. It may be looked upon as a political history of the Roman Empire. His last publication was that of 'The Spirit of Laws,' which appeared in the year 1748. He died at Paris, in 1755, in his sixty-sixth year."

XI.—WILKIE'S "EPIGONIAD."[2]

"*The Epigoniad: a Poem, in Nine Books.*" 12mo. Edinburgh.

THIS poem, as the author informs us, "is called the 'Epigoniad' because the heroes whose actions it celebrates have got the name of

[1] How true of Goldsmith's own "Chinese!"

[2] For a very curious account of Wilkie, who was the son of a farmer near Edinburgh, and is said to have conceived the subject of his poem while he stood as a scarecrow against the pigeons in one of his father's fields of wheat, see a letter of Hume in his "Life" by Burton, vol. ii. pp. 25–29. "Wilkie," adds Hume at the close of his letter (dated 3d of July, 1757), "is now a settled minister at Ratho, within four miles of the town. He possesses about £80 or £90 a year, which he esteems exorbitant riches. Formerly, when he had only £20 as helper, he said that he could not conceive what article, either of human convenience or pleasure, he was deficient in, nor what any man could mean by desiring more money. He possesses several branches of erudition, besides the Greek poetry; and particularly is a very profound geometrician. . . . Yet this man, who has composed the second epic poem in our language, understands so little of orthography," etc.—FORSTER'S *Goldsmith*, vol. i. p. 110. Wilkie, the painter, a much greater man, was a native of Ratho, and counted kindred with the "Scottish Homer," as some of his countrymen affected to call a very indifferent poet. Wilkie died in 1772.

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Epigones" (Epigoni, he should have said), "being the sons of those who attempted the conquest of Thebes in a former expedition."

When the poet carries his readers back into classic antiquity he seems in a peculiar manner to bespeak the patronage of the learned; for them his labors appear to be calculated, and from them alone he must expect an adequate reward; but then, as he writes for the scholar, it is expected that he himself should be one of the number. Possessed of this advantage, the learned will regard him with fraternal tenderness; and though he may not obtain the highest applause, he is sure at least to meet with indulgence for slight defects. On the contrary, if he be detected of ignorance when he pretends to learning, his case, indeed, will deserve our pity: too antique to please one party, and too modern for the other, he is deserted by both, read by few, and soon forgotten by all, except his enemies.

The "Epigoniad" seems to be one of these *new-old* performances—a work that would no more have pleased a peripatetic of the academic grove than it will captivate the unlettered subscriber to one of our circulating libraries. "Tradition," says the author in his preface, "is the best ground on which a fable can be built, not only because it gives the appearance of reality to things that are merely fictitious, but likewise because it supplies a poet with the most proper materials for his invention to work upon." We might have expected from this remark that he had not only taken tradition for the ground of his fable, but employed it also to guide him through the narration; nevertheless, unfortunately, he has not only forsook, but contradicted it, on almost every occasion; and given up the conduct of his poem to an invention barren of incidents, or at best productive of trifling ones.

Eustathius, in his commentary upon the fourth book of the "Iliad," gives us a list of the nine warriors who were called the Epigoni; most of which our author never once mentions in this poem, but instead of them introduces, not the descendants of those unfortunate heroes who fell before Thebes in a former expedition, but several of their contemporaries, as Theseus and Nestor, who had no motives of revenge to prompt them to this undertaking. Theseus in particular was not there; for we find in the "Suppliants" of Euripides that Theseus went upon a former expedition to Thebes, to procure funeral honors for the seven fathers of the Epigoni, who lay unburied before the walls of that city; and at the end of the same tragedy we are told that the capture of the city was reserved for the Epigoni alone. Our poet also gives Theseus the conduct of the war, in contradiction to

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Diodorus Siculus, who affirms that, by the advice of the oracle of Apollo, Alcmæon was constituted generalissimo. He likewise makes Creon king of Thebes; but Creon had been dead four years before; and Eustathius positively says that Laodamas was at that time their king.

The author's disregard of the traditions of the ancients is not more flagrant than his neglect of their manners and customs: thus he introduces virgins as priestesses at the altar of Venus, talks of Styx as a river of fire, gives a nymph the conveyance of winged shoes; the caduceus of Mercury he calls his sceptre, and, instead of the whistle which Virgil describes as pendent from the neck of Polyphemus, our author claps a bag on the giant's back:

> "around his shoulders flung,
> His bag enormous, by a cable hung."

Here is a large bag, and a very strong rope to tie it withal; but we cannot conceive what use the Cyclops had for such a bag, unless he chose to wear it as our physicians wear their swords, merely for ornament.

However, we must acknowledge, though he had been minutely exact, nor ever transgressed in any of the above-mentioned particulars, his subject is of such a nature as could at best have afforded us but small satisfaction. We speak with regard to our own particular feelings; and some may perhaps wonder when we assign as a reason of our disgust our being conscious that the poet believes not a syllable of all he tells us. Poets, like flatterers, are only heard with pleasure when they themselves seem persuaded of the truth of all they deliver. Boileau, to convince us that he believes what he writes, avers that, if he has any success beyond his contemporary poets, it is wholly owing to his being superior to them in point of truth. We have no reason to doubt but Homer, who lived in an age of ignorance, and consequently of credulity, believed, or at least was thought to believe, what he relates; and Virgil, though he might not credit the story of Æneas, yet his countrymen gave credit to it. Witches and enchanters, too, made a part of the popish mythology (if we may so call it) in the days of Tasso; and the subject of "Paradise Lost" is reverenced with almost universal assent.

As we have nothing to commend in this author's plan, so we have little to praise with respect to his execution. He has, indeed, some good lines, and here and there something of the true spirit of poetry

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flashes out; but what can be said for such passages as the following?—

> "The Gods *assembled met;* and view'd from far
> Thebes and the various combats of the war.
> From all apart, the Paphian goddess sat,
> And *pity'd in her heart* her fav'rite state,
> Decreed to perish by the Argive bands,
> Pallas's art, Tydides' *mighty hands.*"

That the gods not only *assembled* but *met* is truly marvellous, and as truly piteous is the distress of poor Venus; but we are chiefly struck with the Broughtonian idea of Diomed's *mutton-fists*, which the author seems fond of displaying upon most occasions. Thus in another place, p. 13:

> "grasping in his *mighty hand*
> The regal staff."

Again, p. 67:

> "Andremon first, beneath his *mighty hand*,
> Of life bereft, lay stretch'd upon the sand."

The hands of Minerva, too, though a lady, were, it seems, cast in the same mould with those of her favorite, Tydides—*vide* the prayer of Ulysses:

> "Great Queen of Arts! on thee my hopes depend:
> By thee my infant-arms were taught to throw
> The dart with certain aim, and bend the bow;
> Oft on my *little hands*, immortal maid!
> To guide the shaft, *thy mighty hands* were laid."

Our witty countryman, Butler, says that

> "Rhyme the rudder is of verses,
> With which, like ships, they steer their courses."

And therefore:

> "Those who write in rhyme still make
> The one verse for the other's sake;
> For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
> I think 's sufficient at one time."

Our *handy* poet seems to have profited by this observation; and therefore we need not wonder to see him, like a good steersman, so constantly keep his *hands* to the rudder; of which we have the following, among other instances:

> "grasping in his *mighty hand*
> The regal staff, the sign of high command."—P. 13.

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"in whose *superior hand*
Consenting princes plac'd their chief command."—P. 14.

"the prince, whose *sov'reign hand*
Sways the dread sceptre of supreme command."

"Supine he fell amidst his native bands,
And wrench'd the fixed dart with *dying hands*."—P. 30.

"*Only be men*, and make the Argive bands
Dread in succeeding times your *mighty hands*."—P. 38.

"Their valiant chief resign'd to *hostile hands*,
He thus aloud address'd the scatt'ring bands."—P. 44.

"In the devoted line myself I stand,
And here must perish by some *hostile hand*."—P. 53.

"Silent amidst th' assembled peers he stands,
And wipes his falling tears with *trembling hands*." [1]—P. 78.

"Thebes on ev'ry side assembled stands,
And supplicates the gods with *lifted hands*."—P. 80.

"Now in full view before the guards they stand,
The priest displays his ensigns in his *hand*."—P. 81.

"the princely band
By turns presented each his *friendly hand*."—P. 83.

"they soon shall feel my *hand*,
And rue that e'er they touch'd Trimacria's strand."—P. 90.

"with his *weighty hand*,
Their flight oppress'd, and mix'd them with the sand."—P. 92.

"Oblations vow'd, if, by his *mighty hand*,
Conducted safe, I found my native land."—P. 99.

"These eyes beheld when, with a *ruthless hand*,
My wretched mates you murder'd on the strand."—P. 101.

"If heav'n's dread sov'reign to my *vengeful hand*
His wasting flames would yield, and forked brand."—P. 102.

"Who still intent to catch it where it stands,
And grasps the shining meteor with his *hands*."—P. 103.

"equity and public right demands
That Thebes should fall by our *avenging hands*."—P. 110.

"Now round the flaming hearth the assembly stands,
And Theseus thus invokes with *lifted hands*."—P. 118.

"Any bold warrior of the Argive bands
Against a Theban lifts his *hostile hands*."—*Ibid.*

"The chief of Argos, warriors! first demands
Funereal honors from our *grateful hands*."—P. 123.

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[1] The imagery in this couplet being perfectly just, we are somewhat concerned that two such good lines should fall into such bad company.—GOLDSMITH.

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"As when the sire of gods, with *wrathful hand*,
Drives the swift lightning and the forked brand."—P. 133.

"Him Tydeus lov'd, and in his *faithful hand*
Had plac'd the sceptre of supreme command."—P. 146.

"Never, obsequious to thy mad command,
Against the foe I'll lift a *hostile hand*."—P. 150.

"The scourge of Thebes, whose *wide-destroying hand*
Has thinn'd our armies in their native land."—P. 171.

"That no bold warrior of the Theban bands
This maid shall violate with *hostile hands*."—P. 173.

"Whose feeble age the present aid demands,
And kind assistance of my *filial hands*."—P. 179.

"by command
The captive violates with *hostile hand*."—P. 181.

"with *vengeful hands*
He dealt destruction 'midst the Theban bands."—*Ibid.*

"the bow commands,
And arrows sacred, from his *mighty hands*."—P. 189.

"round this heart the furies wave their brands,
And wring my entrails with their *burning hands*."—P. 199.

"Obsequious for your last commands,
And tenders to your need his *willing hands*."—P. 204.

"With an *unrelenting hand*,
Fix, in the bows beneath, a flaming brand."—P. 209.

"If great Alcides liv'd, her tow'rs should stand,
Safe and protected by his *mighty hand*."—P. 211.

"the forked brand,
Which for destruction arms thy *mighty hand*."—P. 233.

"In his *mighty hand*
Brandish'd with gesture fierce a burning brand."—P. 243.

"Myself, my daughters, dragg'd by *hostile hands*,
Our dignity exchang'd for servile bands."—P. 266.

"Such sacrifice Cassandra's ghost demands,
And such I'll offer with *determin'd hands*."—P. 280.

"and stand,
A rampart to oppose my *vengeful hand*."—*Ibid.*

"Creon in vain the desp'rate rout withstands,
With sharp reproaches and *vindictive hands*."—P. 286.

To the foregoing citations we could have added many others of the same sort; but these are more than sufficient to convince the critics at George's and the Bedford that verses have *hands* as well as *feet*.

Our Northern bard frequently seems, indeed, at some loss for a

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variety of language, which has led him into many disgustful repetitions. Thus (p. 13) Diomed charges Talthybius:

> "to *convene* from tent to tent
> The Kings to Eteon's lofty monument."

Where they meet accordingly (p. 15), and Tydides is exhorted

> "to declare
> What cause *convenes* the Senate of the war."

Tydides thus replied:

> "Princes! I have not now the host *conven'd*,
> For secrets by intelligence obtain'd."

It is said this poem is a Scotch production; but (p. 31) we meet with the following notorious Londonism:

> "Presumptuous youth, forbear
> To tempt the fury of my flying spear—
> *That* warrior *there* was by my javelin slain."

That there and *this here* had, doubtless, their origin in Cheapside; but how they found their way down to Scotland is a mystery which our poet is best able to unriddle. Elsewhere, however, our bard seems more strongly attracted towards the Hibernian shores; particularly where he makes Jupiter apprehensive lest Fate should forget to be fatal and, harlequin-like, jump down her own throat. To explain this enigma we must give our author's own words, for no others can do him equal justice. Jove's messenger thus addresses Apollo, p. 74:

> "Ruler of light! let now thy car descend,
> So Jove commands, and Night her shade extend;
> Else Thebes must perish; and *the doom of fate,*
> *Anticipated, have an earlier date*
> *Than Fate decrees:* for, like devouring flame,
> Tydides threatens all the Theban name."

But it is no uncommon thing for this poet to employ his celestials in a manner somewhat incomprehensible to mere mortal understandings. Page 76, War, like a brawling brat, who cries and frets himself to sleep in his cradle, rocks *itself* to rest in much the same mood:

> "the martial clangors cease,
> And War *tumultuous lulls itself* to peace."

As contending countries and cities severally claimed the honor of having produced the author of the "Iliad," so, we foresee, will various

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parts of the British empire contend for that of having given us the author of the "Epigoniad." And as the authority of the "Review" will doubtless be quoted, in support of the conjectures and proofs that shall in future times be advanced on this occasion, we have been careful to note our several observations with regard to this matter. England, Ireland, and Scotland have been mentioned; but here comes a line that seems to vacate all their claims, and by its gurgling or turkey-cock sound to point out some other part of the world—but whether Wales, or Germany, or the Cape of Good Hope, let the reader determine. Here it is, taken from p. 114, where Discord is described in her flight from hell:

"Gliding *meteorous*, like a *stream* of *flame*."

But if sometimes a rumbling line chance to offend the nicer ear, it will meet with more frequent opportunities of *lulling itself to peace*, by the help of many a soothing couplet, like the following:

"In ev'ry art, my friends! you all excel,
And each deserves a prize for *shooting well*."

Again:

"here, in doubtful poise, the battle *hings*,[1]
Faint is the host, and wounded *half*[2] the Kings."

"Rank above rank the living structure grows,
As settling bees the *pendent heap* compose,
Which in some shade or vaulted cavern *hings*,
Woven thick with complicated feet and wings."

If bad rhymes are to be deemed, as some think they are, a capital defect, our author will be capitally convicted on many an indictment in the court of criticism. For instance (p. 242), we have the following strange couplet:

"*Graceful* the goddess turn'd, and with a *voice*
Bold and superior to the vulgar *noise*,
O'er all the field commands."

The badness of the rhyme in the two first lines is, however, their smallest imperfection: Minerva, sure, will never pardon the *ungraceful* mention he has made of her goddess-ship's vociferation; which, according to the idea here raised, would even silence the loudest water-nymph in the neighborhood of Thames Street

But as it may, and not unreasonably, be urged in our poet's favor

[1] What country word is this?—GOLDSMITH.

[2] Precisely half?—GOLDSMITH.

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that a few single lines or couplets, culled from different parts of his work, are by no means to be considered as a fair specimen of the whole, we shall conclude with his entire description of a swimming-match, which, though we have disapproved his choice of the sport, will show the author to somewhat more advantage than possibly the reader may expect from the samples already produced:

"With thirst of glory fir'd,
Crete's valiant monarch to the prize aspir'd,
With Sparta's younger chief; Ulysses came,
And brave Clearchus, emulous of fame,
A wealthy warrior from the Samian shore,
In cattle rich, and heaps of precious ore:
Distinguish'd in the midst the heroes stood,
Eager to plunge into the shining flood.

"His brother's ardor purpos'd to restrain,
Atrides strove, and counsell'd thus in vain:
'Desist, my brother! shun th' unequal strife;
For late you stood upon the verge of life:
No mortal man his vigor can retain
When flowing wounds have emptied ev'ry vein.
If now you perish in the wat'ry way,
Grief upon grief shall cloud this mournful day.
Desist, respect my counsel, and be wise;
Some other Spartan in your place will rise.'
To change his brother's purpose thus he try'd,
But Menelaus resolute reply'd:
'Brother, in vain you urge me to forbear,
From love and fond affection prompt to fear;
For firm as e'er before my limbs remain,
To dash the fluid waves or scour the plain.'

"He said, and went before. The heroes move
To the dark covert of a neighboring grove,
Which to the bank its shady walks extends,
Where, mixing with the lake, a riv'let ends.
Prompt to contend, their purple robes they loose,
Their figur'd vests, and gold embroider'd *shoes;*
And through the grove descending to the strand,
Along the flow'ry bank in order stand.
As when in some fair temple's sacred shrine
A statue stands, express'd by skill divine,
Apollo's, or the herald pow'rs, who brings
Jove's mighty mandates on his airy wings;
The form majestic awes the bending crowd:
In port and stature such the heroes stood.

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"Starting at once, with equal strokes they sweep
The smooth expanse, and shoot into the deep;
The Cretan chief exerting all his force,
His rivals far surpass'd, and led the course;
Behind Atrides, emulous of fame;
Clearchus next; and last Ulysses came.
And now they measur'd back the wat'ry space,
And saw from far the limits of the *race*.
Ulysses then, with thirst of glory fir'd,
The Samian left, and to the prize aspir'd;
Who, emulous, and dreading to be last,
With equal speed the Spartan hero pass'd.
Alarm'd, the Cretan monarch strove with pain
His doubtful hopes of conquest to maintain;
Exerting ev'ry nerve, his limbs he ply'd,
And wishing, from afar the shore descry'd:
For near and nearer still Ulysses press'd,
The waves he felt rebounding from his breast.
With equal zeal for victory they strove,
When, gliding sudden from the roofs of Jove,
Pallas approach'd; behind a cloud conceal'd,
Ulysses only saw her form reveal'd.
Majestic by the hero's side she *stood;*
Her shining sandals press'd the trembling *flood*.
She whisper'd soft, as when the western breeze
Stirs the thick reeds or shakes the rustling trees:
'Still shall thy soul, with endless thirst of fame,
Aspire to victory in ev'ry game.
The honors which from bones and sinews rise
Are lightly valu'd by the good and wise:
To envy still they rouse the human kind;
And oft, than courted, better far declin'd.
To brave Idomenĕus yield the race,
Contented to obtain the second place.'
The goddess thus; while, stretching to the land,
With joy the Cretan chief approach'd the strand;
Ulysses next arriv'd, and, spent with toil,
The weary Samian grasp'd the welcome soil.

"But, far behind, the Spartan warrior lay,
Fatigu'd and fainting in the wat'ry way.
Thrice struggling from the lake, his head he rear'd;
And thrice imploring aid, his voice was heard.
The Cretan monarch hastes the youth to save,
And Ithacus again divides the wave:
With force renew'd, their manly limbs they ply,
And from their breasts the whit'ning billows fly.

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Full in the midst a rocky isle divides
The liquid space, and parts the silver tides;
Once cultivated, now with thickets green
O'erspread, two hillocks and a vale between.
Here dwelt an aged swain; his cottage stood
Under the cliffs, encompass'd by a wood.
From poverty secure, he heard afar,
In peace profound, the tumults of the war.
Mending a net before his rural gate,
From other toils repos'd, the peasant sat,
When first the voice of Menelaus came,
By ev'ning breezes wafted from the stream.
He rose; and turning whence the voice was heard,
Far struggling in the deep, the youth appear'd.
Hast'ning, his skiff he loos'd, and spread the sail,
Some present god supply'd a prosp'rous gale:
For as the Spartan chief, with toil subdu'd,
Hopeless of life, was sinking in the flood,
The swain approach'd, and in his barge receiv'd
Him safe, from danger imminent retriev'd.

"Upon a willow's trunk Thersites sat,
Contempt and laughter fated to create,
Where, bending from a hollow bank, it hung,
And rooted to the mould'ring surface clung;
He saw Atrides safe; and thus aloud,
With leer malign, address'd the list'ning crowd:
'Here on the flow'ry turf a hearth shall stand;
A hecatomb the fav'ring gods demand,
Who sav'd Atrides in this dire debate,
And snatch'd the hero from the jaws of fate.
Without his aid, we all might quit the field;
Ulysses, Ajax, and Tydides yield:
His mighty arm alone the host defends,
But dire disaster still the chief attends:
Last sun beheld him vanquish'd on the plain;
Then warriors saved him, now a shepherd swain.
Defend him still from persecuting fate!
Protect the hero who protects the state;
Guard him amidst the dangers of the war;
And when he swims let aid be never far!'
He said, and scorn and laughter to excite,
His features foul he writh'd, with envious spite,
Smiling contempt, and pleas'd his ranc'rous heart
With aiming thus oblique a venom'd dart.
But joy'd not long; for soon the faithless wood,
Strain'd from the root, resign'd him to the flood.

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Plunging and sputt'ring, as his arms he spread,
A load of soil came thund'ring on his head,
Slipped from the bank: along the winding shore,
With laughter loud he heard the echoes roar,
When from the lake his crooked form he rear'd,
With horror pale, with blotting clay besmear'd;
Then clamb'ring by the trunk in sad dismay,
Which, half immers'd, with all its branches lay,
Confounded, to the tents he skulk'd along,
Amidst the shouts and insults of the throng."

If any should imagine that we have been rather severe upon this author, let it be observed in our excuse that his presumptuous attack of so superior a character as that of the late Mr. Pope has justly divested him of all title to favor. Read the following extract from his preface:[1]

"The language (of the "Epigoniad") is simple and artless. This I take to be a beauty rather than a defect; for it gives an air of antiquity to the work, and makes the style more suitable to the subject. The quaintness of Mr. Pope's expression, in his translation of the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," is not at all suitable either to the antiquity or majestic gravity of his author, and contributes more to make his fable appear vain and absurd than any circumstance that seems of so little moment could easily be supposed to do."

He must be a tasteless critic, indeed, who could remain unmoved, after perusing so dogmatical a sentence, pronounced by *such a poet*, upon SUCH A GENIUS![2]

XII.—GRAY'S "ODES."

"*Odes.* By MR. GRAY." 4to.

As this publication seems designed for those who have formed their taste by the models of antiquity, the generality of readers cannot be supposed adequate judges of its merit; nor will the poet, it is presumed, be greatly disappointed if he finds them backward in commending a performance not entirely suited to their apprehensions.[3]

[1] This preface, however, upon the whole, shows the author to be a man of more reading and taste than his poem speaks him; and had he published that discourse without the "Epigoniad," and committed the latter to the flames, his reputation would have sustained no loss on that account.—GOLDSMITH.

[2] The passage here so properly complained of was omitted in the second edition.

[3] "Even my friends tell me that they [the 'Odes'] do not succeed, and write

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We cannot, however, without some regret behold those talents, so capable of giving pleasure to all, exerted in efforts that, at best, can amuse only the few; we cannot behold this rising poet seeking fame among the learned, without hinting to him the same advice that Isocrates used to give his scholars, "*study the people.*" This study it is that has conducted the great masters of antiquity up to immortality. Pindar himself, of whom our modern lyrist is an imitator, appears entirely guided by it. He adapted his works exactly to the dispositions of his countrymen. Irregular, enthusiastic, and quick in transition, he wrote for a people inconstant, of warm imaginations, and exquisite sensibility. He chose the most popular subjects, and all his allusions are to customs well known, in his days, to the meanest person.[1]

His English imitator wants those advantages. He speaks to a people not easily impressed with new ideas; extremely tenacious of the old; with difficulty warmed; and as slowly cooling again. How unsuited, then, to our national character is that species of poetry which rises upon us with unexpected flights! where we must hastily catch the thought, or it flies from us; and, in short, where the reader must largely partake of the poet's enthusiasm, in order to taste his beauties! To carry the parallel a little farther: the Greek poet wrote in a language the most proper that can be imagined for this species of composition; lofty, harmonious, and never needing rhyme to heighten the numbers. But, for us, several unsuccessful experiments seem to prove that the English cannot have odes in blank verse; while, on the other hand, a natural imperfection attends those which are composed in irregular rhymes;—the similar sound often recurring where it is not expected, and not being found where it is, creates no small confusion to the reader—who, as we have not seldom observed, beginning in all the solemnity of poetic elocution, is by frequent disappointments of

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me moving topics of consolation on that head. In short, I have heard of nobody but a player (Garrick), and a doctor of divinity (Warburton), that profess their esteem for them."—*Gray to Dr. Hurd*, August 25, 1757. "I yet reflect with pain upon the cool reception which those noble odes, 'The Progress of Poetry' and 'The Bard,' met with at their first publication; it appeared that there were not twenty people in England who liked them."—*Wharton to Mason*, May 29, 1781.

[1] The best "Odes" of Pindar are said to be those which have been destroyed by time; and even they were seldom recited among the Greeks without the adventitious ornaments of music and dancing. Our lyric odes are seldom set off with these advantages; which, trifling as they seem, have alone given immortality to the works of Quinault.—GOLDSMITH.

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the rhyme, at last obliged to drawl out the uncomplying numbers into disagreeable prose.

It is by no means our design to detract from the merit of our author's present attempt: we would only intimate that an English poet, "one whom the Muse has *marked for her own*,"[1] could produce a more luxuriant bloom of flowers by cultivating such as are natives of the soil, than by endeavoring to force the exotics of another climate; or, to speak without a metaphor, such a genius as Mr. Gray might give greater pleasure, and acquire a larger portion of fame, if, instead of being an imitator, he did justice to his talents, and ventured to be more an original. These two odes, it must be confessed, breathe much of the spirit of Pindar; but then they have caught the seeming obscurity, the sudden transition, and hazardous epithet of his mighty master; all which, though evidently intended for beauties, will, probably, be regarded as blemishes by the generality of his readers. In short, they are in some measure a representation of what Pindar now appears to be, though perhaps not what he appeared to the states of Greece, when they rivalled each other in his applause, and when Pan himself was seen dancing to his melody.

In conformity to the ancients, these "Odes" consist of the strophe, antistrophe, and epode, which, in each ode, are thrice repeated. The strophes have a correspondent resemblance in their structure and numbers; and the antistrophe and epode also bear the same similitude. The poet seems, in the first ode particularly, to design the epode as a complete air to the strophe and antistrophe, which have more the appearance of recitative. There was a necessity for these divisions among the ancients, for they served as directions to the dancer and musician; but we see no reason why they should be continued among the moderns; for, instead of assisting they will but perplex the musician, as our music requires a more frequent transition from the air to the recitative than could agree with the simplicity of the ancients.

The first of these poems celebrates the Lyric Muse. It seems the most labored performance of the two; but yet we think its merit is not equal to that of the second. It seems to want that regularity of plan upon which the second is founded; and though it abounds with

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[1] "And Melancholy mark'd him for her own."—GRAY'S *Elegy*. I may add (what Gray's editors do not mention) that the poet had here a passage in Izaak Walton in his eye: "But God, who is able to prevail, wrestled with him; *marked him for his own;* marked him a blessing," etc.—*Life of Donne.*

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images that strike, yet, unlike the second, it contains none that are affecting.

In the second antistrophe the bard thus marks the progress of poetry:

II.

"In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight-gloom
To cheer the shivering natives' dull abode.
And oft beneath the od'rous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat,
In loose numbers wildly sweet,
Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame."

There is great spirit in the irregularity of the numbers towards the conclusion of the foregoing stanza.

II. 3.

"Woods that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Mæander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful Echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of Anguish?
When each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around:
Ev'ry shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine in Greece's evil hour
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant-power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains,
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, oh Albion! next thy sea-encircled coast.

III. 2.

"Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless child
Stretched forth his little arms, and smil'd.

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'This pencil take,' she said, 'whose colors clear
Richly paint the vernal year;
Thine too these golden keys, immortal boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic tears.'"

The second ode "is founded on a tradition current in Wales, that Edward I., when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the bards that fell into his hands to be put to death." The author seems to have taken the hint of this subject from the fifteenth ode of the first book of Horace. Our poet introduces the only surviving Bard of that country, in concert with the spirits of his murdered brethren, as prophetically denouncing woes upon the conqueror and his posterity. The circumstances of grief and horror in which the Bard is represented, those of terror in the preparation of the votive web, and the mystic obscurity with which the prophecies are delivered, will give as much pleasure to those who relish this species of composition as anything that has hitherto appeared in our language, the "Odes" of Dryden himself not excepted:

I. 2.

"On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air),
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.
'Hark how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
O'er thee, O King, their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I. 3.

"'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main;
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed:
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topp'd head.

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On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale.
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famished eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries——
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
I see them sit, they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

"'Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race.
Give ample room, and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace.'"—

When the prophetic incantation is finished the Bard thus nervously concludes:

"'Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign.
Be thine despair, and sceptred care;
To triumph, and to die, are mine.'
He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night."

XIII.—WISE'S "INQUIRIES CONCERNING THE FIRST INHABITANTS, LANGUAGE, RELIGION, LEARNING, AND LETTERS OF EUROPE."[1]

"*Some Inquiries concerning the First Inhabitants, Language, Religion, Learning, and Letters of Europe.* By a Member of the Society of Antiquaries in London. Printed at the Theatre, Oxford." 4to.

Every search into remote antiquity inspires us with a pleasure somewhat similar to what we feel upon the recollection of the earlier occurrences of our younger days: dark, indeed, and very confused the remembrance; yet still we love to look back upon those scenes, in

[1] Francis Wise, B.D. and F.S.A., many years Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford; born 1695, died 1767.

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which innocence and tranquillity bear, or seem to bear, so great a proportion. But, how agreeable soever inquiries of this nature may prove in gratifying our curiosity, the advantage would be trifling if they rested only here. They are further useful in promoting the advancement of other kinds of learning; for an acquaintance with the causes whence arts and sciences had their rise will probably direct us to the methods most conducive to their perfection. Nor is the historian less than the philosopher indebted to the antiquarian. It is from that painful collection of opinions, and the seemingly tedious inductions of the last, that the first draws his materials for the ascertainment of truth, gathers order from confusion, and justly marks the features of the age.

It is true, however, that as researches into antiquity are beyond the abilities of the many, so are they calculated only for the entertainment and instruction of the few. The generality of readers regard investigations of this nature as an uninformed rustic would view one of the India warehouses; where he sees a thousand things which, being ignorant of their uses, he cannot think convertible to any valuable purpose; and wonders why people travel so far, and run such hazards, to make so useless a collection. Experience would, however, convince him that, from such acquisitions as these, different artists take the materials of their different occupations; and that the mistake lay not with the collectors, but in the observer.

The more polite every country becomes the fonder it seems of investigating antiquity; yet it happens somewhat unfortunately for this branch of science, that it is always cultivated to most advantage at those times when a people are just beginning to emerge from primeval obscurity. The first writers have the materials of many preceding ages to choose from, and all that remains for their successors is to glean what they have left behind. From hence, therefore, we may infer the great indulgence that should be shown to a writer who, in an age so enlightened as ours, continues to cultivate so laborious a part of learning. As his materials, in such a case, are not of his own choosing, he may often seem triflingly minute, many conjectures will be offered upon slight probabilities, and those opinions which he supposes peculiarly his own may appear to be the repeated observations of former writers.

As to our author in particular, his learning is extensive, and his candor, good sense, and modesty serve to adorn it. He professes himself not bigoted to any opinion, but willing to have his own examined,

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though not deserving of controversy: such talents cannot fail of rendering a search after truth pleasing, even though the inquiry should prove abortive.

He draws the origin of the inhabitants of Europe from the northern parts of Asia, anciently called Scythia; whose colonies spreading southward, settled near the Euxine Sea, under the general name of Cimmerians, by whom, in all probability, the other parts of Europe were afterwards peopled. The first Europeans whose history is transmitted to us are the Greeks, who had their original from Scythia, as appears from what Strabo relates, that the Greeks were anciently called Barbarians; but Scythia and Barbarian were synonymous terms, and consequently, how much soever that polite people might have been ashamed of their rude progenitors, they could be derived from no others. Their very gods, whom they seemed so fond of making natives of Greece, were probably of Scythian original; and it deserves notice that some of the greatest nations in all ages have valued themselves upon being descended from Scythian conquerors. Thus the modern Moguls boast their descent from Tamerlane; almost all the royal families of Europe claim kindred with the Goths; and we may see by our own history how careful the Saxon princes were to trace up their several pedigrees to Woden. The Greeks, Phœnicians, and Egyptians did the same, only with this difference, they would have it thought that the gods were natives of their respective countries; and there is no doubt but each had as good a right to them as the other. However, whether the Titans, or Gods, were originally Scythians, the posterity of Japhet, or whether they were Phœnicians, descendants of Ham, our author thinks it certain that they were temporal sovereigns—that they possessed large territories, and were otherwise greatly interested in the affairs of Europe; that probably, in their times, one common language prevailed over Europe; and that the remains of such a language are still to be found in different places, particularly such as have had no commerce with strangers. "Such," says he, "are the mountains of Biscay, the retreat of the old Cantabrian; which is still preserved entire, in spite of all the conquests that kingdom has undergone from Carthaginians, Romans, Goths, and Moors. The old Gallic gave way to the Teutonic, but is still spoken in Armorica, or Bass Bretany. The British sank under the Roman yoke, and would have been utterly extirpated by the Saxons, had it not taken refuge in Wales and Cornwall; in which last place it is now almost extinct. The Highlands of Scotland, and the numerous isles

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upon that coast, are so many barriers of this ancient language; and above all Ireland, where it is thought to be preserved most uncorrupt."

To support his reasoning in this particular the author gives us the following anecdote, taken from his friend, the Rev. Mr. Reynolds, Fellow of Eton College, etc: "In my middle age, at a particular friend's house, I found a near relation of his, one Mr. Hutchins, of Frome, just come into England out of Spain, from Bilboa, where he had belonged to the factory the better part of twenty years; who, among other things, told us that, while he was there, some time after the Protestants became entire masters of Ireland, there came over to Bilboa an Irish Roman Catholic priest, that knew neither English nor Spanish; when the person to whom he was recommended, being at a loss what to do, brought him to the English factory, to see if any one there understood Irish; but to no purpose; till some mountain Biscainers, that used Bilboa market, coming to the house where he lodged, and talking together, were perfectly understood by him, and on his accosting them in Irish he was as well understood by them, to the great surprise of all that knew it, as well Spaniards as English." This, it is true, seems a confirmation of the affinity between those languages, that are evidently derived from the same source; viz., the Celtic, which may be styled the universal language of the post-diluvian world, and a sister dialect of the Hebrew. But the foregoing anecdote has been strongly contested by a writer in one of the magazines,[1] who denies the fact, asserting that there is no affinity between the Irish and Biscayan languages, and appealing to all who have any trade or intercourse with Biscay.

Our inquirer goes on to give an account of the war of the Titans, and of the *Cabiric*[2] mysteries, which were by that means introduced.

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[1] *Gentleman's Magazine* for October, 1758, p. 482.

[2] "In the course of this visit Johnson and I walked three or four times to Ellesfield, a village beautifully situated about three miles from Oxford, to see Mr. Francis Wise, Radclivian librarian, with whom Johnson was much pleased. At this place Mr. Wise had fitted up a house and gardens in a singular manner, but with great taste. Here was an excellent library, particularly a valuable collection of books in Northern literature, with which Johnson was often very busy. One day Mr. Wise read to us a dissertation which he was preparing for the press, entitled 'A History and Chronology of the Fabulous Ages.' Some old divinities of Thrace, related to the Titans, and called the Cabiri, made a very important part of the theory of this piece; and in conversation afterwards Mr. Wise talked much of his Cabiri. As we returned to Oxford in the evening I outwalked Johnson, and he cried

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He dwells considerably upon this subject, as being the first known era in the history of Europe, and therefore essential to an inquiry into its language and inhabitants. The result of his reasonings upon this head is, that Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter were powerful princes, sovereigns over a vast empire, comprehending all Europe and great part of Asia; that this empire existed long before those petty kingdoms of Greece, that boasted such great antiquity; that the Titans were masters of all the knowledge derived from the sons of Noah; that they had the same religion with the people of the East—that is, either worshipped one God, or, if more, the sun, moon, and stars; and that their descendants in the West were the first who set up the grosser idolatry of paying divine honors to their progenitors.

The Titan language, therefore, our author considers as the vehicle of the first knowledge which dawned in Europe; and supposes that whatever antiquity and learning the Egyptians might have pretended to, it was in all probability derived to them from Scythia. The Egyptians pretended to no science till the time of Thoth, or Hermes Trismegistus, who does not appear to have been a native of Egypt; and, if we may believe Sanconiathon's history, come no farther off than from Phœnicia; "but I rather," says the inquirer, "suspect he was a Scythian." We have no other certainty of the time when Thoth lived than what is collected from the book fathered upon him, which calls Uranus and Saturn his ancestors, and from them our author supposes he derived his science. This he thinks antiquity sufficient, and that from this beginning the Egyptians became famous in the following ages, and in their turn were possessed of the learning then in being. Agreeably to the natural course of things, the arts had their periods: they flourished for a period in one country, and then sunk, and rose in another. The Greeks, to whom we owe all profane history, seemed to have lost their due reverence for it, and thought themselves beholden to other nations for their learning; but a little reflection might have taught them that their country, from the first ages, was the seat of arts and sciences. Astronomy, for instance, had evidently its origin among the Europeans: the planets are distinguished by Titan names; Uranus, the father of the Titans, is represented as

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out '*Sufflamina*,' a Latin word which came from his mouth with peculiar grace, and was as much as to say, '*Put on your drag-chain.*' Before we got home I again walked too fast for him; and he now cried out, 'Why, you walk as if you were pursued by all the *Cabiri* in a body.' "—THOMAS WARTON, *Boswell*, by Croker, p. 89.

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an observer of the stars; Hyperion, one of his sons, is said to have found out the motion of the planets. Atlas, son of Japetus, another Titan, is called the supporter of the heavens; and his brother, Prometheus, is acknowledged to be the founder of the Chaldean astronomy.

The author proceeds to prove that the Barbaric sphere, so much disputed about by critics, was only the northern hemisphere, cultivated by the Scythians; and he thus concludes his reasonings upon this subject: "Should it be asked how and when the Greeks became ignorant in matters that so much concerned their honor and original, I answer that their ignorance began to appear at a time when they prided themselves most upon their knowledge: this is often the case with particular persons, and custom and example make it more general. From the just use of reason men took a pleasure and found their advantage in transmitting to posterity past transactions; at first by the help of memory, and then by some more lasting tokens, such as the setting up of rough stones, which was one of the most ancient methods. But when in time such marks could not be understood without tradition, and where that failed were of no farther use, something more significative was required, which perhaps gave birth to sculpture and writing. These began upon stones or trees, with rude delineations of the things intended to be recorded; which by degrees were reduced to more contracted signs and characters, sufficiently intelligible to the learned of the several countries where they were used. In this manner all knowledge was conveyed for many ages; witness the ancient learning of Egypt, and the living instance of the practice in China. When the Greeks had gained the more compendious method of expressing their sentiments by words in alphabetical letters, they soon grew weary of writing by characters, as well they might; and this means, perhaps, enriched their language, and made it so copious and harmonious as it appears at present. But they seem from that time to have forgot, as useless, what was contained in their former writings, or retained it but very imperfectly and, as it were, by tradition."

As the Grecian and Roman languages increased the Titan language proportionably decreased: though it kept its ground a considerable time in the western parts of Europe, where it might still have flourished in a great degree, had it not been continually exposed to irruptions from the North.

The author next proceeds to consider the Gothic language, a dialect very different from the Celtic, which probably had its origin in the more northern parts of Asiatic Scythia, and partook more of the

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northern idiom, as the Celtic had more of the eastern. The people in Crim Tartary, mentioned by Busbequius, as speaking the Gothic or Saxon language, seem to be the old Goths, from whom the language of England is partly derived.

Having thus settled the origin of the inhabitants, language, and learning of Europe, he proceeds to give an account of the origin of their letters also. The invention of these, he supposes, transcending human genius, can only be ascribed to God, from whom Moses first received them upon Mount Sinai: and that Cadmus, who was probably a Jew, conveyed the discovery into Europe. Our author's reasonings on this head are but slightly supported, nor have they even novelty to recommend them, as Mr. Anselm Bayly[1] and others, particularly those of the Hutchensonian caste, have preoccupied the conjectures.

As our author has spoiled the Egyptians of their learning, so neither will he allow them an alphabet. Their books, being written in symbolic and hieroglyphic characters, were unintelligible to those nations who knew the use of an alphabet. The Latins, as all authors agree, received their letters from the Greeks, who, at different times, sent colonies into Italy, where they improved their old arts and gave birth to new ones. The Tyrrhenes, or Etruscans, were the first polite people in Italy; and in the early ages of Rome the Roman youth were instructed in the Etruscan language by way of accomplishment. But, adds our author, when a nation is arrived at a certain pitch of politeness, it often becomes a prey to another less civilized. This was the case, continues he, with the Etruscans and Romans. As the one increased in power, the other, who before were held to be the most accomplished nation, sunk in esteem, as is usual with a conquered people.

"The Etruscan language (a species of corrupt Greek) being at length extinct, the materials designed to preserve it were soon destroyed or buried in ruins; the too common fate of monuments, wherever ignorance prevails. Here they underwent a long night of oblivion, till the revival of true learning, which is always accompanied with a veneration for antiquity. These monuments, as time and chance brought them to light, were carefully preserved by persons of curiosity, who, though they understood them not, yet judged that hereafter they might be intelligible to others, and therefore worth preserving.

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[1] See the next ensuing article. Mr. Bayly's book was published before these "Inquiries."—GOLDSMITH.

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It is more than a century since some of these inscriptions have been made public, and in this last age a new scene of literature has been opened by their means; whole volumes have been filled with Etruscan sculptures and inscriptions, and attempts have been made to illustrate and explain them."

It does not appear what letters the most ancient Celtæ used in writing, the remains of their language now to be found in works being written in the common character of the country where their descendants lived. The author thinks it may be taken for granted that they made use of hieroglyphics only, as we said before of the Scythians in general. But the Goths are an exception, for they had an alphabet peculiar to themselves, consisting formerly of sixteen letters, which is thought to be just the number in the Greek and Phœnician alphabets. In short, as all languages, says he, were derived from one, so it is but reasonable to think the same of all alphabets; and their affinity with each other serves to prove that they had all the same source; viz., the Hebrew, or Cadmean.

Thus we see through what regions of conjecture, doubt, and palpable obscurity our truly inquisitive author has explored his way. He catches every gleam of light that an extensive acquaintance with the ancients can afford him; but he often, however, seems to have a favorite hypothesis in view, by which, we doubt, he is biassed somewhat from that truth he professes to investigate. It can no way affect the interests of our religion though we should not admit the Jewish nation to be that fountain of learning and letters from whence the rest of mankind have been supplied: which would be allowing them greater marks of honor than their best writers ever arrogated to themselves. This way of thinking appears to have been most warmly embraced by Eusebius, and other Christian writers, through a laudable though perhaps mistaken zeal for a cause of which they were the champions. But it is more our business to exhibit the opinions of the learned than to controvert them.

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XIV.—BAYLY'S "INTRODUCTION TO LANGUAGES."

"*An Introduction to Languages, Literary and Philosophical; especially to the English, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew: exhibiting, at One View, their Grammar, Rationale, Analogy, and Idiom.* In Three Parts. By ANSELM BAYLY, LL.B." 8vo.

SCALIGER assigns the man he would have completely miserable no other employment than that of composing grammars and compiling dictionaries;[1] perhaps with reason, as there is not, in the whole Encyclopædia, a more laborious, yet a more unthankful study, than that bestowed on the rudiments of language. The labor employed in other parts of science may be great, but it is also apparent: in this, as in the mine, it is excessive, yet unseen. This consideration may probably have been the cause that few good essays upon language are to be found among us: men whose talents were equal to such an undertaking choosing to employ them on more amusing studies; and those who were unequal to the task showing only by their unsuccessful attempts how much a well-executed performance of this kind was wanting. To echo back the rules of former grammarians, to translate Latin grammars into English, or English grammars into Latin, requires but small abilities, and has been the practice of many late writers in this species of erudition. But to trace language to its original source, to assign reasons for the justness of every rule in grammar, to show the similitude of languages, and at the same time every distinguishing idiom of each, was reserved for the ingenious writer before us.

In the first and second parts of his work we have the rudiments of the four languages referred to in the title explained with the utmost precision and brevity; those rules which serve for one language being adapted, with very little variation, to the other three. Here no technical term is used till it be first made plain by a definition; and

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[1] "When an objection, raised against his (Pope's) inscription for Shakspeare, was defended by the authority of Patrick, he replied, *horresco referens*, that 'he would allow the publisher of a dictionary to know the meaning of a single word, but not of two words put together.'"—JOHNSON'S *Life of Pope*.

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reasons are always assigned for the peculiarities of languages and usages in syntax.

The third part contains four dissertations; in which, as these are calculated for entertainment as well as instruction, our author often indulges some peculiarities, ingeniously supported, though very liable to be controverted.

The first treats of the possible number of simple sounds in speech, of which he presents us with an alphabet; by these sounds alone he would have children taught to read, being of opinion that they might learn by this method in a few months what they are years in acquiring by the other now in use among us. The author is led from his inquiry concerning the origin of simple sound into an examination whether language is the natural result of man's own industry, or whether communicated to him by some superior power. "If," says he, "in the ordinary course of things, language is transmitted in a constant series from parents to children, we must go back till we arrive at some point of time wherein the first of the human species, whether one, two, or a thousand, could not receive language in this channel; but it must have been derived to them in as extraordinary a manner as their existence, from the same fountain that gave them their being. We cannot help apprehending but that the first man's Creator must be his instructor in languages as well as duty, teaching him how to form articulate sounds and words, giving him knowledge of things, their attributes, actions, and relations, as well as the power of assigning them their names." To the same origin our author attributes the use also of alphabetical writings, and is of opinion, as we have hinted in the preceding article, that the alphabet was first given by God to Moses on the Mount. His reasoning on this head is curious, if not satisfactory; however, we must decline the particulars for want of room.

The second dissertation treats of the changes of sounds in pronunciation; how far they may be imitated in writing; and the chief causes of the variation in words. As we have seen some modern innovations in our language with regard to spelling, Mr. Bayly may be an useful monitor to warn writers against such affectation. "Language," says he, "by following pronunciation in writing, may be so altered from itself as to become new, and rendered so vague in its meaning, that books written even but a hundred years past have the appearance of being barbarous, and to the surviving generation are scarce intelligible. Pronunciation might be left to take its course,

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vary ever so much and ever so often; but writing, as being the only preservative of a language, ought to be kept to some standard. Orthography should be steady, be made the guide to orthoepy, or at least a check upon it, and not orthoepy be the guide to orthography. Had such a rule as this, founded in reason and the nature of things, been attended to in all writings, though it is easy to see that it required a knowledge equal to divine to be able to write words truly in the first language, posterity would not have found so much difficulty as they now do in understanding them; the etymology and meaning of words would have been more determinate, and the streams of knowledge traced with more certainty up to their fountain head."

The subject of the third dissertation is style, or the art of just writing; that of the fourth, elocution, or the art of speaking: both contain rules that may be useful, hints that are new, and ingenious observations. Upon the whole, the author attempts to give a rational and universal view of language, from its elements through its several combinations and powers, in writing and speaking. He is possessed of learning to examine his subject minutely, and good sense to avoid incurring the imputation of pedantry; so that his book will be found equally useful to the student and entertaining to the critic.

XV.—BURTON'S GREEK TRAGEDIES.[1]

"*Pentalogia; sive Tragediarum Græcarum Delectus.*" 8vo. Oxford.

Dr. Burton, whose former productions in the learned languages are more than sufficient proofs of his abilities for an undertaking of this nature, has here presented the public with an edition of five Greek tragedies, indisputably the best in that language; and, we may venture to add, superior to all that were ever composed in any other. Three of these are the "Œdipus Tyrannus," the "Œdipus Coloneus," and the "Antigone" of Sophocles; the first peculiarly excellent for its fine complication of terror and distress, especially towards the catastrophe; the second, for its pathetic opening, which Milton has so happily imitated in his "Samson Agonistes;" the third, also a masterpiece, for what is called by Aristotle the Των επεισοδιων οικονομιαν,

[1] Dr. John Burton, born 1696, at Wombworth, in Devonshire; died 1771.

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Dr. Edmund Halley

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the just disposition of incidents. The other tragedies in this book are the "Phœnissæ" of Euripides, and the "Septem ad Thebas" of Æschylus, which, though inferior to those of Sophocles, have, however, with great propriety, a place in this edition. They are introduced with intention to show (as our author expresses it), "in materia consimili ingeniorum dissimilium concertatio," the efforts of different geniuses in the same species of composition.

This edition, as we are informed, was long since undertaken; but the death of a young gentleman, who was principally instrumental in forwarding it, occasioned its being for some time discontinued; and it had perhaps been totally suppressed, but for the assistance given the editor by Dr. Markland and Mr. Heath, and the advantage of printing at the expense of the fund bequeathed to the university by Mr. Rolle for purposes of this nature.

The work is a performance of much less ostentation than use; not being calculated to amuse the critic, but to advance the learner. The notes annexed contain no minute philological disquisitions, which are often still more obscure than the text, and counteract their intention, by increasing that labor which they profess to lessen. Here we have the conduct of the drama laid open, the grammatical difficulties explained, the different readings exhibited, and the text receiving proper light from a just punctuation. Notwithstanding this, the learned author seems sensible of one objection that may be raised against the present performance; namely, that he has given no Latin translation of the text, as is usual in most editions of the Greek classics. This objection he has taken some pains to obviate. The idioms of the Greek and Latin languages, as he observes, are so different as to render a translation very difficult, if not impossible; but though such a labor were actually effected, it would rather obstruct than promote the end it seems intended to answer. He who, in learning Greek, has continual recourse to a translation for assistance is insensibly drawn into a disuse of his grammar and lexicon, the proper guides for introducing him to an intimacy with the language he desires to be acquainted with. "Opibus alieni adjustus nihil de suo promet; nihil demum marte proprio sibi elaborandum esse censebit: et velut in regione ignota hospes inelegans, ducem secutus aliquando falsum sæpe fallacem, huc illuc temere circumvagabitur: et cum Græciam universam itinere rapido peragraverit, nihil fere de Græcia, nihil vere Atticum aut quovis modo memorabile, domum reportabit." We should in this respect imitate such as first revived Greek learning in the

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West, who, without translations, instructed those that afterwards became so eminent for their skill in this enchanting language.

The assistances, however, which are denied in a translation, are amply recompensed here, by the explications of every material difficulty in the text, in notes at the bottom of each page; by a separate phraseology, and by a lexicon of the uncommon words subjoined to the whole. These are the helps offered to the scholar, and we will venture to assert that the learner who will be at the pains of reading Sophocles with only the assistance here offered him will know more of the real beauties of the original, and the true structure of the language, than if he spent double the time in poring over a faulty Latin version. The translations hitherto published of Sophocles will be more apt to lead the scholar astray than to direct him to the meaning or spirit of the original; for, whether through ignorance of the language they attempted to translate, or through an awkward affectation of elegance, certain it is they are almost always mistaking the meaning of their author.

Though much may be said in commendation of the design and usefulness of the edition now before us, there is room for some objection to the method which our commentator has thought proper to pursue. Not content with the illustrations at the bottom of each page, he adds, by way of appendix, his δευτεραι φροντιδες, or scholia, which are the result of more mature deliberation. These second thoughts, which were not entered upon, as we are informed, till the other parts of the work were printed off, are not only a further comment upon the original, but sometimes corrections of his former annotations, which they frequently profess to contradict, amend, and explain. This ingenuous way of confessing one's faults, though it should serve to show a man's modesty, may, it is feared, rather lead to prejudice his reputation in other respects. Some may be apt to remark, that criticisms which could, upon a review, want so much amendment were prematurely inserted: they may say that it would have been most prudent in our editor to have kept his work by him till repeated amendments had rendered a palinodia unnecessary. And we may add, though second thoughts are generally allowed the preference, yet our annotator, it must be confessed, often corrects himself where there seems very little occasion for correction. As to the edition, upon the whole, it may be numbered among the most correct productions of the British press, some few faults in the accenting excepted. The book is certainly well calculated for the use of schools, and deserves all the encouragement due to the best performances of this kind.

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XVI.—CICERO'S "TUSCULAN DISPUTATIONS."

"*The Tusculan Disputations of Marcus Tullius Cicero.* In Five Books. A New Translation. By a Gentleman."[1] 8vo.

THE panegyric upon Cicero which Erasmus hath left us, at the same time that it does justice to the merits of the philosopher, reflects honor on the taste of his encomiast. "I am incapable of determining," says that judicious critic, "whether or not my judgment be improved by time, but certain it is Cicero never so much pleased me in youth as he now does in my old age. I am now at a loss whether most to admire the divine felicity of his style or the purity of his heart and morals. His influence upon me rises almost to inspiration; and I always feel myself a better man upon every perusal. I make no scruple, therefore, to exhort our youth to spend their hours in reading and retaining his works, rather than in the vexatious disputes and ill-mannered controversies which at present perplex mankind. For my own part, though I am now in the decline of life, yet as soon as my present undertakings are completed I shall think it no reproach to seek a renewal of my acquaintance with my Cicero, and an increase of that intimacy which has been for many years interrupted."

How differently does Montaigne express himself on the same subject, when he gives us to understand that, though he finds much entertainment in Seneca or Plutarch, he could never gain any from Cicero. "For," says the Frenchman, "instead of beginning to talk upon the subject proposed, he blunts the edge of curiosity by superfluous divisions; and the time that should be employed in argument is wasted in adjusting preliminaries."

The truth is Montaigne was, during his whole life, what Erasmus was in his early youth, incapable of thinking connectedly; so that this celebrated essayist only exposed the defects of his own understanding by attempting to detract from the reputation of Cicero. The concurrent testimony of all antiquity, and of modern times, suffi-

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[1] A new edition of this very indifferent translation appeared in 1828.

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ciently confutes him, it being universally agreed that no philosopher has more forcibly recommended all those generous principles that tend to exalt and perfect human nature.

From hence, therefore, we may infer how much the public is bound to acknowledge every judicious attempt to translate any part of the works of a writer so admired as Cicero. If the translator succeeds in so difficult an undertaking, the motives to virtue acquire a more universal diffusion, and our language makes a valuable acquisition; should he fail in the execution, the great difficulty of the work may, in some measure, plead his excuse, and the usefulness of the design should soften the rigor of censure.

It is not without reason that this elegant Roman has been thought the most difficult to be translated of all the classics. The translator must not only be master of his sentiments but also of his peculiar way of expressing them. He must have acquired a style correct without labor, and copious without redundancy. The difficulty is not so much to give his sense as to give it in such language as Tully himself would have spoken had he been an Englishman. To follow him in a verbal translation is to catch his words only and lose his spirit.

This literal timidity, if we may so express it, where the translator cautiously moves from word to word, for fear of going astray, is still the more unpardonable, as Cicero himself has given us directions to the contrary. "Nec tamen exprimi verbum e verbo necesse erit, ut interpretes indiserti solent." His example also as well as his precept teaches us to avoid this error. What liberties does he not take with Plato, Euripides, and others! Their sentiments remain their own, but their language is always expressed in the manner of Cicero. The translator before us has fallen into the error of which we have been complaining; so that Cicero appears in this English dress not unlike some disguised hero in romance, who, though concealed in the garb of a peasant, still moves with an air of superior dignity.

These Tusculan disputations were composed by Cicero when, under the dictatorship of Cæsar, he was excluded from any share in the administration; at which time, as he informs us, he was obliged to substitute retirement and study for scenes of more active employment. The work is divided into five books; the first of which teaches us how to contemn the terrors of death, and to look upon it as a blessing rather than an evil; the second, to support pain and affliction with a manly fortitude; the third and fourth, to moderate all our complaints and uneasiness under the accidents of life; the fifth, to

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evince the sufficiency of virtue to make man happy. It was Cicero's custom, in his leisure hours, to take some friends with him into the country, where (to use the words of this very incompetent translator) "he used to order one to propose something which he would have discussed. I disputed (says Tully) on that either sitting or walking. I have compiled *the schools*, as the Greeks call them, of five days, in as many books. It was in this manner: when he who was the hearer had said what he thought proper, I disputed against him. To give you a better notion of our disputations, I will not barely give you an account of them, but represent them to you as they were carried on."

Perhaps there never was a finer or more spirited dialogue, conducted with greater ease, or managed with more impartiality, than this in the original. After having silenced the objections which his antagonist had brought against his doctrine of death's being no evil, Cicero finally establishes it, with that spirit and energy which his present translator has very impotently endeavored to preserve. Let the reader judge for himself from the following specimen:

"Should it indeed be our case to know the time appointed by God for us to die, let us prepare ourselves for it with a pleasant and grateful mind, as those who are delivered from a jail and eased from their fetters, to go back to their eternal and (without dispute) their own habitation; or to be divested of all sense and trouble. But should we not be acquainted with this decree, yet should we be so disposed as to look on that last hour as happy for us, though shocking to our friends; and never imagine that to be an evil which is an appointment of the immortal gods, or of Nature, the common parent of all. For it is not by hazard, or without design, that we have a being here; but doubtless there is a certain power concerned for human nature, which would neither have produced nor provided for a being which, after having gone through the labors of life, was to fall into an eternal evil by death. Let us rather infer that we have a retreat and haven prepared for us, which I wish we could make for with crowded sails; but though the winds should not serve, yet we shall of course gain it, though somewhat later."

The exordium of the third book is, in the original, one of the finest passages in all antiquity. Let us see how it reads here: "What reason shall I assign, Brutus, why, as we consist of soul and body, the art of curing and preserving the body should be so much sought after, and the invention of it, as being so useful, should be ascribed to the immortal gods; but the medicine of the soul should neither be the

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object of inquiry, whilst it was unknown, nor so much improved after its discovery, nor so well received or approved of by some, disagreeable, and looked on with an envious eye by many others? It is because the soul judges of the pains and disorders of the body, but we do not form any judgment of the soul by the body. Hence it comes that the soul never judgeth of itself but when that by which itself is judged is in a bad state. Had Nature given us faculties for discerning and viewing herself, and could we go through life by keeping our eye on her, our best guide, no one certainly would be in want of philosophy or learning. But as it is she has furnished us only with some few sparks, which we soon so extinguish by bad morals and depraved customs, that the light of nature is quite put out. The seeds of virtue are connatural to our constitutions, and, were they suffered to come to maturity, would naturally conduct us to a happy life; but now, as soon as we are born and received into the world we are instantly familiarized to all kinds of depravity and wrong opinions; so that we may be said almost to suck in error with our nurse's milk. When we return to our parents, and are put into the hands of tutors and governors, we imbibe so many errors, that truth gives place to falsehood, and nature herself to established opinion. To these we may add the poets, who, on account of the appearance they exhibit of learning and wisdom, are heard, read, and got by heart, and make a deep impression on our minds. But when to these are added the people who are, as it were, one great body of instructors, and the multitude who declare unanimously for vice, then we are altogether overwhelmed with bad opinions, and revolt entirely from Nature; so that they seem to deprive us of our best guide, who have ascribed all greatness, worth, and excellence to honor, and power, and popular glory, which indeed every excellent man aims at; but whilst he pursues that only true honesty which Nature has in view, he finds himself busied in arrant trifles, and in pursuit of no conspicuous form of virtue, but a shadowy representation of glory. For glory is a real and express substance, not a mere shadow. It consists in the united praise of good men, the free voice of those who form true judgments of excellent virtue; it is, as it were, the very echo of virtue, which being generally the attendant on laudable actions, should not be slighted by good men. But popular fame, which would pretend to imitate it, is hasty and inconsiderate, and generally commends wicked and immoral actions, and taints the appearance and beauty of the other by assuming the resemblance of honesty. By not being able to discover the

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difference of these some men, ignorant of real excellence, and in what it consists, have been the destruction of their country or of themselves. And thus the best men have erred, not so much in their intentions as by a mistaken conduct."

The classical reader will perceive that the spirit of the original is, in a manner, totally extinguished in this translation. Indeed, such is the "*Gentleman's*" obscurity in some places, such are his mistakes of his author's meaning in others; such is the meanness, affectation, and impropriety of his language throughout, that it is really matter of surprise to us how such a work came into print; especially when we take the poetry into the account, which is below all criticism, and even contempt.

In short, the present performance is so totally destitute of every kind of merit which might serve to qualify our censure, that we cannot avoid concluding with Cicero, upon another occasion: "Obsecro, abjiciamus ista, et semi-liberi saltem simus; quod assequemur et lacendo et latendo."

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EXTRACTS

FROM

AN HISTORY OF THE EARTH

AND

ANIMATED NATURE.

BY

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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These extracts (exclusive of *the Prefaces* reprinted in Vol. VI.) contain all the really good and original passages to be found in the eight octavo volumes of compilation to which Goldsmith lent his name. They contain also some most delightful matter—showing the poet and the prose writer in his happiest mood. I am not aware of any edition of Goldsmith in which extracts from his "Animated Nature" have been before included.

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AN

HISTORY OF THE EARTH.

BURNET'S THEORY OF THE EARTH.

The first who formed this amusement of earth-making into system was the celebrated Thomas Burnet, a man of polite learning and rapid imagination. His "Sacred Theory," as he calls it, describing the changes which the earth has undergone, or shall hereafter undergo, is well known for the warmth with which it is imagined, and the weakness with which it is reasoned, for the elegance of its style, and the meanness of its philosophy.

DR. WOODWARD.

The next theorist was Woodward, who, in his "Essay towards a Natural History of the Earth," which was only designed to precede a greater work, has endeavored to give a more rational account of its appearances; and was, in fact, much better furnished for such an undertaking than any of his predecessors, being one of the most assiduous naturalists of his time. His little book, therefore, contains many important facts relative to natural history, although his system may be weak and groundless.

WHISTON.

So much for Woodward; but of all the systems which were published respecting the earth's formation that of Whiston was most applauded, and most opposed. Nor need we wonder; for, being supported with all the parade of deep calculation, it awed the ignorant, and produced the approbation of such as would be thought otherwise, as it implied a knowledge of abstruse learning to be even thought capable of comprehending what the writer aimed at. In fact, it is not easy to divest it of its mathematical garb; but those who have had leisure have found the result of our philosopher's reasoning to be thus.

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BUFFON.

After so many theories of the earth which had been published, applauded, answered, and forgotten, Mr. Buffon ventured to add one more to the number. This philosopher was, in every respect, better qualified than any of his predecessors for such an attempt, being furnished with more materials, having a brighter imagination to find new proofs, and a better style to clothe them in. However, if one so ill qualified as I am may judge, this seems the weakest part of his admirable work; and I could wish that he had been content with giving us facts instead of systems; that, instead of being a reasoner, he had contented himself with being merely an historian.

ENGLISH MOUNTAINS.

Even among us in England we have no adequate ideas of a mountain prospect; our hills are generally sloping from the plain, and clothed to the very top with verdure; we can scarce, therefore, lift our imaginations to those immense piles whose tops peep up behind intervening clouds, sharp and precipitate, and reach to heights that human avarice or curiosity have never been able to ascend.

We, in this part of the world, are not, for that reason, so immediately interested in the question which has so long been agitated among philosophers, concerning what gave rise to these inequalities on the surface of the globe. In our own happy region we generally see no inequalities but such as contribute to use and beauty; and we, therefore, are amazed at a question inquiring how such necessary inequalities came to be formed, and seeming to express a wonder how the globe comes to be so beautiful as we find it. But though with us there may be no great cause for such a demand, yet in those places where mountains deform the face of nature, where they pour down cataracts or give fury to tempests, there seems to be good reason for inquiry either into their causes or their uses. It has been, therefore, asked by many, in what manner mountains have come to be formed, or for what uses they are designed.

VARIETY OF MOUNTAINS.

It need scarce be said that, with respect to height, there are many sizes of mountains, from the gently rising upland to the tall, craggy precipice. The appearance is in general different in those of different magnitudes. The first are clothed with verdure to the very tops, and

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only seem to ascend to improve our prospects or supply us with a purer air; but the lofty mountains of the other class have a very different aspect. At a distance their tops are seen, in wavy ridges, of the very color of the clouds, and only to be distinguished from them by their figure, which, as I have said, resembles the billows of the sea.[1] As we approach the mountain assumes a deeper color; it gathers upon the sky, and seems to hide half the horizon behind it. Its summits also are become more distinct, and appear with a broken and perpendicular line. What at first seemed a single hill is now found to be a chain of continued mountains, whose tops, running along in ridges, are embosomed in each other; so that the curvatures of one are fitted to the prominences of the opposite side, and form a winding valley between, often of several miles in extent; and all the way continuing nearly of the same breadth. Nothing can be finer or more exact than Mr. Pope's description of a traveller straining up the Alps. Every mountain he comes to he thinks will be the last; he finds, however, an unexpected hill rise before him; and that being scaled, he finds the highest summit almost at as great a distance as before. Upon quitting the plain he might have left a green and a fertile soil, and a climate warm and pleasing. As he ascends the ground assumes a more russet color; the grass becomes more mossy; and the weather more moderate. Still as he ascends the weather becomes more cold, and the earth more barren. In this dreary passage he is often entertained with a little valley of surprising verdure, caused by the reflected heat of the sun collected into a narrow spot on the surrounding heights. But it much more frequently happens that he sees only frightful precipices beneath, and lakes of amazing depths; from whence rivers are formed and fountains derive their original. On those places next the highest summits vegetation is scarcely carried on; here and there a few plants of the most hardy kind appear. The air is intolerably cold; either continually refrigerated with frosts or disturbed with tempests. All the ground here wears an eternal covering of ice, and snows that seem constantly accumulating. Upon emerging from this war of the elements he ascends into a purer and a serener region, where vegetation is entirely ceased; where the precipices, composed entirely of rocks, rise perpendicularly above him; while he views beneath him all the combat of the elements; clouds at his feet; and thunders darting upward

[1] "Lettres Philosophiques sur la Formation," etc., p. 196.—GOLDSMITH.

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from their bosoms below.[1] A thousand meteors, which are never seen on the plain, present themselves. Circular rainbows;[2] mock suns; the shadow of the mountain projected upon the body of the air;[3] and the traveller's own image, reflected as in a looking-glass, upon the opposite cloud.[4]

SCHAFFHAUSEN.

Of this kind are the cataracts of the Rhine, one of which I have seen exhibit a very strange appearance; it was that at Schaffhausen, which was frozen quite across, and the water stood in columns where the cataract had formerly fallen.

SOME OF THE HAPPINESSES OF ENGLAND.

Thus, whatever quarter of the globe we turn to, we shall find new reasons to be satisfied with that part of it in which we ourselves reside. Our rivers furnish all the plenty of the African stream, without its inundation; they have all the coolness of the Polar rivulet, with a more constant supply; they may want the terrible magnificence of huge cataracts or extensive lakes, but they are more navigable, and more transparent; though less deep and rapid than the rivers of the torrid zone, they are more manageable, and only wait the will of man to take their direction.[5] The rivers of the torrid zone, like the monarchs of the country, rule with despotic tyranny, profuse in their bounties, and ungovernable in their rage. The rivers of Europe, like their kings, are the friends and not the oppressors of the people; bounded by known limits, abridged in the power of doing ill, directed by human sagacity, and only at freedom to distribute happiness and plenty.

EDUCATED MAN AND THE SAVAGE.

Man is the lord of all the sublunary creation; the howling savage, the winding serpent, with all the untamable and rebellious offspring of Nature, are destroyed in the contest, or driven at a distance from his habitations. The extensive and tempestuous ocean, instead of limiting or dividing his power, only serves to assist his industry and

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[1] Ulloa, vol. i.—GOLDSMITH.

[2] *Ibid.*—GOLDSMITH.

[3] "Phil. Trans.," vol. v. p. 152.—GOLDSMITH.

[4] Ulloa, vol. i.—GOLDSMITH.

[5] "The taste of hot Arabia's spice we know,
Free from the scorching sun that makes it grow;
Without the worm in Persian silks we shine;
And without planting drink of every vine."

WALLER, *Panegyric on Cromwell.*

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enlarge the sphere of his enjoyments. Its billows and its monsters, instead of presenting a scene of terror, only call up the courage of this little intrepid being; and the greatest danger that man now fears on the deep is from his fellow-creatures. Indeed, when I consider the human race as Nature has formed them, there is but very little of the habitable globe that seems made for them. But when I consider them as accumulating the experience of ages, in commanding the earth, there is nothing so great or so terrible. What a poor, contemptible being is the naked savage standing on the beach of the ocean and trembling at its tumults! How little capable is he of converting its terrors into benefits, or of saying, "Behold an element made wholly for my enjoyment!" He considers it as an angry deity, and pays it the homage of submission. But it is very different when he has exercised his mental powers; when he has learned to find his own superiority, and to make it subservient to his commands. It is then that his dignity begins to appear, and that the true Deity is justly praised for having been mindful of man; for having given him the earth for his habitation, and the sea for an inheritance.

THE GREAT PLAGUE.

In that great plague which desolated the city of London, in the year 1665, a pious and learned school-master of Mr. Boyle's acquaintance, who ventured to stay in the city, and took upon him the humane office of visiting the sick and the dying, who had been deserted by better physicians, averred that being once called to a poor woman who had buried her children of the plague, he found the room where she lay so little that it scarce could hold any more than the bed whereon she was stretched. However, in this wretched abode, beside her, in an open coffin, her husband lay, who had some time before died of the same disease; and whom she, poor creature, soon followed. But what showed the peculiar malignity of the air thus suffering from animal putrefaction was, that the contagious steams had produced spots on the very wall of their wretched apartment; and Mr. Boyle's own study, which was contiguous to a pest-house, was also spotted in the same frightful manner. Happily for mankind, this disorder for more than a century has not been known in our island; and, for this last age, has abated much of its violence, even in those countries where it is most common. Diseases, like empires, have their revolutions; and those which for a while were the scourge of mankind sink unheard of, to give place to new ones, more dreadful, as being less understood.

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EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.[1]

I have ever found it a vain task to try to make a child's learning its amusement; nor do I see what good end it would answer were it actually attained. The child ought to have its share of play, and it will be benefited thereby; and for every reason also it ought to have its share of labor. The mind, by early labor, will be thus accustomed to fatigues and subordination, and whatever be the person's future employment in life, he will be better fitted to endure it: he will be thus enabled to support the drudgeries of office with content, or to fill up the vacancies of life with variety. The child, therefore, should by times be put to its duty; and be taught to know that the task is to be done, or the punishment to be endured. I do not object against alluring it to duty by reward; but we well know that the mind will be more strongly stimulated by pain, and both may, upon some occasions, take their turn to operate. In this manner a child, by playing with its equals abroad, and laboring with them at school, will acquire more health and knowledge than by being bred up under the wing of any speculative system-maker; and will be thus qualified for a life of activity and obedience. It is true, indeed, that when educated in this manner the boy may not be so seemingly sensible and forward as one bred up under solitary instruction; and, perhaps, this early forwardness is more engaging than useful. It is well known that many of those children who have been such prodigies of literature before ten have not made an adequate progress to twenty. It should seem that they only began learning manly things before their time; and, while others were busied in picking up that knowledge adapted to their age and curiosity, these were forced upon subjects unsuited to their years; and, upon that account alone, appearing extraordinary. The stock of knowledge in both may be equal; but with this difference, that each is yet to learn what the other knows.

ASIATIC NOTIONS OF WOMEN.

The chief, and indeed the only, aim of an Asiatic is to be possessed of many women; and to be able to furnish a seraglio is the only tendency of his ambition. As the savage was totally regardless of beauty, he, on the contrary, prizes it too highly; he excludes the person who is possessed of such personal attractions from any share in the duties

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[1] Compare Essay VII., Vol. V. p. 178.—GOLDSMITH.

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or employments of life; and, as if willing to engross all beauty to himself, increases the number of his captives in proportion to the progress of his fortune. In this manner he vainly expects to augment his satisfactions by seeking from many that happiness which he ought to look for in the society of one alone. He lives a gloomy tyrant, amidst wretches of his own making; he feels none of those endearments which spring from affection, none of those delicacies which arise from knowledge. His mistresses, being shut out from the world, and totally ignorant of all that passes there, have no arts to entertain his mind or calm his anxieties; the day passes with them in sullen silence or languid repose; appetite can furnish but few opportunities of varying the scene; and all that falls beyond it must be irksome expectation.

From this avarice of women, if I may be allowed to express it so, has proceeded that jealousy and suspicion which ever attends the miser: hence those low and barbarous methods of keeping the women of those countries guarded, and of making and procuring eunuchs to attend them.

THE SILENT AGONY OF GRIEF.

There is yet a silent agony in which the mind appears to disdain all external help, and broods over its distresses with gloomy reserve. This is the most dangerous state of mind; accidents or friendship may lessen the louder kinds of grief; but all remedies for this must be had from within; and there despair too often finds the most deadly enemy.

MEN CONTRASTED WITH ANIMALS.—A BROKEN HEART.

The lower race of animals, when satisfied, for the instant moment are perfectly happy; but it is otherwise with man. His mind anticipates distress, and feels the pang of want even before it arrests him. Thus, the mind being continually harassed by the situation, it at length influences the constitution, and unfits it for all its functions. Some cruel disorder, but no way like hunger, seizes the unhappy sufferer; so that almost all those men who have thus long lived by chance, and whose every day may be considered as an happy escape from famine, are known at last to die, in reality, of a disorder caused by hunger, but which, in the common language, is often called a broken heart. Some of these I have known myself, when very little able to relieve them; and I have been told by a very active and worthy magistrate that the number of such as die in London for want is much greater than one would imagine—I think he talked of two thousand in a year.

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SLEEP.

Too much sleep dulls the apprehension, weakens the memory, and unfits the body for labor. On the contrary, sleep too much abridged emaciates the frame, produces melancholy, and consumes the constitution. It requires some care, therefore, to regulate the quantity of sleep, and just to take as much as will completely restore nature, without oppressing it. The poor, as Otway says, sleep little; forced by their situation to lengthen out their labor to their necessities, they have but a short interval for this pleasing refreshment; and I have ever been of opinion that bodily labor demands a less quantity of sleep than mental. Laborers and artisans are generally satisfied with about seven hours; but I have known some scholars who usually slept nine, and perceived their faculties no way impaired by over-sleeping.

THE TARANTULA.

A thousand other instances might be added equally true: let it suffice to add one more, which is not true; I mean that of the tarantula. Every person who has been in Italy now well knows that the bite of this animal, and its being cured by music, is all a deception. When strangers come into that part of the country the country people are ready enough to take money for dancing to the tarantula. A friend of mine had a servant who suffered himself to be bit; the wound, which was little larger than the puncture of a pin, was uneasy for a few hours, and then became well without any farther assistance. Some of the country people, however, still make a tolerable livelihood of the credulity of strangers, as the musician finds his account in it not less than the dancer.

MALE AND FEMALE BEAUTY.

Of all the colors by which mankind is diversified it is easy to perceive that ours is not only the most beautiful to the eye, but the most advantageous. The fair complexion seems, if I may so express it, as a transparent covering to the soul; all the variations of the passions, every expression of joy or sorrow, flows to the cheek and, without language, marks the mind. In the slightest change of health also the color of the European face is the most exact index, and often teaches us to prevent those disorders that we do not as yet perceive. Not but that the African black and the Asiatic olive complexions admit of their alterations also; but these are neither so distinct nor

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so visible as with us; and, in some countries, the color of the visage is never found to change, but the face continues in the same settled shade in shame, and in sickness, in anger, and despair.

COAN, THE DWARF.

But, whatever may be the entertainment such guests might afford, when united, I never found a dwarf capable of affording any when alone. I have sometimes conversed with some of these that were exhibited at our fairs about town, and have ever found their intellects as contracted as their persons. They, in general, seemed to me to have faculties very much resembling those of children, and their desires seemed of the same kind; being diverted with the same sports, and best pleased with such companions. Of all those I have seen, which may amount to five or six, the little man, whose name was Coan, that died lately at Chelsea, was the most intelligent and sprightly. I have heard him and the giant, who sung at the theatres, sustain a very ridiculous duet, to which they were taught to give great spirit. But this mirth and seeming sagacity were but assumed. He had, by long habit, been taught to look cheerful upon the approach of company; and his conversation was but the mere etiquette of a person that had been used to receive visitors. When driven out of his walk nothing could be more stupid or ignorant, nothing more dejected or forlorn.

ALLEGED SUPERIOR BEAUTY OF THE ANCIENTS.

As to the superior beauty of our ancestors, it is not easy to make the comparison. Beauty seems a very uncertain charm, and frequently is less in the object than in the eye of the beholder. Were a modern lady's face formed exactly like the Venus of Medicis, or the sleeping Vestal, she would scarce be considered beautiful, except by the lovers of antiquity, whom of all her admirers, perhaps, she would be least desirous of pleasing. It is true that we have some disorders among us that disfigure the features, and from which the ancients were exempt; but it is equally so that we want some which were common among them, and which were equally deforming. As for their intellectual powers, these also were probably the same as ours: we excel them in the sciences, which may be considered as a history of accumulated experience; and they excel us in the poetic arts, as they had the first rifling of all the striking images of nature.

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THE HORSE.—CHILDERS.

Such are the different accounts we have of the various races of horses in different parts of the world. I have hitherto omitted making mention of one particular breed, more excellent than any that either the ancients or moderns have produced; and that is our own. It is not without great assiduity, and unceasing application, that the English horses are now become superior to those of any other part of the world, both for size, strength, swiftness, and beauty. It was not without great attention, and repeated trials of all the best horses in different parts of the world, that we have been thus successful in improving the breed of this animal; so that the English horses are now capable of performing what no others ever could attain to. By a judicious mixture of the several kinds, by the happy difference of our soils, and by our superior skill in management, we have brought this animal to its highest perfection. An English horse, therefore, is now known to excel the Arabian in size and swiftness; to be more durable than the barb, and more hardy than the Persian. An ordinary racer is known to go at the rate of a mile in two minutes; and we had one instance, in the admirable Childers, of still greater rapidity. He has been frequently known to move above eighty-two feet and a half in a second, or almost a mile in a minute; he has run also round the course of Newmarket, which is very little less than four miles, in six minutes and forty seconds. But what is surprising, no other horse has been since found that ever could equal him; and those of his breed have been remarkably deficient.

THE HORSE AND THE COW.

The horse is more properly an animal belonging to the rich; the sheep chiefly thrives in a flock, and requires attendance; but the cow is more especially the poor man's pride, his riches, and his support. There are many of our peasantry that have no other possession but a cow; and even of the advantages resulting from this most useful creature the poor are but the nominal possessors. Its flesh they cannot pretend to taste, since then their whole riches are at once destroyed; its calf they are obliged to fatten for sale, since veal is a delicacy they could not make any pretensions to; its very milk is wrought into butter and cheese for the tables of their masters; while they have no share even in their own possession but the choice of their market. I cannot bear to hear the rich crying out for liberty, while

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they thus starve their fellow-creatures, and feed them up with an imaginary good, while they monopolize the real benefits of nature.

THE LISTENING STAG.

Of all the animals that are natives of this climate there are none that have such a beautiful eye as the stag: it is sparkling, soft, and sensible. His senses of smelling and hearing are in no less perfection. When he is in the least alarmed he lifts the head and erects the ears, standing for a few minutes as if in a listening posture.[1] Whenever he ventures upon some unknown ground, or quits his native covering, he first stops at the skirt of the plain to examine all around; he next turns against the wind, to examine by the smell if there be any enemy approaching. If a person should happen to whistle or call out at a distance, the stag is seen to stop short in his slow, measured pace, and gazes upon the stranger with a kind of awkward admiration; if the cunning animal perceives neither dogs nor fire-arms preparing against him, he goes forward, quite unconcerned, and slowly proceeds without offering to fly. Man is not the enemy he is most afraid of; on the contrary, he seems to be delighted with the sound of the shepherd's pipe; and the hunters sometimes make use of that instrument to allure the poor animal to his destruction.

CONCLUDING PARAGRAPH ABOUT QUADRUPEDS.

With this last described and last discovered animal [the gerbua] I shall conclude the history of quadrupeds, which of all parts of natural knowledge seems to have been described the most accurately. As these, from their figure, as well as their sagacity, bear the nearest resemblance to man, and from their uses or enmities are the most respectable parts of the inferior creation, so it was his interest and his pleasure to make himself acquainted with their history. It is probable, therefore, that time, which enlarges the sphere of our knowledge in other parts of learning, can add but very little to this. The addition of a new quadruped to the catalogue already known is of no small consequence, and happens but seldom; for the number of all is so few, that wherever a new one is found it becomes an object worthy our best attention. It may take refuge in its native deserts from our pursuits, but not from our curiosity.

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[1] "While in this park I sing, the listening deer
Attend my passion and forget to fear."

WALLER—*At Penshurst.*

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But it is very different with the inferior ranks of the creation; the classes of birds, of fishes, and of insects are all much more numerous, and more incompletely known. The quadruped is possessed of no arts of escaping which we are not able to overcome; but the bird removes itself by its swiftness, the fishes find protection in their native element, and insects are secured in their minuteness, numbers, and variety. Of all these, therefore, we have but a very inadequate catalogue; and though the list be already very large, yet every hour is adding to its extent.

In fact, all knowledge is pleasant only as the object of it contributes to render man happy; and the services of quadrupeds being so very necessary to him in every situation, he is particularly interested in their history: without their aid what a wretched and forlorn creature would he have been! the principal part of his food, his clothing, and his amusements are derived wholly from them, and he may be considered as a great lord, sometimes cherishing his humble dependants, and sometimes terrifying the refractory, to contribute to his delight and conveniences.

The horse and the ass, the elephant, the camel, the llama, and the reindeer contribute to ease his fatigues, and to give him that swiftness which he wants from nature. By their assistance he changes place without labor; he attains health without weariness; his pride is enlarged by the elegance of equipage, and other animals are pursued with a certainty of success. It were happy indeed for man if, while converting these quadrupeds to his own benefit, he had not turned them to the destruction of his fellow-creatures; he has employed some of them for the purposes of war, and they have conformed to his noxious ambition with but too fatal an obedience.

The cow, the sheep, the deer, and all their varieties, are necessary to him, though in a different manner. Their flesh makes the principal luxuries of his table, and their wool or skins the chief ornament of his person. Even those nations that are forbid to touch anything that has life cannot wholly dispense with their assistance. The milk of these animals makes a principal part of the food of every country, and often repairs those constitutions that have been broken by disease or intemperance.

The dog, the cat, and the ferret may be considered as having deserted from their fellow-quadrupeds, to list themselves under the conduct and protection of man. At his command they exert all their services against such animals as they are capable of destroy-

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ing, and follow them into places where he himself wants abilities to pursue.

As there is thus a numerous tribe that he has taken into protection, and that supplies his necessities and amusements, so there is also a still more numerous one that wages an unequal combat against him, and thus call forth his courage and his industry. Were it not for the lion, the tiger, the panther, the rhinoceros, and the bear, he would scarce know his own powers, and the superiority of human art over brutal fierceness. These serve to excite and put his nobler passions into motion. He attacks them in their retreat, faces them with resolution, and seldom fails of coming off with a victory. He thus becomes hardier and better in the struggle, and learns to know and to value his own superiority.

As the last-mentioned animals are called forth by his boldest efforts, so the numerous tribe of the smaller vermin kind excite his continual vigilance and caution; his various arts and powers have been nowhere more manifest than in the extirpation of those that multiply with such prodigious fecundity. Neither their agility nor their minuteness can secure them from his pursuit; and though they may infest they are seldom found materially to injure him.

In this manner we see that not only human want is supplied, but that human wit is sharpened, by the humbler partners of man in the creation. By this we see that not only their benefits but their depredations are useful, and that it has wisely pleased Providence to place us like victors in a subdued country, where we have all the benefit of conquest, without being so secure as to run into the sloth and excesses of a certain and undisturbed possession. It appears, therefore, that those writers who are continually finding immediate benefit in every production see but half-way into the general system of nature. Experience must every hour inform us that all animals are not formed for our use; but we may be equally well assured that those conveniences which we want from their friendship are well repaid by that vigilance which we procure from their enmity.

THE HAUNTS OF BIRDS.

Birds in general, though they have so much to fear from man and each other, are seldom scared away from their usual haunts. Although they be so perfectly formed for a wandering life, and are supplied with powers to satisfy all their appetites, though never so remote from the object, though they are so well fitted for changing

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place with ease and rapidity, yet the greatest number remain contented in the districts where they have been bred, and by no means exert their desires in proportion to their endowments. The rook, if undisturbed, never desires to leave his native grove; the blackbird still frequents its accustomed hedge; and the redbreast, though seemingly mild, claims a certain district, from whence he seldom moves, but drives out every one of the same species from thence without pity. They are excited to migration by no other motives but those of fear, climate, or hunger. It must be from one of these powerful motives that the birds which are called birds of passage every year forsake us for some time, and make their regular and expected returns.

Nothing has more employed the curiosity of mankind than these annual emigrations; and yet few subjects continue so much involved in darkness. It is generally believed that the cause of their retreat from these parts of Europe is either a scarcity of food at certain seasons, or the want of a secure asylum from the persecution of man during the time of courtship and bringing up their young. Thus the starling, in Sweden, at the approach of winter, finding subsistence no longer in that kingdom, descends every year into Germany; and the hen chaffinches of the same country are seen every year to fly through Holland in large flocks, to pass their winter in a milder climate. Others, with more daring spirit, prepare for journeys that might intimidate even human perseverance. Thus the quails in spring forsake the burning heats of Africa for the milder sun of Europe; and, when they have passed the summer with us, steer their flight back to enjoy in Egypt the temperate air which then begins to be delightful. This with them seems a preconcerted undertaking. They unite together in some open place, for some days before their departure, and, by an odd kind of chattering, seem to debate on the method to proceed. When their plan is resolved upon they all take flight together, and often appear in such numbers that, to mariners at sea, they seem like a cloud that rests upon the horizon. The boldest, strongest, and by far the greatest number, make good their intention; but many there are who, not well apprised of their own force for the undertaking, grow weary in the way, and, quite spent by the fatigues of their flight, drop down into the sea, and sometimes upon deck, thus becoming an easy prey to the mariner.

Of the vast quantity of water-fowl that frequent our shores it is amazing to reflect how few are known to breed here. The cause that principally urges them to leave this country seems to be not merely

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the want of food, but the desire of a secure retreat. Our country is too populous for birds so shy and timid as the greatest number of these are.

ROBBING EAGLES.

The eagle is thus at all times a formidable neighbor, but peculiarly when bringing up its young. It is then that the female, as well as the male, exert all their force and industry to supply their young. Smith, in his "History of Kerry," relates that a poor man in that country got a comfortable subsistence for his family, during a summer of famine, out of an eagle's nest, by robbing the eaglets of their food, which was plentifully supplied by the old ones. He protracted their assiduity beyond the usual time by clipping their wings, and retarding the flight of the young; and very probably also, as I have known myself, by so tying them as to increase their cries, which is always found to increase the parent's despatch to procure them provision. It was lucky, however, that the old eagles did not surprise the countryman as he was thus employed, as their resentment might have been dangerous.

It happened some time ago, in the same country, that a peasant resolved to rob the nest of an eagle that had built in a small island in the beautiful Lake of Killarney. He accordingly stripped, and swam in upon the island while the old ones were away; and, robbing the nest of its young, he was preparing to swim back with the eaglets tied in a string; but, while he was yet up to his chin in water, the old eagles returned, and, missing their young, quickly fell upon the plunderer, and, in spite of all his resistance, despatched him with their beaks and talons.

PARTRIDGES AND THE GAME LAWS.

In England, where the partridge is much scarcer and a great deal dearer, it is still a favorite delicacy at the tables of the rich; and the desire of keeping it to themselves has induced them to make laws for its preservation no way harmonizing with the general spirit of English legislation. What can be more arbitrary than to talk of preserving the game; which, when defined, means no more than that the poor shall abstain from what the rich have taken a fancy to keep for themselves? If these birds could, like a cock or a hen, be made legal property, could they be taught to keep within certain districts, and only feed on those grounds that belong to the man whose entertainments they improve, it then might, with some show of justice, be admitted that, as a man fed them, so he might claim them. But this is

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not the case; nor is it in any man's power to lay a restraint upon the liberty of these birds that, when let loose, put no limits to their excursions. They feed everywhere, upon every man's ground; and no man can say, these birds are fed only by me. Those birds which are nourished by all belong to all; nor can any one man, or any set of men, lay claim to them, when still continuing in a state of nature.

I never walked out about the environs of Paris that I did not consider the immense quantity of game that was running almost tame on every side of me as a badge of the slavery of the people; and what they wished me to observe as an object of triumph I always regarded with a kind of secret compassion; yet this people have no game-laws for the remoter parts of the kingdom; the game is only preserved in a few places for the king; and is free in most places else. In England the prohibition is general; and the peasant has not a right to what even slaves, as he is taught to call them, are found to possess.

A SINGING RAVEN.

A raven may be reclaimed to almost every purpose to which birds can be converted. He may be trained up for fowling like an hawk; he may be taught to fetch and carry like a spaniel; he may be taught to speak like a parrot; but the most extraordinary of all is, that he can be taught to sing like a man. I have heard a raven sing the "Black Joke" with great distinctness, truth, and humor.

THE ROOKS IN THE TEMPLE GARDENS.

The rook, as is well known, builds in woods and forests in the neighborhood of man, and sometimes makes choice of groves in the very midst of cities for the place of its retreat and security. In these it establishes a kind of legal constitution, by which all intruders are excluded from coming to live among them, and none suffered to build but acknowledged natives of the place. I have often amused myself with observing their plan of policy from my window in the Temple, that looks upon a grove where they have made a colony in the midst of the City. At the commencement of spring, the rookery, which during the continuance of winter seemed to have been deserted, or only guarded by about five or six, like old soldiers in a garrison, now begins to be once more frequented; and in a short time all the bustle and hurry of business is fairly commenced. Where these numbers resided during the winter is not easy to guess; perhaps in the trees or hedge-rows, to be nearer their food. In spring, however, they cul-

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tivate their native trees; and, in the places where they were themselves hatched, they prepare to propagate a future progeny.

They keep together in pairs; and when the offices of courtship are over they prepare for making their nests and laying. The old inhabitants of the place are all already provided; the nest which served them for years before, with a little trimming and dressing, will serve very well again; the difficulty of nestling lies only upon the young ones who have no nest, and must therefore get up one as well as they can. But not only the materials are wanting but also the place in which to fix it. Every part of a tree will not do for this purpose, as some branches may not be sufficiently forked; others may not be sufficiently strong; and still others may be too much exposed to the rockings of the wind. The male and female upon this occasion are, for some days, seen examining all the trees of the grove very attentively; and when they have fixed upon a branch that seems fit for their purpose they continue to sit upon and observe it very sedulously for two or three days longer. The place being thus determined upon, they begin to gather the materials for their nest, such as sticks and fibrous roots, which they regularly dispose in the most substantial manner. But here a new and unexpected obstacle arises. It often happens that the young couple have made choice of a place too near the mansion of an older pair, who do not choose to be incommoded by such troublesome neighbors. A quarrel, therefore, instantly ensues, in which the old ones are always victorious.

The young couple thus expelled are obliged again to go through the fatigues of deliberating, examining, and choosing; and, having taken care to keep their due distance, the nest begins again, and their industry deserves commendation. But their alacrity is often too great in the beginning; they soon grow weary of bringing the materials of their nest from distant places; and they very easily perceive that sticks may be provided nearer home, with less honesty, indeed, but some degree of address. Away they go, therefore, to pilfer as fast as they can; and whenever they see a nest unguarded they take care to rob it of the very choicest sticks of which it is composed. But these thefts never go unpunished; and, probably upon complaint being made, there is a general punishment inflicted. I have seen eight or ten rooks come upon such occasions, and, setting upon the new nest of the young couple all at once, tear it in pieces in a moment.

At length, therefore, the young pair find the necessity of going more regularly and honestly to work. While one flies to fetch the

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materials the other sits upon the tree to guard it; and thus in the space of three or four days, with a skirmish now and then between, the pair have fitted up a commodious nest composed of sticks without, and of fibrous roots and long grass within. From the instant the female begins to lay all hostilities are at an end; not one of the whole grove, that a little before treated her so rudely, will now venture to molest her; so that she brings forth her brood with patient tranquillity. Such is the severity with which even native rooks are treated by each other; but if a foreign rook should attempt to make himself a denizen of their society, he would meet with no favor; the whole grove would at once be up in arms against him, and expel him without mercy.

A SPEAKING PARROT.

The ease with which this bird is taught to speak, and the great number of words which it is capable of repeating, are no less surprising. We are assured, by a grave writer, that one of these was taught to repeat a whole sonnet from Petrarch; and, that I may not be wanting in my instance, I have seen a parrot, belonging to a distiller, who had suffered pretty largely in his circumstances from an informer who lived opposite him, very ridiculously employed. This bird was taught to pronounce the ninth commandment, "*Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor*," with a very clear, loud, articulate voice. The bird was generally placed in its cage over against the informer's house, and delighted the whole neighborhood with its persevering exhortations.

PARROTS IN FRANCE SPEAK BETTER THAN IN ENGLAND.

The extreme sagacity and docility of the bird may plead as the best excuse for those who spend whole hours in teaching their parrots to speak; and, indeed, the bird, on those occasions, seems the wisest animal of the two. It at first obstinately resists all instruction; but seems to be won by perseverance, makes a few attempts to imitate the first sounds, and when it has got one word distinct all the succeeding ones come with greater facility. The bird generally learns most in those families where the master or mistress have the least to do, and becomes more expert in proportion as its instructors are idly assiduous. In going through the towns of France some time since I could not help observing how much plainer their parrots spoke than ours, and how very distinctly I understood their parrots speak French, when I could not understand our own, though they spoke my native lan-

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guage. I was at first for ascribing it to the different qualities of the two languages, and was for entering into an elaborate discussion on the vowels and consonants; but a friend that was with me solved the difficulty at once, by assuring me that the French women scarce did anything else the whole day than sit and instruct their feathered pupils; and that the birds were thus distinct in their lessons in consequence of continual schooling.

THE RED-BREAST AND WREN.

The red-breast or the wren seldom leaves the field where it has been brought up, or where its young have been excluded; even though hunted it flies along the hedge, and seems fond of the place with an imprudent perseverance. The fact is, all these small birds mark out a territory to themselves, which they will permit none of their own species to remain in; they guard their dominions with the most watchful resentment; and we seldom find two male tenants in the same hedge together.

BIRDS AND BIRD-CATCHERS.

There are several persons who get a livelihood by watching the seasons when our small birds begin to migrate from one county to another, and by taking them with nets in their passage. The birds are found to fly, as the bird-catchers term it, chiefly during the month of October, and part of September and November. There is also another flight in March, which is much less considerable than in autumn. Nor is it less remarkable that several of these species of flight-birds make their appearance in regular succession. The pippit, for instance, begins its flight every year about Michaelmas, when they are caught in greatest number. To this the wood-lark succeeds, and continues its flight till towards the middle of October; other birds follow, but are not so punctually periodical; the green-finch does not begin till the frost obliges it to seek for a change. These birds, during those months, fly from daybreak till twelve at noon; and there is afterwards a small flight from two till night. Such are the seasons of the migration of the birds, which have been usually considered as stationary, and on these occasions they are caught in great abundance as they are on their journey. But the same art used to allure them upon other occasions would be utterly fruitless, as they avoid the nets with the most prudent circumspection. The autumnal flight probably consists of the parents conducting their new-fledged young to

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those places where there is sufficient provision, and a proper temperature of the air during the winter season; and their return in spring is obviously from an attachment to the place which was found so convenient before for the purposes of nestling and incubation.

Autumn is the principal season when the bird-catcher employs his art to catch these wanderers. His nets are a most ingenious piece of mechanism, being generally twelve yards and a half long, and two yards and a half wide, and so contrived as from a flat position to rise on each side, and clap over the birds that are decoyed to come between them. The birds in their passage are always observed to fly against the wind; hence there is a great contention among the bird-catchers which shall gain the wind; for example, if it is westerly, the bird-catcher who lays his net most to the east is sure of the most plentiful sport, if his call-birds are good. For this purpose he generally carries five or six linnets, two gold-finches, two green-finches, one wood-lark, one red-poll, and perhaps a bullfinch, a yellow-hammer, a titlark, and an aberdavine: these are placed at small distances from the nets in little cages. He has besides what he calls his flur-birds, which are placed upon a movable perch, which the bird-catcher can raise at pleasure by means of a string; and these he always lifts gently up and down as the wild bird approaches. But this is not enough to allure the wild bird down; it must be called by one of the call-birds in the cages; and these, by being made to moult prematurely in a warm cage, call louder and better than those that are wild and at freedom. There even appears a malicious joy in these call-birds to bring the wild ones into the same state of captivity, while at the same time their call is louder and their plumage brighter than in a state of nature. Nor is their sight or hearing less exquisite, far exceeding that of the bird-catcher; for the instant the wild birds are perceived notice is given by one to the rest of the call-birds, who all unite in the same tumultuous ecstasy of pleasure. The call-birds do not sing upon these occasions as a bird does in a chamber, but incite the wild ones by short jerks, which, when the birds are good, may be heard at a great distance. The allurement of this call is so great that the wild bird hearing it is stopped in its most rapid flight; and, if not already acquainted with the nets, lights boldly within twenty yards perhaps of the bird-catcher, and on a spot which it would otherwise have quite disregarded. This is the opportunity wished for, and the bird-catcher pulling a string, the nets on each side rise in an instant, and clap directly down on the poor little unsuspecting visitant. Nay, it fre-

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quently happens that if half a flock only are caught, the remaining half will immediately afterwards light between the nets and share the fate of their companions. Should only one bird escape, this unhappy survivor will also venture into danger till it is caught; such a fascinating power have the call-birds.

Indeed, it is not easy to account for the nature of this call, whether it be a challenge to combat, an invitation to food, or a prelude to courtship. As the call-birds are all males, and as the wild birds that attend to their voice are most frequently males also, it does not seem that love can have any influence in their assiduity. Perhaps the wild females, in these flights, attend to and obey the call below, and their male companions of the flight come down to bear them company. If this be the case, and that the females have unfaithfully led their mates into the nets, they are the first that are punished for their infidelity; the males are only made captives for singing; while the females are indiscriminately killed, and sold to be served up to the tables of the delicate.

Whatever be the motives that thus arrest a flock of birds in their flight, whether they be of gallantry or of war, it is certain that the small birds are equally remarkable for both. It is, perhaps, the genial desire that inspires the courage of most animals; and that being greatest in the males, gives them a greater degree of valor than the females. Small birds, being extremely amorous, are remarkably brave. However contemptible these little warriors are to larger creatures, they are often but too formidable to each other, and sometimes fight till one of them yields up his life with the victory. But their contentions are sometimes of a gentler nature. Two male birds shall strive in song till, after a long struggle, the loudest shall entirely silence the other. During these contentions the female sits an attentive, silent auditor, and often rewards the loudest songster with her company during the season.

BEAUTIFUL TRANSLATION FROM ADDISON.

Addison, in some beautiful Latin lines, inserted in *The Spectator*,[1] is entirely of opinion that birds observe a strict chastity of manners, and never admit the caresses of a different tribe:

> "Chaste are their instincts, faithful is their fire,
> No foreign beauty tempts to false desire:

[1] No. 421.

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The snow-white vesture, and the glittering crown,
The simple plumage, or the glossy down,
Prompt not their love. The patriot bird pursues
His well-acquainted tints and kindred hues.
Hence through their tribes no mix'd polluted flame,
No monster breed to mark the groves with shame;
But the chaste blackbird, to its partner true,
Thinks black alone is beauty's favorite hue;
The nightingale, with mutual passion blest,
Sings to its mate, and nightly charms the nest;
While the dark owl, to court his partner flies,
And owns his offspring in their yellow eyes."

But, whatever may be the poet's opinion, the probability is against this fidelity among the smaller tenants of the grove. The great birds are much more true to their species than these; and, of consequence, the varieties among them are more few. Of the ostrich, the cassowary, and the eagle there are but few species; and no arts that man can use could probably induce them to mix with each other.

THE NIGHTINGALE.

This most famous of the feathered tribe visits England in the beginning of April, and leaves us in August. It is found but in some of the southern parts of the country, being totally unknown in Scotland, Ireland, or North Wales. They frequent thick hedges and low coppices, and generally keep in the middle of the bush, so that they are rarely seen. They begin their song in the evening, and generally continue it for the whole night. For weeks together, if undisturbed, they sit upon the same tree; and Shakspeare rightly describes the nightingale sitting nightly in the same place, which I have frequently observed she seldom parts from.

From Pliny's description we should be led to believe this bird possessed of a persevering strain; but, though it is in fact so with the nightingale in Italy, yet in our hedges in England the little songstress is by no means so liberal of her music. Her note is soft, various, and interrupted; she seldom holds it without a pause above the time that one can count twenty. The nightingale's pausing song would be the proper epithet for this bird's music with us, which is more pleasing than the warbling of any other bird, because it is heard at a time when all the rest are silent.

THE RED-BREAST.

But there is a little bird, rather celebrated for its affection to mankind than its singing, which, however, in our climate has the sweetest

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note of all others. The reader already perceives that I mean the red-breast, the well-known friend of man that is found in every hedge, and makes it vocal. The note of other birds is louder and their inflections more capricious; but this bird's voice is soft, tender, and well supported; and the more to be valued as we enjoy it the greatest part of the winter. If the nightingale's song has been compared to the fiddle, the red-breast's voice has all the delicacy of the flute.

THE LARK-BIRDS IN CAPTIVITY.

The music of every bird in captivity produces no very pleasing sensations; it is but the mirth of a little animal insensible of its unfortunate situation; it is the landscape, the grove, the golden break of day, the contest upon the hawthorn, the fluttering from branch to branch, the soaring in the air, and the answering of its young, that gives the bird's song its true relish. These united improve each other, and raise the mind to a state of the highest yet most harmless exultation. Nothing can in this situation of mind be more pleasing than to see the lark warbling upon the wing, raising its note as it soars until it seems lost in the immense heights above us; the note continuing, the bird itself unseen; to see it then descending with a swell as it comes from the clouds, yet sinking by degrees as it approaches its nest, the spot where all its affections are centred, the spot that has prompted all this joy.

THE BITTERN OR MIRE-DRUM.

Those who have walked in an evening by the sedgy sides of unfrequented rivers must remember a variety of notes from different water-fowl: the loud scream of the wild-goose, the croaking of the mallard, the whining of the lapwing, and the tremulous neighing of the jack-snipe. But of all those sounds there is none so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern. It is impossible for words to give those who have not heard this evening-call an adequate idea of its solemnity.[1] It is like the interrupted bellowing of a bull, but hollower and louder, and is heard at a mile's distance, as if issuing from some formidable being that resided at the bottom of the waters.

I remember in the place where I was a boy with what terror this bird's note affected the whole village; they considered it as the presage of some sad event, and generally found or made one to succeed it.

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[1] "Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow-sounding bittern guards its nest."
The Deserted Village.

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CONCLUDING PARAGRAPH ABOUT BIRDS.

Having thus given a short history of birds, I own I cannot take leave of this most beautiful part of the creation without reluctance. These splendid inhabitants of air possess all those qualities that can soothe the heart and cheer the fancy—the brightest colors, the roundest forms, the most active manners, and the sweetest music. In sending the imagination in pursuit of these, in following them to the chirruping grove, the screaming precipice, or the glassy deep, the mind naturally lost the sense of its own situation, and, attentive to their little sports, almost forgot the task of describing them. Innocently to amuse the imagination in this dream of life is wisdom; and nothing is useless that, by furnishing mental employment, keeps us for a while in oblivion to those stronger appetites that lead to evil. But every rank and state of mankind may find something to imitate in those delightful songsters, and we may not only employ the time but amend our lives by the contemplation. From their courage in defence of their young, and their assiduity in incubation, the coward may learn to be brave, and the rash to be patient. The inviolable attachment of some to their companions may give lessons of fidelity, and the connubial tenderness of others be a monitor to the incontinent. Even those that are tyrants by nature never spread capricious destruction; and, unlike man, never inflict a pain but when urged by necessity.

HAPPY ENGLAND.

Happy England! where the sea furnishes an abundant and luxurious repast, and the fresh waters an innocent and harmless pastime; where the angler in cheerful solitude strolls by the edge of the stream, and fears neither the coiled snake nor the lurking crocodile; where he can retire at night, with his few trouts, to borrow the pretty description of old Walton, to some friendly cottage, where the landlady is good, and the daughter innocent and beautiful; where the room is cleanly, with lavender in the sheets, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall. There he can enjoy the company of a talkative brother sportsman, have his trouts dressed for supper, tell tales, sing old tunes, or make a catch. There he can talk of the wonders of nature with learned admiration, or find some harmless sport to content him, and pass away a little time without offence to God or injury to man.

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FIRST SIGHT OF A TOAD.

If we regard the figure of the toad, there seems nothing in it that should disgust more than that of the frog. Its form and proportions are nearly the same; and it chiefly differs in color, which is blacker; and its slow and heavy motion, which exhibits nothing of the agility of the frog; yet such is the force of habit begun in early prejudice that those who consider the one as an harmless, playful animal turn from the other with horror and disgust. The frog is considered as a useful assistant in ridding our grounds of vermin; the toad as a secret enemy that only wants an opportunity to infect us with its venom.

The imagination, in this manner biassed by its terrors, paints out the toad in the most hideous coloring, and clothes it in more than natural deformity. Its body is broad; its back flat, covered with a dusky, pimpled hide; the belly is large and swagging; the pace labored and crawling; its retreat gloomy and filthy; and its whole appearance calculated to excite disgust and horror: yet upon my first seeing a toad none of all these deformities in the least affected me with sensations of loathing. Born, as I was, in a country where there are no toads, I had prepared my imagination for some dreadful object; but there seemed nothing to me more alarming in the sight than in that of a common frog; and indeed for some time I mistook and handled the one for the other. When first informed of my mistake I very well remember my sensations: I wondered how I had escaped with safety after handling and dissecting a toad, which I had mistaken for a frog. I then began to lay in a fund of horror against the whole tribe, which, though convinced they are harmless, I shall never get rid of. My first imaginations were too strong not only for my reason but for the conviction of my senses.

A FLOATING BEE-HOUSE.

A farm, or a country, may be overstocked with bees, as with any other sort of animal; for a certain number of hives always require a certain number of flowers to subsist on. When the flowers near home are rifled then are these industrious insects seen taking more extensive ranges; but their abilities may be overtaxed; and if they are obliged, in quest of honey, to go too far from home, they are overwearied in the pursuit, they are devoured by birds, or beat down by the winds and rain.

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From a knowledge of this, in some parts of France and Piedmont, they have contrived, as I have often seen, a kind of floating bee-house.

They have on board one barge three score or an hundred beehives, well defended from the inclemency of an accidental storm; and with these the owners suffer themselves to float gently down the river. As the bees are continually choosing their flowery pasture along the banks of the stream, they are furnished with sweets before unrifled; and thus a single floating bee-house yields the proprietor a considerable income. Why a method similar to this has never been adopted in England, where we have more gentle rivers, and more flowery banks, than in any other part of the world, I know not; certainly it might be turned to advantage, and yield the possessor a secure, though perhaps a moderate, income.

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THE MYSTERY REVEALED;

CONTAINING

A SERIES OF TRANSACTIONS AND AUTHENTIC TESTIMONIALS

RESPECTING THE SUPPOSED

COCK-LANE GHOST;

WHICH HAVE HITHERTO BEEN CONCEALED FROM THE PUBLIC.

"Since none the living dare implead,
Arraign him in the person of the dead."
DRYDEN.

London:
Printed for W. Bristow, in St. Paul's Churchyard;
And C. Ethrington, York.
1762.
[8vo, pp. 34.]

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Among the Newbery MSS., in Mr. Murray's possession, is the following receipt in Goldsmith's handwriting:

"Received from Mr. Newbery three guineas, for a Pamphlet respecting the Cock Lane Ghost. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

"*March* 5, 1763."

This pamphlet, on a transient topic of the time,[1] escaped the researches of Mr. Prior ("Life," vol. i. p. 388), and has only recently been recovered ("Notes and Queries," vol. v. p. 77) by James Crossley, Esq., of Manchester, by whose liberality I am now enabled to include it for the first time among Goldsmith's works. Newbery had occasional dealings with Bristow, whose name is on the title-page.

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[1] The following Essays have already appeared at different times, and in different publications. The pamphlets in which they were inserted being generally unsuccessful, these shared the common fate, without assisting the booksellers' aims or extending the writer's reputation. The public was too strenuously employed with their own follies to be assiduous in estimating mine; so that many of my best attempts in this way have fallen victims to the transient topic of the times; the Ghost in Cock Lane, or the Siege of Ticonderoga.—GOLDSMITH, *Preface to Essays*, 1765.

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THE MYSTERY REVEALED, ETC.

It is somewhat remarkable that the Reformation, which in other countries banished superstition, in England seemed to increase the credulity of the vulgar. At a time when Bacon was employed in restoring true philosophy King James was endeavoring to strengthen our prejudices, both by his authority and writings. Scot, Glanville, and Coleman wrote and preached with the same design; and our judges, particularly Sir Matthew Hale, gave some horrid proofs of their credulity.

Since that time arguments of this kind have been pretty much rejected by all but the lowest class. The vulgar have, indeed, upon several occasions called for justice upon supposed criminals, and when denied have often exercised it themselves; their accusations, however, in general fell upon the poor, the ignorant, the old, or the friendless, upon persons who were unable to resist, or who, because they knew no guilt, were incapable of making an immediate defence.

But of all accusations of this nature few seem so extraordinary as that which has lately engrossed the attention of the public, and which is still carrying on at an house in Cock Lane, near Smithfield. The continuance of the noises, the numbers who have heard them, the perseverance of the girl, and the atrociousness of the murder which she pretends to detect, are circumstances that were never perhaps so favorably united for the carrying on of imposture before. The credulous are prejudiced by the child's apparent benevolence; her age and ignorance wipe off the imputation of her being able to deceive; and one or two more, who pretend actually to have seen the apparition, are ready to strengthen her evidence.

Upon these grounds a man, otherwise of a fair character, as will shortly appear, is rendered odious to society, shunned by such as immediately take imputation for guilt, and made unhappy in his family, without having even in law a power of redress. Few characters more

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deserve compassion than one that is thus branded with crimes without an accuser, attacked in a manner at once calculated to excite curiosity and spread defamation, and all without a power of legal vindication. If a person in such circumstances disregards calumny, and appears unconcerned, he is then accused of obstinacy and impudence; if he shrinks at the reproach, his timidity is construed as a symptom of his guilt. A writer of the Life of Urban Grandier, who was maliciously accused, and burnt for being a magician, thus describes his situation: "*If he spoke like an orator*," says the historian, "*his accusers observed that the devil inspired his eloquence; if he was silent, they looked upon it as a tacit avowal of his guilt; when he groaned aloud under the torture, they called it obstinacy; when he fainted away, they asserted that his familiar had rendered him insensible.*" In short, if the credulous are resolved to suspect, even opposite and improbable circumstances will serve to awaken suspicion; and then calumny shall grow, though incapable of being traced to the author, or though apparently propagated by malice, resentment, or imbecility.

It is, however, a great instance of the good-sense of the public upon the present occasion, that even the vulgar have scarce given the smallest degree of assent to this deception. Though no scheme was ever laid with more low cunning, and carried on with more indefatigable application, yet it has found but very few partisans, even among the very lowest of the people, who are ready enough to believe any tale of this nature. They readily perceived that it was but a trick; they were only amazed at what could be the motives of so black an imputation; they heard the person's character who had been accused very freely treated in the newspapers, and perhaps were not unwilling to believe a crime against a man whom they had been taught to dislike. I shall, therefore, upon the present occasion give the public a more satisfactory account of this whole transaction than has hitherto transpired, and that without partiality or prejudice; I shall repeat nothing as a truth that will not upon the closest examination be found *strictly so;* living witnesses shall be appealed to in proof of each assertion. More studious of defence than recrimination, nothing is asserted that even the opponents will not confess. It is the duty of every honest man to exculpate the guiltless, and enlighten the public, and these are the only motives for my present publication.

The circumstances that gave rise to this affair are, in short, as follows: In the year 1756, Mr. K—— was married to Miss E. L——, of L——, in the county of Norfolk, and during the short time she

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lived with him they enjoyed all the happiness a married state could bestow. But in about eleven months after their cohabitation, Mr. K—— having taken the post-office at S——, in Norfolk, he and his wife were scarce settled there a month when she died in child-bed. This fatal accident, therefore, determined him to lay aside all thoughts of public business, but as he had engaged for a year certain at the post-office, he was obliged to keep house till the expiration of that term. During this interval Miss F—— L——, the person whose ghost is supposed to appear, and who was sister to his late wife, and lived with her as a companion, at her decease continued to reside with Mr. K——, in the character of his house-keeper. The frequent intercourse arising from such a situation soon produced a very tender affection between them. Mr. K——, however, finding that, by the strictness of the canon law, he was not allowed to indulge his passion (as his deceased wife's issue by him was born alive, though it died a short time after birth), took a resolution of coming up to London, with intentions of purchasing a place in some public office, and in hopes of finding a cure from absence and dissipation. Their affections, however, seemed to increase by absence; he constantly received letters from the young lady, filled with repeated entreaties to spend the rest of their lives together, and with positive protestations of coming to London after him even on foot, if he did not procure her a more creditable conveyance. These instances of her regard and resolution awakened all his passion, and at last induced Mr. K—— to comply with her solicitations, thus at once to gratify his own inclinations as well as hers. As the canon law would have allowed him to marry her, had there been no issue born alive from his former wife, he thought himself at least, *in foro conscientiæ*, permitted to gratify his passion, nor could he see why so small an obstacle as the birth of a child, that so short a time survived its mother, should prevent his happiness.

During their residence at S—— they had contracted an acquaintance with one Mr. I——, a gentleman who lived some years in the same neighborhood. To this gentleman, who was now settled in London, Mr. K—— had recourse as a friend; and understanding that he soon proposed spending a fortnight in Norfolk about Whitsuntide, 1759, Mr. K—— communicated the whole affair to him, showed him her letters, and entreated him, if she persisted in her resolution of coming to London, to conduct her up to town upon his return. The gentleman complied, and, upon his going into the country, waited upon Miss F——, informed her of his instructions, and as his

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principal business lay at a village about twenty miles distant from her, where he intended to stay eight or ten days, he desired to be acquainted with her final resolution by letter; and, accordingly, three or four days before his intended return to town, he received a letter from her, requesting him to meet her at S—m, a market-town exactly midway between them. Here they agreed to go for London that night, and as the Yarmouth stage-coach was going then for London, they took that opportunity, and arrived in town at about five in the evening.

Mr. K——, not being exactly apprised of the day of her arrival, was at that time at his country lodgings at Greenwich, upon which Miss F—— took a pair of oars and went to him there. As it was Mr. K——'s intention for the future to live with her as his wife, he had declared himself a married man to all his acquaintance long before her arrival, nor were any of them surprised at his bringing home a woman whom he acknowledged as his lawful wife. She was always called by his name, and ever treated and considered as a wife by him: and from their mutual happiness and affection the contrary would have never been known, had not her relations, who by all the ties of honor and generosity were concerned to keep it a secret, taken every opportunity of divulging it to the world, and, from a pretended regard for her reputation, endeavored to publish her shame.

As Mr. K—— could not find an house to his mind, he took her to his lodgings near the Mansion House, where, however, they did not continue long, for, to use the expression of a gentleman who published an account in one of the public newspapers, signed "J. A. L.," the people of the house where they lodged did not altogether approve their conduct; and indeed it would be surprising if they had, for Mr. K—— was obliged to arrest his landlord for above twenty pounds that he had lent him, a step which it is probable this same landlord did not entirely approve.

From this lodging they removed to Mr. P——'s, in Cock Lane, near West Smithfield. But it soon unfortunately happened that his present landlord had the very same cause of dislike to Mr. K—— that his former landlord had. Money was borrowed by this as well as the former, and the same slow disposition to repay it appeared in the new as well as the old. Mr. K—— was therefore obliged to have recourse once more to law, and to sue his new landlord for twelve pounds, after many vain solicitations for payment. This, as may naturally be expected, created uneasiness and disturbances between

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them, and the quarrel rose to such an height that at last he left Mr. P——'s house at an hour's warning, and took another lodging at a jeweller's, in the same neighborhood; an inconvenient apartment indeed, but which he expected would serve for a short time, till an house which he had taken in Bartlet Court was fitted up.

Thus far, then, we see nothing so very culpable in the conduct of Mr. K——; there was neither inveigling nor incest in the case, as the world has been taught to believe; the lady's coming to London was almost against his consent, and his living with her after as his wife was what the canon law would have allowed, had it not been for the child by his former wife, which was born alive. This light circumstance prevented a public marriage; but to remedy this, the young lady and he took every precaution to live faithfully together, and to unite their friendship by the ties also of interest. They made their wills mutually in each other's favor; Mr. K——'s fortune was considerable, hers only amounted to a bare hundred pound; so that if there was any advantage on either side, it was on the part of the young lady. Yet, how has this been misrepresented to the public by the same gentleman, in the newspapers, who signs himself "J. A. L." He seems to intimate that the lady was inveigled from her friends, and then decoyed into making a will prejudicial to her own interests. But who is this person who so disinterestedly espouses the cause of public justice, and takes this open method of aspersing Mr. K——? There is a gentleman of K——'s acquaintance the initials of whose name are these letters, and whether he really was or not concerned in the publication will be shortly made appear in a new course of justice.

If there be anything very culpable in Mr. K——'s behavior, the public has now seen it; perhaps a rigid moralist would censure him in some instances of it, but certain I am there are few who, conscious of their own transgressions, could not pardon him; what the reader has seen, however, is the only indefensible part of his character; in all other respects he was entirely blameless, and what follows of his conduct is as open, and as well attested, as any evidence that was ever given, and which, instead of reproach, will perhaps merit approbation.

At his new lodging he had not remained above a week when Miss L—— was taken ill, a physician was immediately sent for, who had occasionally visited her before; an apothecary was employed, and every precaution taken that tenderness could suggest. But the reader will best determine on the manner of her treatment by the follow-

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ing certificate, drawn up by the physician himself, and signed by him and the apothecary:

"Some time in November, 1759, I visited Mr. K—— at his lodgings at Mr. P——'s, in Cock Lane,[1] and was then retained to attend the deceased F—— in her expected labor, she being then in the sixth month of her pregnancy. In the course of the following months I visited her occasionally twice or thrice in the same house. On the 25th of January following, I received a message from Mr. K——, about nine in the morning, that the lady was ill, and wanted my assistance. I found them removed from P——'s to an inconvenient apartment in the neighborhood. I found the lady deceived by an acute pain in the back into an opinion that she was actually in labor; but on my declaring the contrary, found not only she, but the women about her, were extremely uneasy, still suspecting I had formed a wrong judgment; after a few hours, Mr. K—— informed me he had taken a house in Bartlet's Court, near Red Lyon Street, Clerkenwell, and, if I thought there was no danger, would be glad to remove her thither; I told him there were no signs of labor, but that, from the symptoms, she would probably be ill some time, as I apprehended an eruptive fever, though I had not at that time any suspicion of the small-pox, as I did not know she had never had them. In the afternoon I attended the deceased in a coach (having properly secured her from receiving any injury by cold) to the house; Mr. K—— having been before sent to prepare the apartment. I had her immediately put to bed, ordered her to be blooded, and prescribed such cordial medicines as I thought were proper to throw out an eruption; a nurse was immediately provided, and all necessaries for the care of the sick patient. The next morning I met Mr. Jones, her apothecary, by appointment; the eruption began to appear, and from the violent lumbago of the day before, and other symptoms, we prognosticated a confluent small-pox of a very virulent nature. Mr. K—— was informed that in her situation the most favorable species of that distemper would be extremely hazardous, and that hers being a bad sort, the danger was very great. We endeavored to assist nature by early blisterings, and administered medicines of a cordial nature. The symptoms were, for the first four or five days, rather favorable, but when maturation

[1] Parsons, the officiating clerk in the adjoining Church of St. Sepulchre. Cock Lane is in West Smithfield, over against Pie Corner, where the fire of London stopped.

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should have been performed, the pulse flagged, the fever sunk, and the whole eruption put on a warty, pallid appearance; and, as she could not swallow but with difficulty, she could but seldom be prevailed on to take anything; she was herself sensible of her danger, and Mr. K—— was told she could not survive three or four days. He was advised, therefore, to procure a minister to visit her, which was accordingly done. For the last two days no persuasion could bring her to taste anything, so that, for near fifty hours before she died, she hardly swallowed a pint of any fluid whatever, and that only when myself or the apothecary were present to administer it to her. The last morning of her life we found her extremely low, her eyes sunk, her speech failing, and her intellects very imperfect; we told Mr. K—— she could not then live twelve hours. Accordingly, a short time after we left her, her speech was wholly taken from her, she became senseless, a little convulsed, and expired in the evening, viz., on the 2d of February, 1762.[1] T. C.

"The foregoing is a true relation of the case of F——, which we, who attended her in her illness, are ready to attest: as witness our hands,

"Tho. Cooper, M.D.,
"Northumberland Street, Charing Cross.
"Jas. Jones, Apothecary,
"Grafton Street, Soho.

"Feb. 8, 1762."

By this we find the lady taken ill of a disorder, in itself extremely dangerous, still more so at her mature time of life, but most of all so as the patient was now far advanced in her pregnancy. We see her treated in the most judicious manner by persons of learning and credit; her danger prognosticated with judgment and accuracy; and her disorder going through all the regular but fatal stages peculiar to the small-pox alone, together with her death foretold and prepared for four days before it happened.

After such an attestation, we may judge what credit is to be given to the supposed ghost, when, among the rest of her answers, she asserts that she was poisoned but three hours before she died. It here appears that she swallowed nothing but in presence of the physician, at least fifty hours before her death; and, in fact, there was no great necessity to poison her, if there had been such an intention, and if

[1] 1760?

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she could swallow, when the doctor and apothecary both joined in asserting she could not live twelve hours; and when the symptoms of approaching death but too visibly promised to anticipate the operations of even the strongest poison, so as to make the perpetration needless.

After such a full vindication, therefore, the reader may judge what credit is to be given to the calumny of the person who subscribes himself "R—— B——," a man at best; but I will have more tenderness to his character than he had to that of Mr. K——: it is enough to observe that he was connected with her relations, and saw nothing that he relates; there can be no credit given to this man, when he assures the public that she was *purely*, or in a fair way of doing well the day before she died.

In fact, so far from being so, that she perceived herself the approaches of death, and prevailed on Mr. K—— to send for one Mr. M——, an eminent attorney of his acquaintance, to examine her will in Mr. K——'s favor, and if not found a good one, to draw it over anew. Upon Mr. M——'s declaring the will to be good, she asked this gentleman if it could not be made still more strongly in Mr. K——'s favor: to which he replied in the negative; upon which declaring her satisfaction, Mr. K—— asked her if she would choose to give anything to any of her relations: to which she replied, "No;" he then desired to know if she chose to divide her clothes among her sisters: to which she answered with some emotion, "I have nothing to give to any one but you." She was at that time sensible; and surely, had she herself suspected any foul treatment, she would never have carried her affection so far as to reward the cause of her destruction.

But she was also attended by a divine of the Church of England, Mr. A——,[1] a gentleman equally remarkable for his benevolence, learning, and morals: he was a witness to Mr. K——'s treatment and her behavior; he declares, and has often declared, that never, during the time of his visits, did he see a grief more expressive than in Mr. K——, nor a tenderness more affecting than in the deceased.

As soon as she died, Mr. K—— sent her sister, who lived in Pall Mall, the earliest notice; ordered an undertaker to make as good a coffin as he could, both lined and covered; but being apprehensive of a prosecution if he gave her his own name upon it, and being unwilling to give her any other, he desired that no name should be fixed;

[1] The Rev. Mr. Aldrich, of Clerkenwell.

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but afterwards, when called upon for to have her name registered, finding himself obliged to give some name, he gave her his own, being determined she should not suffer reproach, whatever might be the result.

Her funeral was as decent as his circumstances could permit; and her sister, who was present, wept over the corpse for some time before the coffin was screwed down; by which it further appears what credit should be given to the aforesaid B——, when he says that "*her sister was deprived of the pleasure of seeing her dear sister's body, as the coffin had been screwed down some time before she came to the house.*" Her sister wept for some time over the body while yet exposed, and the coffin being then screwed down, she attended it with the company to the vault in St. J——, Clerkenwell,[1] and seemed at that time well satisfied with her sister's treatment.

Mr. K——, upon their return, offered her any part of the clothes of the deceased, or the whole, if she chose them; to which she replied that she looked upon Mr. K——'s behavior to her sister in the same light as if they had actually been married, and that he was welcome to all that he was possessed of belonging to her sister.

Such is the plain narrative of the behavior of Mr. K—— to Miss L——, not supported by mere assertion, but by facts that will bear the strictest scrutiny; not by witnesses remote or obscure, but by persons of undoubted credit, candor, and veracity; not produced as supporters of a controversy, for the accusation is too ridiculous to admit one, but mentioned in order to carry conviction. And, indeed, it was happy for him that his conduct was observed by a greater number of persons than are generally present upon such occasions; his behavior could admit of no suspicion, and there were no suspicious persons concerned in the transaction.

A person who had behaved in so fair and open a manner might surely have no reason to expect reproach upon this affair; he might rest in security that no accusation or calumny, arising from his former conduct, could affect him now: but he was attacked from a quarter that no person in his senses could in the least have imagined; in a manner that but to mention would have excited the laughter of thousands: after an interval of two years, all of a sudden, he was surprised

[1] The church of St. John's, Clerkenwell, a plain, ugly structure in St. John's Square, with an early English crypt, part of the choir of the priory of St. John of Jerusalem.

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with the horrid imputation of being a murderer; of having murdered the person he held most dear upon earth; of having murdered her by poison: and who is his accuser? Why, a ghost! The reader laughs; yet, ridiculous as the witness is, groundless as the accusation, it has served to make one man completely unhappy. The slightest evils by frequent repetition at last become real misfortunes; and the imputation of great crimes, however unsupported, often blacken a character more than the commission of smaller ones.

I would not choose to pall the reader with a repetition of transactions which he has already heard too often repeated, but the story of the ghost is in brief as follows: For some time a knocking and scratching has been heard in the night at Mr. P——'s, where Mr. K—— and Miss L—— formerly lodged, to the great terror of the family; and several methods were tried to discover the imposture, but without success. This knocking and scratching was generally heard in a little room in which Mr. P——'s two children lay, the eldest of which was a girl about twelve or thirteen years old. The purport of this knocking was not thoroughly conceived till the eldest child pretended to see the actual ghost of the deceased lady mentioned above. When she had seen the ghost, a weak, ignorant publican also, who lived in the neighborhood, asserted that he had seen it too; and Mr. P—— himself (the gentleman whom Mr. K—— had disobliged by suing for money), he also saw the ghost about the same time. The girl saw it without hands, in a shroud; the other two saw it with hands, all luminous and shining. There was one unlucky circumstance, however, in the apparition: though it appeared to three several persons, and could knock, scratch, and flutter, yet its coming would have been to no manner of purpose, had it not been kindly assisted by the persons thus haunted. It was impossible for a ghost that could not speak to make any discovery; the people, therefore, to whom it appeared, kindly undertook to make the discovery themselves, and the ghost, by knocking, gave its assent to their method of wording the accusation; thus there was nothing illegal on any side; Mr. K——'s character was blackened without an accuser; the persons haunted only asked questions, no doubt merely from curiosity, without any assertion that could be reprehended; and answers by knocking could by no means be looked upon as a legal cause of impeachment. Thousands who believed nothing of the matter came, in order, if possible, to detect its falsity, or satisfy curiosity; and the words poison and murder being frequently joined with the name of

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the supposed offender, that name became everywhere public, joined to an accusation which, whether believed or not, in itself is to a sensitive mind sufficient misery; to become everywhere remarkable by imputed guilt, is certainly a state of uneasiness that only falls short of a consciousness of real villany.

When, therefore, the spirit taught the assistants, or rather the assistants had taught the spirit (for that could not speak), that Mr. K—— was the murderer, the road lay then open, and every night the farce was carried on to the amusement of several who attended with all the good-humor which the spending one night with novelty inspires; they jested with the ghost, soothed it, flattered it, while none was truly unhappy, but him whose character was thus repeatedly rendered odious and trifled with, merely to amuse idle curiosity.

To have a proper idea of this scene as it is now carried on, the reader is to conceive a very small room with a bed in the middle; the girl at the usual hour of going to bed is undressed, and put in with proper solemnity; the spectators are next introduced, who sit looking at each other, suppressing laughter, and wait in silent expectation for the opening of the scene. As the ghost is a good deal offended at incredulity, the persons present are to conceal theirs if they have any, as by this concealment they can only hope to gratify their curiosity. For if they show, either before or when the knocking is begun, a too prying inquisition, or ludicrous style of thinking, the ghost continues usually silent, or, to use the expression of the house, Miss Fanny is angry. The spectators, therefore, have nothing for it but to sit quiet and credulous, otherwise they must hear no ghost, which is no small disappointment for persons who have come for no other purpose.

The girl, who knows by some secret when the ghost is to appear, sometimes apprises the assistants of its intended visitation. It first begins to scratch, and then to answer questions, giving two knocks for a negative and one for an affirmative. By this means it tells whether a watch, when held up, be white, blue, yellow, or black; how many clergymen are in the room, though in this sometimes mistaken; it evidently distinguishes white men from negroes, with several other marks of sagacity; however, it is sometimes mistaken in questions of a private nature, when it deigns to answer them—for instance, the ghost was ignorant where she dined upon Mr. K——'s marriage; how many of her relations were at church upon the same occasion; but particularly she called her father John instead of Thomas, a mistake,

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indeed, a little extraordinary in a ghost; but perhaps she was willing to verify the old proverb, that *it is a wise child that knows its own father*. However, though sometimes right, and sometimes wrong, she pretty invariably persists in one story, namely, that she was poisoned in a cup of purl, by red arsenic, a poison unheard of before, by Mr. K—— in her last illness; and that she heartily wishes him hanged.

It is no easy matter to remark upon an evidence of this nature, but it may not be unnecessary to observe that the ghost, though fond of company, is particularly modest upon these occasions, an enemy to the light of a candle, and always most silent before those from whose rank and understanding she could most reasonably expect redress. When a committee of gentlemen of eminence for their rank, learning, and good-sense, were assembled to give the ghost a fair hearing, then, one might have thought, would have been the time to knock loudest, and to exert every effort: then was the time to bring the guilty to justice, and to give every possible method of information; but in what manner she behaved upon this test of her reality, will better appear from the committee's own words than mine. Their advertisement[1] runs thus:

"I think it proper to acquaint the public that the following account of the proceedings of the committee of gentlemen who met at my house on Monday evening, in order to inquire into the reality of the supposed visitation of a departed spirit at a house in Cock Lane, is alone authentic, and was drawn up with the concurrence and approbation of the assembly while they were present; and that the account in the *Ledger* of this day contains many circumstances not founded in truth. STE. ALDRICH.

"February 1st, 1762.

"On this night many gentlemen, eminent for their rank and character, were, by the invitation of the Rev. Mr. Aldrich, of Clerkenwell,

[1] The advertisement was drawn up by Dr. Johnson, who took an active part in the detection of the imposture, for which he was caricatured by Churchill as *Pomposo* in "The Ghost." The top of the thermometer in Hogarth's picture of "The Medley" is divided into two equal portions; in one half the girl is seen in bed, and in the other half the ghost, in the act of knocking, to announce her arrival.

"Yet still will you for jokes sit watching,
Like Cock Lane ghost for Fanny's scratching."
GARRICK, *Prologue upon Prologues to the Deuce is in Him.*

The house was on the north side of the street, about half-way up, and has long been taken down. See Cunningham's "Hand-book of London," *art.* "Cock Lane."

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assembled at his house for the examination of the noises supposed to be made by a departed spirit, for the detection of some enormous crime.

"About ten at night the gentlemen met in the chamber, in which the girl supposed to be disturbed by a spirit had, with proper caution, been put to bed by several ladies: they sat rather more than an hour, and hearing nothing, went down-stairs, where they interrogated the father of the girl, who denied in the strongest terms any knowledge or belief of fraud.

"The supposed spirit had before publicly promised, by an affirmative knock, that it would attend one of the gentlemen into the vault under the church of St. John, Clerkenwell, where the body is deposited, and give a token of her presence there by a knock upon her coffin; it was therefore determined to make this trial of the existence or veracity of the supposed spirit.

"While they were inquiring and deliberating, they were summoned into the girl's chamber by some ladies, who were near her bed, and who had heard knocks and scratches: when the gentlemen entered, the girl declared that she felt the spirit like a mouse upon her back; and was required to hold her hands out of bed. From that time, though the spirit was very solemnly required to manifest its existence, by appearance, by impression on the hand or body of any present, by scratches, knocks, or any agency, no evidence of any preternatural power was exhibited.

"The spirit was then very seriously advertised that the person, to whom the promise was made of striking the coffin, was then about to visit the vault, and that the performance of the promise was then claimed. The company at one went into the church, and the gentleman to whom the promise was made, went, with one more, into the vault. The spirit was solemnly required to perform its promise, but nothing more than silence ensued. The person supposed to be accused by the spirit then went down, with several others, but no effect was perceived. Upon their return they examined the girl, but could draw no confession from her: between two and three, she desired, and was permitted, to go home with her father.

"It is therefore the opinion of the whole assembly, that the child has some art of making or counterfeiting particular noises, and that there is no agency of any higher cause."[1]

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[1] This solemn inquiry undeceived the world; and the contrivers of the impost-

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Such an account will convince those who are under the influence of reason, but nothing can gain over some, who from their infancy have been taught to believe, but not to think. To convince such, it were to be wished that the committee had continued their scrutiny a night or two longer, by which means the impostor would in all probability be caught in the fact, or at least more thoroughly detected. For if the ghost persisted in such company to continue silent, it would then be obvious that it was afraid of the discovery it pretended to aim at; or if it continued to knock or scratch, the noises by explaining themselves could not long frustrate a judicious inquiry.

But as it is, the ghost still continues to practise as before, and in some measure remains undetected; and it is probable she will thus continue, for a much longer time, to exhibit among friends who desire no detection, or among the curious whose pleasure is in proportion to the deception. The ghost knows perfectly well before whom to exhibit. She could, as we see, venture well enough to fright the ladies, or perhaps some men about as courageous as ladies, and as discerning, but when the committee had come up, and gathered round the bed, it was no time then to attempt at deception, the ghost was angry, and very judiciously kept her hunters at bay.

But let not the reader imagine that I would seriously produce formal arguments to refute an accusation, which upon the first blush answers itself; what was once said to a writer, who drew up a book to prove the iniquity of the Inquisition, might in such a case be applied to me. "*Men*," said he, "*who read books of controversy, are already convinced of the absurdity you undertake to refute; while those who believe such falsehoods never examine their own opinion, and will consequently never read yours.*"

The question in this case, therefore, is not whether the ghost be true or false, but who are the contrivers, or what can be the motives for this vile deception? To attempt to assign the motives of any action, is not so easy a task as many imagine. A thousand events have risen from caprice, pride, or mere idleness, which an undiscerning spectator might have attributed to reason, resentment, and close laid design. It would not, therefore, become me, who have been now en-

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ure were punished for what they did. Parsons, the father of the girl, was set three several times in the pillory "at the end of Cock Lane," and imprisoned for one year in the King's Bench Prison. London mobs are curiously composed; instead of pelting Parsons in the pillory, they collected a subscription for him.—CUNNINGHAM'S *Hand-book of London*, art. "Cock Lane."

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deavoring to vindicate innocence, to lay the blame of this imposture on any individual upon earth, though never so rationally to be suspected. All I shall say is that, as the reader may remember, Mr. K—— has many who owe him an ill-will: his landlord at one house, whom he arrested for money lent him, had cause of resentment; his landlord in Cock Lane, the father of the child, whom he was obliged to sue from similar motives, was, it is to be supposed, willing enough to retaliate the supposed injury; but above all, Miss L——'s relations, who had filled a bill in Chancery against him, just two months before this infernal agent appeared to strengthen their plea. This lawsuit between him and the family of the deceased is of a domestic nature, and therefore unfit at present to be laid before the public; all that is necessary to be mentioned is that their animosity has been carried to the highest pitch, and that since its commencement they have pursued him with implacable resentment. What may be the justice of his cause or their anger, the proper judges and not the public are to determine; but whether it goes for or against him, the world may be assured that the whole true state of this Chancery suit (as far as is consistent with law) will be very minutely laid before them upon a proper occasion; for the present it is sufficient to observe that it was commenced in November last, while Mr. K—— was upon a journey for his brother, and that when he returned, to put in his appearance, he soon found a prosecution of a much more terrible nature commenced against him, more terrible as unexpected, and more dangerous as the cause was unknown.

I have now as briefly, and indeed as tenderly as I could, stated the whole of this most surprising transaction, and the reader by this time sees how far Mr. K—— is culpable. He sees him living affectionately with a woman as his wife, whom the laws of nature allowed him to love, but the strictness of the canon law forbade him to marry. He sees every possible method taken to preserve this woman's reputation and life, and the most reputable persons produced as witnesses of her end. He sees men of the highest rank, both for birth, character, and learning, joined to acknowledge the whole of the pretended ghost as an imposition upon the public, and lastly he sees those who pretend to bear witness to the accusation, persons of a mixed reputation, of gross ignorance, great cruelty, and, what is more, armed with resentment against him. I would not wish, however, to turn the popular resentment upon any particular person, but I think it my duty to divert it somewhere from the guiltless.

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But still it seems something extraordinary, how this imposition could be so long carried on without a discovery. However, when we compare it to some others which have successfully deceived the public a yet longer time, our wonder will be in some measure diminished. It was the observation of Erasmus that whenever people flock to see a miracle, they are generally sure of seeing a miracle: they bring an heated imagination, and an eager curiosity to the scene of action, give themselves up blindly to deception, and each is better pleased with having it to say that he had seen something very strange, than that he was made the dupe of his own credulity. There are many alive now, who must, I suppose, remember the famous impostor, Richard Hathaway, whose case is recorded in the State Trials. This ignorant creature deceived the public both successfully and long. He vomited in public crooked pins, which he had previously swallowed in private; he accused an innocent person of magic; he pretended to fast for a month together, and even in this deceived his guardians, with twenty other feats; by which means the person he accused was actually imprisoned, and stood her trial at the Guildford assizes. The circumstances were strong, but then was not the time for burning for witchcraft, as about an age before: the poor woman was acquitted, and her accuser ordered to prison in her stead; Hathaway was consigned to the care of an apothecary, who lived at Guildford, if I remember, and here guarded by a maid, who pretended to be sorry for his situation, and took part in his distress; to her, therefore, he confessed all his impostures, and the apothecary actually detected him at last, through an hole in his chamber wall, either hiding more pins in his mouth, or making an hearty meal upon provisions the maid had stole for him. Richard, however, though put in the pillory as an impostor, had many partisans of credit and reputation; and some were so credulous as to suppose him sincere, even after his own confession to the contrary.

The people believed in Richard, but there never was an instance in which they were in general so much averse to imposture, as in the present attempt to deceive them; it is not known, however, what effect a continuance of those endeavors, if not silenced by proper methods, may have: it is easy to conceive how much credulity is wrought upon by perseverance; *even pious and orthodox divines themselves have been known to give credit to the strangest falsehoods of this kind:* and Glanville declares his solemn belief in a ghost whose only business consisted in playing tricks, and clattering plates and trenchers.

In fact, the people can at last be taught to believe anything, and

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may probably, by perseverance, be taught to believe this; nor can I avoid deploring the easiness with which some, whose duty it is to guide them from error, suffer themselves to be led into it. A story that I am going to relate will serve as an instance how far the public may deceive themselves, and how far even a Protestant divine may, unknowingly, help the imposture. The account is given us by Adrian Regenvolscius, a Protestant divine, in a work entitled, "A Chronological System of History, respecting the Reformation in Sclavonia;" printed in Utrecht, 1652, p. 95. He mentions it as a transaction, for the truth of which he can vouch, and his prudence and the historian's veracity are confirmed still further by Voetius, one of the most eminent theologicians of his time, and who was himself the editor. The passage is this:

"In the number of these obstacles to the reformation in Poland, which we have already mentioned, we may add another, namely, about the year 1597, God permitted the appearance of a certain spirit (at first it could not be said whether it was black or white) to delude several from the true faith, after the old superstitions. There was a certain girl, whose name was Bietka, who was courted by a young man called Zachary; they were both natives of Weilam, and had received their education there. This youth, though in deacon's orders, and also soon expected to be priested, was nevertheless resolved to marry Bietka, and accordingly they mutually plighted a promise to each other; but his father, in consideration of the rank which he held in the church, prevented his marriage, upon which he became melancholy, and soon after hanged himself. A short time after his death, a spirit appeared to the disconsolate Bietka, which pretended to be the soul of Zachary her lover, assuring her that he was sent by God to apprise her of his displeasure at the rashness of his death, and that, as she had been the principal cause of his temerity, he was come to accomplish his promise to her and to marry her. This false spirit knew perfectly well how to cajole this poor girl, by promising to enrich her, so that he at length persuaded her that he was in reality the spirit of her lover; and she accordingly plighted him her marriage vow. The noise of this extraordinary match between a woman and a spirit was quickly spread over the whole country, and the curious from every quarter flocked in to be witness of so extraordinary an affair.

"Many of the Polish nobility, who believed in the honesty of the spirit, became intimately acquainted with him; and even many of them brought him home to their houses. By these means Bietka

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amassed a large sum of money, and so much the more, as the spirit would not return an answer, nor speak to a single person, nor foretell the smallest occurrence, without his wife's consent. The spirit lived a whole year in the house of the Sieur Trepka, intendant of Cracovia; from thence going from house to house, he went at last to reside with a certain widow lady, whose name was Wlodkow, where he remained for the space of two years, and there played all the tricks of which he was capable. The principal are as follow: He told all things past and present. He talked in favor of the Roman Catholic religion, and assured his auditors that the Reformers were all damned. He would not even permit one of them to approach him, for he considered them as unworthy his conversation; he rather persisted in assuring his audience that their only study was novelty, and not reformation; and thus he brought back many again to popery.

"Hitherto not a single creature had perceived that this spirit was the devil, nor would it have ever been known, had it not been for some Polanders, who, going to Rome in the year of jubilee 1600, spread the news of the spirit throughout the whole country. A certain Italian who understood magic, hearing this report among others, and being informed that the spirit had now exhibited five years, recollected that he had lost a spirit about that time, which he had long kept confined near his person. This magician, therefore, went to Poland, and, waiting upon Dame Wlodkow, demanded his property, to the astonishment of all the spectators. He insisted that this devil, which had fled from him, should be restored back; with which reasonable request the lady instantly complied: he once more, therefore, shut up this malicious spirit in a ring, and brought him back to Italy, assuring the people that, had the devil been permitted to stay in Poland much longer, he would have drawn down numberless miseries upon the nation."

One would think that a story of this nature could hardly gain credit, and yet it deceived a whole nation for five years successively; what is still more surprising, it deceived a Protestant divine, otherwise of sense and of learning. I cannot avoid thinking that there are several similar circumstances between this Polish ghost and the ghost of Cock Lane. The ghost at Cock Lane answered questions, so did Zachary; the Cock Lane ghost is visited by the nobility, so was Zachary; the Cock Lane ghost plays tricks, so did Zachary; the Cock Lane ghost follows a girl, so did Zachary. There is one circumstance, however, in which the parallel will not hold good: Zachary was believed to be

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a real ghost by a Protestant divine; but I fancy no Protestant divine can be found among us so much the old woman as to lend even a moment's assent to the ghost in Cock Lane.[1]

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[1] "I went to hear it, for it is not an apparition, but an audition. We set out from the Opera, changed our clothes at Northumberland House, the Duke of York, Lady Northumberland, Lady Mary Coke, Lord Hertford, and I, all in one hackney-coach, and drove to the spot; it rained torrents; yet the lane was full of mob, and the house so full we could not get in; at last they discovered it was the Duke of York, and the company squeezed themselves into one another's pockets to make room for us. The house, which is borrowed, and to which the ghost has adjourned, is wretchedly small and miserable; when we opened the chamber, in which were fifty people, with no light but one tallow-candle at the end, we tumbled over the bed of the child to whom the ghost comes, and whom they are murdering by inches in such insufferable heat and stench. At the top of the room are ropes to dry clothes. I asked if we were to have rope-dancing between the acts. We heard nothing; they told us (as they would at a puppet-show) that it would not come that night till seven in the morning, that is, when there are only 'prentices and old women. We stayed, however, till half an hour after one. The Methodists have promised them contributions; provisions are sent in like forage, and all the taverns and alehouses in the neighborhood make fortunes."—*Walpole to Montagu, Feb.* 2, 1762.

"The daughter of Parsons, after being twice married, died about 1806, the wife of a gardener near Chiswick."—PENNANT'S *London Improved*, p. 267.

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VIDA'S GAME OF CHESS,

AS IT HAS BEEN FOUND TRANSCRIBED IN THE HANDWRITING

OF

OLIVER GOLDSMITH,

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM THE ORIGINAL MS.

IN THE POSSESSION OF

BOLTON CORNEY, ESQ.

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Of the MS. of this translation, Mr. Forster, who has drawn largely and importantly from it, gives the following account: "It is a small quarto manuscript of thirty-four pages, containing 679 lines, to which a fly-leaf is appended, in which Goldsmith notes the differences of nomenclature between Vida's chessmen and our own. It has occasional interlineations and corrections, but rather such as would occur in transcription, than in a first or original copy. Sometimes, indeed, choice appears to have been made (as at page 29) between two words equally suitable to the sense and verse, as 'to' for 'toward;' but the insertions and erasures refer almost wholly to words or lines accidentally omitted and replaced. The triplet is always carefully marked; and though it is seldom found in any other of Goldsmith's poems, I am disposed to regard its frequent recurrence, here, as even helping in some degree to explain the motive which had led him to the trial of an experiment in rhyme comparatively new to him. If we suppose him, half consciously it may be, taking up the manner of the great master of translation, Dryden, who was at all times so much a favorite with him, he would at least be less apt to fall short in so marked a peculiarity, than to err perhaps a little on the side of excess. Though I am far from thinking such to be the result in the present instance. The effect of the whole translation is very pleasing to me, and the mock heroic effect I think not a little assisted by the reiterated use of the triplet and Alexandrine. As to any evidences of authorship derivable from the appearance of the manuscript, I will only add another word. The lines in the translation have been carefully counted, and the number is marked in Goldsmith's hand at the close of his transcription. Such a fact is, of course, only to be taken in aid of other proof; but a man is not generally at the pains of counting—still less, I should say, in such a case as Goldsmith's, of elaborately transcribing—lines which are not his own."—FORSTER'S *Goldsmith*, vol. ii. p. 265.

There had been an earlier translation of the poem by George Jeffreys (4to, 1736), but it is very inferior to the translation which Mr. Corney has now enabled me to reprint.

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VIDA'S GAME OF CHESS.

TRANSLATED.

Armies of box that sportively engage,
And mimic real battles in their rage,
Pleased I recount; how, smit with glory's charms,
Two mighty Monarchs met in adverse arms,
Sable and white: assist me to explore,
Ye Serian Nymphs, what ne'er was sung before.
No path appears; yet resolute I stray
Where youth undaunted bids me force my way.
O'er rocks and cliffs while I the task pursue,
Guide me, ye Nymphs, with your unerring clew.
For you the rise of this diversion know,
You first were pleased in Italy to show
This studious sport; from Scacchis was its name,
The pleasing record of your Sister's fame.
When Jove through Ethiopia's parch'd extent
To grace the nuptials of old Ocean went,
Each god was there; and mirth and joy around
To shores remote diffused their happy sound.
Then, when their hunger and their thirst no more
Claim'd their attention, and the feast was o'er,
Ocean, with pastime to divert the thought,
Commands a painted table to be brought.
Sixty-four spaces fill the checker'd square;
Eight in each rank eight equal limits share.
Alike their form, but different are their dyes,
They fade alternate, and alternate rise,
White after black; such various stains as those
The shelving backs of tortoises disclose.

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Then to the Gods that mute and wondering sate,
You see (says he) the field prepared for fate.
Here will the little armies please your sight,
With adverse colors hurrying to the fight:
On which so oft, with silent, sweet surprise,
The Nymphs and Nereids used to feast their eyes,
And all the neighbors of the hoary deep,
When calm the sea, and winds were lull'd asleep.
But see, the mimic heroes tread the board;
He said, and straightway from an urn he pour'd
The sculptured box, that neatly seem'd to ape
The graceful figure of a human shape:—
Equal the strength and number of each foe,
Sixteen appear'd like jet, sixteen like snow.
As their shape varies various is the name,
Different their posts, nor is their strength the same.
There might you see two Kings with equal pride
Gird on their arms, their Consorts by their side;
Here the Foot-warriors glowing after fame,
There prancing Knights and dexterous Archers came
And Elephants, that on their backs sustain
Vast towers of war, and fill and shake the plain.
  And now both hosts, preparing for the storm
Of adverse battle, their encampments form.
In the fourth space, and on the farthest line,
Directly opposite the Monarchs shine;
The swarthy on white ground, on sable stands
The silver King; and thence they send commands.
Nearest to these the Queens exert their might;
One the left side, and t'other guards the right:
Where each, by her respective armor known,
Chooses the color that is like her own.
Then the young Archers, two that snowy-white
Bend the tough yew, and two as black as night
(Greece call'd them Mars's favorites heretofore,
From their delight in war, and thirst of gore).
These on each side the Monarch and his Queen
Surround obedient; next to these are seen
The crested Knights in golden armor gay;
Their steeds by turns curvet, or snort or neigh.

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In either army on each distant wing
Two mighty Elephants their castles bring,
Bulwarks immense! and then at last combine
Eight of the Foot to form the second line,
The vanguard to the King and Queen; from far
Prepared to open all the fate of war.
So moved the boxen hosts, each double-lined,
Their different colors floating in the wind:
As if an army of the Gauls should go,
With their white standards, o'er the Alpine snow
To meet in rigid fight on scorching sands
The sunburnt Moors and Memnon's swarthy bands.
  Then Father Ocean thus; you see them here,
Celestial Powers, what troops, what camps appear.
Learn now the sev'ral orders of the fray,
For ev'n these arms their stated laws obey.
To lead the fight, the Kings from all their bands
Choose whom they please to bear their great commands.
Should a black hero first to battle go,
Instant a white one guards against the blow;
But only one at once can charge or shun the foe.
Their gen'ral purpose on one scheme is bent,
So to besiege the King within the tent,
That there remains no place by subtle flight
From danger free; and that decides the fight.
Meanwhile, howe'er, the sooner to destroy
Th' imperial Prince, remorseless they employ
Their swords in blood; and whosoever dare
Oppose their vengeance, in the ruin share.
Fate thins their camp; the party-colored field
Widens apace, as they o'ercome or yield,
But the proud victor takes the captive's post;
There fronts the fury of th' avenging host
One single shock: and (should he ward the blow),
May then retire at pleasure from the foe.
The Foot alone (so their harsh laws ordain)
When they proceed can ne'er return again.
  But neither all rush on alike to prove
The terror of their arms: the Foot must move

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Directly on, and but a single square;
Yet may these heroes, when they first prepare
To mix in combat on the bloody mead,
Double their sally, and two steps proceed;
But when they wound, their swords they subtly guide
With aim oblique, and slanting pierce his side.
But the great Indian beasts, whose backs sustain
Vast turrets arm'd, when on the redd'ning plain
They join in all the terror of the fight,
Forward or backward, to the left or right,
Run furious, and impatient of confine
Scour through the field, and threat the farthest line.
Yet must they ne'er obliquely aim their blows;
That only manner is allow'd to those
Whom Mars has favor'd most, who bend the stubborn bows.
These glancing sidewards in a straight career,
Yet each confined to their respective sphere,
Or white or black, can send th' unerring dart
Wing'd with swift death to pierce through ev'ry part.
The fiery steed, regardless of the reins,
Comes prancing on; but sullenly disdains
The path direct, and boldly wheeling round,
Leaps o'er a double space at ev'ry bound:
And shifts from white or black to diff'rent color'd ground.
But the fierce Queen, whom dangers ne'er dismay,
The strength and terror of the bloody day,
In a straight line spreads her destruction wide,
To left or right, before, behind, aside.
Yet may she never with a circling course
Sweep to the battle like the fretful Horse;
But unconfined may at her pleasure stray,
If neither friend nor foe block up the way;
For to o'erleap a warrior, 'tis decreed
Those only dare who curb the snorting steed.
With greater caution and majestic state
The warlike Monarchs in the scene of fate
Direct their motions, since for these appear
Zealous each hope, and anxious ev'ry fear.
While the King's safe, with resolution stern
They clasp their arms; but should a sudden turn

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Make him a captive, instantly they yield,
Resolved to share his fortune in the field.
He moves on slow; with reverence profound
His faithful troops encompass him around,
And oft, to break some instant fatal scheme,
Rush to their fates, their sov'reign to redeem;
While he, unanxious where to wound the foe,
Need only shift and guard against a blow.
But none, however, can presume t' appear
Within his reach, but must his vengeance fear;
For he on ev'ry side his terror throws;
But when he changes from his first repose,
Moves but one step, most awfully sedate,
Or idly roving, or intent on fate.
These are the sev'ral and establish'd laws:
Now see how each maintains his bloody cause.
  Here paused the God, but (since whene'er they wage
War here on earth the Gods themselves engage
In mutual battle as they hate or love,
And the most stubborn war is oft above),
Almighty Jove commands the circling train
Of Gods from fav'ring either to abstain,
And let the fight be silently survey'd;
And added solemn threats if disobey'd.
Then call'd he Phœbus from among the Powers,
And subtle Hermes, whom in softer hours
Fair Maia bore: youth wanton'd in their face;
Both in life's bloom, both shone with equal grace.
Hermes as yet had never wing'd his feet;
As yet Apollo in his radiant seat
Had never driv'n his chariot through the air,
Known by his bow alone and golden hair.
These Jove commission'd to attempt the fray,
And rule the sportive military day;
Bid them agree which party each maintains,
And promised a reward that's worth their pains.
The greater took their seats; on either hand
Respectful the less Gods in order stand,
But careful not to interrupt their play,
By hinting when t' advance or run away.

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Then they examine, who shall first proceed
To try their courage, and their army lead.
Chance gave it for the White that he should go
First with a brave defiance to the foe.
Awhile he ponder'd which of all his train
Should bear his first commission o'er the plain;
And then determined to begin the scene
With him that stood before to guard the Queen.
He took a double step: with instant care
Does the black Monarch in his turn prepare
The adverse champion, and with stern command
Bid him repel the charge with equal hand.
There front to front, the midst of all the field,
With furious threats their shining arms they wield;
Yet vain the conflict, neither can prevail
While in one path each other they assail.
On ev'ry side to their assistance fly
Their fellow-soldiers, and with strong supply
Crowd to the battle, but no bloody stain
Tinctures their armor; sportive in the plain
Mars plays awhile, and in excursion slight
Harmless they sally forth, or wait the fight.
But now the swarthy Foot, that first appear'd
To front the foe, his pond'rous jav'lin rear'd
Leftward aslant, and a pale warrior slays,
Spurns him aside, and boldly takes his place.
Unhappy youth, his danger not to spy!
Instant he fell, and triumph'd but to die.
At this the sable King with prudent care
Removed his station from the middle square,
And slow retiring to the farthest ground,
There safely lurk'd, with troops intrench'd around.
Then from each quarter to the war advance
The furious Knights, and poise the trembling lance:
By turns they rush, by turns the victors yield,
Heaps of dead Foot choke up the crimson'd field:
They fall unable to retreat; around
The clang of arms and iron hoofs resound.
But while young Phœbus pleased himself to view
His furious Knight destroy the vulgar crew,

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Sly Hermes long'd t' attempt with secret aim
Some noble act of more exalted fame.
For this, he inoffensive pass'd along
Through ranks of Foot, and midst the trembling throng
Sent his left Horse, that free without confine
Roved o'er the plain, upon some great design
Against the King himself. At length he stood,
And having fix'd his station as he would,
Threaten'd at once with instant fate the King
And th' Indian beast that guarded the right wing.
Apollo sigh'd, and hast'ning to relieve
The straiten'd Monarch, grieved that he must leave
His martial Elephant exposed to fate,
And view'd with pitying eyes his dang'rous state.
First in his thoughts, however, was his care
To save his King, whom to the neighboring square
On the right hand, he snatch'd with trembling flight;
At this with fury springs the sable Knight,
Drew his keen sword, and rising to the blow,
Sent the great Indian brute to shades below.
Oh fatal loss! for none except the Queen
Spreads such a terror through the bloody scene.
Yet shall you ne'er unpunish'd boast your prize,
The Delian God with stern resentment cries;
And wedged him round with Foot, and pour'd in fresh supplies.
Thus close besieged, trembling he cast his eye
Around the plain, but saw no shelter nigh,
No way for flight; for here the Queen opposed,
The Foot in phalanx there the passage closed:
At length he fell; yet not unpleased with fate,
Since victim to a Queen's vindictive hate.
With grief and fury burns the whiten'd host,
One of their Tow'rs thus immaturely lost.
As when a bull has in contention stern
Lost his right horn, with double vengeance burn
His thoughts for war, with blood he's cover'd o'er,
And the woods echo to his dismal roar,
So look'd the flaxen host, when angry fate
O'erturn'd the Indian bulwark of their state.

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Fired at this great success, with double rage
Apollo hurries on his troops t' engage,
For blood and havoc wild; and, while he leads
His troops thus careless, loses both his steeds:
For if some adverse warriors were o'erthrown,
He little thought what dangers threat his own.
But slyer Hermes with observant eyes
March'd slowly cautious, and at distance spies
What moves must next succeed, what dangers next arise.
Often would he, the stately Queen to snare,
The slender Foot to front her arms prepare,
And to conceal his scheme he sighs and feigns
Such a wrong step would frustrate all his pains.
Just then an Archer, from the right-hand view,
At the pale Queen his arrow boldly drew,
Unseen by Phœbus, who, with studious thought,
From the left side a vulgar hero brought.
But tender Venus, with a pitying eye,
Viewing the sad destruction that was nigh,
Wink'd upon Phœbus (for the Goddess sat
By chance directly opposite); at that
Roused in an instant, young Apollo threw
His eyes around the field his troops to view;
Perceived the danger, and with sudden fright
Withdrew the Foot that he had sent to fight,
And saved his trembling Queen by seasonable flight.
But Maia's son with shouts fill'd all the coast:
The Queen, he cried, the important Queen is lost.
Phœbus, howe'er, resolving to maintain
What he had done, bespoke the heavenly train.
  What mighty harm, in sportive mimic fight,
Is it to set a little blunder right,
When no preliminary rule debarr'd?
If you henceforward, Mercury, would guard
Against such practice, let us make the law:
And whosoe'er shall first to battle draw,
Or white, or black, remorseless let him go
At all events, and dare the angry foe.
  He said, and this opinion pleased around:
Jove turn'd aside, and on his daughter frown'd,

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Unmark'd by Hermes, who, with strange surprise,
Fretted and foam'd, and roll'd his ferret eyes,
And but with great reluctance could refrain
From dashing at a blow all off the plain.
Then he resolved to interweave deceits,—
To carry on the war by tricks and cheats.
Instant he call'd an Archer from the throng,
And bid him like the courser wheel along:
Bounding he springs, and threats the pallid Queen.
The fraud, however, was by Phœbus seen;
He smiled, and, turning to the Gods, he said:
Though, Hermes, you are perfect in your trade,
And you can trick and cheat to great surprise,
These little sleights no more shall blind my eyes;
Correct them, if you please, the more you thus disguise.
The circle laugh'd aloud; and Maia's son
(As if it had but by mistake been done)
Recall'd his Archer, and with motion due,
Bid him advance, the combat to renew.
But Phœbus watch'd him with a jealous eye,
Fearing some trick was ever lurking nigh,
For he would oft, with sudden sly design,
Send forth at once two combatants to join
His warring troops, against the law of arms,
Unless the wary foe was ever in alarms.
  Now the white Archer with his utmost force
Bent the tough bow against the sable Horse,
And drove him from the Queen, where he had stood
Hoping to glut his vengeance with her blood.
Then the right Elephant with martial pride
Roved here and there, and spread his terrors wide:
Glittering in arms from far a courser came,
Threaten'd at once the King and Royal Dame;
Thought himself safe when he the post had seized,
And with the future spoils his fancy pleased.
Fired at the danger a young Archer came,
Rush'd on the foe, and levell'd sure his aim
(And though a Pawn his sword in vengeance draws,
Gladly he'd lose his life in glory's cause).

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The whistling arrow to his bowels flew,
And the sharp steel his blood profusely drew;
He drops the reins, he totters to the ground,
And his life issued murm'ring through the wound.
Pierced by the Foot, this Archer bit the plain;
The Foot himself was by another slain;
And with inflamed revenge, the battle burns again.
Towers, Archers, Knights, meet on the crimson ground,
And the field echoes to the martial sound.
Their thoughts are heated, and their courage fired,
Thick they rush on with double zeal inspired;
Generals and Foot, with different color'd mien,
Confusedly warring in the camps are seen—
Valor and Fortune meet in one promiscuous scene.
Now these victorious, lord it o'er the field;
Now the foe rallies, the triumphant yield:
Just as the tide of battle ebbs or flows.
As when the conflict more tempestuous grows
Between the winds, with strong and boisterous sweep
They plough th' Ionian or Atlantic deep!
By turns prevails the mutual blustering roar,
And the big waves alternate lash the shore.
But in the midst of all the battle raged
The snowy Queen, with troops at once engaged;
She fell'd an Archer as she sought the plain,—
As she retired an Elephant was slain:
To right and left her fatal spears she sent,
Burst through the ranks, and triumph'd as she went;
Through arms and blood she seeks a glorious fate,
Pierces the farthest lines, and nobly great
Leads on her army with a gallant show,
Breaks the battalions, and cuts through the foe.
At length the sable King his fears betray'd,
And begg'd his military consort's aid:
With cheerful speed she flew to his relief,
And met in equal arms the female chief.
Who first, great Queen, and who at last did bleed?
How many Whites lay gasping on the mead?
Half dead, and floating in a bloody tide,
Foot, Knights, and Archer lie on every side.

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Who can recount the slaughter of the day?
How many leaders threw their lives away?
The checker'd plain is fill'd with dying box,
Havoc ensues, and with tumultuous shocks
The different color'd ranks in blood engage,
And Foot and Horse promiscuously rage.
With nobler courage and superior might
The dreadful Amazons sustain the fight,
Resolved alike to mix in glorious strife,
Till to imperious fate they yield their life.
  Meanwhile each Monarch, in a neighboring cell,
Confined the warriors that in battle fell,
There watch'd the captives with a jealous eye,
Lest, slipping out again, to arms they fly.
But Thracian Mars, in steadfast friendship join'd
To Hermes, as near Phœbus he reclined,
Observed each chance, how all their motions bend,
Resolved if possible to serve his friend.
He a Foot-soldier and a Knight purloin'd
Out from the prison that the dead confined;
And slyly push'd 'em forward on the plain;
Th' enliven'd combatants their arms regain,
Mix in the bloody scene, and boldly war again.
  So the foul hag, in screaming wild alarms
O'er a dead carcass muttering her charms
(And with her frequent and tremendous yell
Forcing great Hecate from out of hell),
Shoots in the corpse a new fictitious soul;
With instant glare the supple eyeballs roll,
Again it moves and speaks, and life informs the whole.
  Vulcan alone discern'd the subtle cheat;
And wisely scorning such a base deceit,
Call'd out to Phœbus. Grief and rage assail
Phœbus by turns; detected Mars turns pale.
Then awful Jove with sullen eye reproved
Mars, and the captives order'd to be moved
To their dark caves; bid each fictitious spear
Be straight recall'd, and all be as they were.
  And now both Monarchs with redoubled rage
Led on their Queens, the mutual war to wage.

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O'er all the field their thirsty spears they send,
Then front to front their Monarchs they defend.
But lo! the female White rush'd in unseen,
And slew with fatal haste the swarthy Queen;
Yet soon, alas! resign'd her royal spoils,
Snatch'd by a shaft from her successful toils.
Struck at the sight, both hosts in wild surprise
Pour'd forth their tears, and fill'd the air with cries;
They wept and sigh'd, as pass'd the fun'ral train,
As if both armies had at once been slain.

And now each troop surrounds its mourning chief,
To guard his person, or assuage his grief.
One is their common fear; one stormy blast
Has equally made havoc as it pass'd.
Not all, however, of their youth are slain;
Some champions yet the vig'rous war maintain.
Three Foot, an Archer, and a stately Tower,
For Phœbus still exert their utmost power.
Just the same number Mercury can boast,
Except the Tower, who lately in his post
Unarm'd inglorious fell, in peace profound,
Pierced by an Archer with a distant wound;
But his right Horse retain'd its mettled pride,—
The rest were swept away by war's strong tide.

But fretful Hermes, with despairing moan,
Grieved that so many champions were o'erthrown,
Yet reassumes the fight; and summons round
The little straggling army that he found,—
All that had 'scaped from fierce Apollo's rage,—
Resolved with greater caution to engage
In future strife, by subtle wiles (if fate
Should give him leave) to save his sinking state.
The sable troops advance with prudence slow,
Bent on all hazards to distress the foe.
More cheerful Phœbus, with unequal pace,
Rallies his arms to lessen his disgrace.
But what strange havoc everywhere has been!
A straggling champion here and there is seen;
And many are the tents, yet few are left within.

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Th' afflicted Kings bewail their consorts dead,
And loathe the thoughts of a deserted bed;
And though each monarch studies to improve
The tender mem'ry of his former love,
Their state requires a second nuptial tie.
Hence the pale ruler with a love-sick eye
Surveys th' attendants of his former wife,
And offers one of them a royal life.
These, when their martial mistress had been slain,
Weak and despairing tried their arms in vain;
Willing, howe'er, amidst the Black to go,
They thirst for speedy vengeance on the foe.
Then he resolves to see who merits best,
By strength and courage, the imperial vest;
Points out the foe, bids each with bold design
Pierce through the ranks, and reach the deepest line:
For none must hope with monarchs to repose
But who can first, through thick surrounding foes,
Through arms and wiles, with hazardous essay,
Safe to the farthest quarters force their way.
Fired at the thought, with sudden, joyful pace
They hurry on; but first of all the race
Runs the third right-hand warrior for the prize,—
The glitt'ring crown already charms her eyes.
Her dear associates cheerfully give o'er
The nuptial chase; and swift she flies before,
And Glory lent her wings, and the reward in store.
Nor would the sable King her hopes prevent,
For he himself was on a Queen intent,
Alternate, therefore, through the field they go.
Hermes led on, but by a step too slow,
His fourth left Pawn: and now th' advent'rous White
Had march'd through all, and gain'd the wish'd-for site.
Then the pleased King gives orders to prepare
The crown, the sceptre, and the royal chair,
And owns her for his Queen: around exult
The snowy troops, and o'er the Black insult.
Hermes burst into tears,—with fretful roar
Fill'd the wide air, and his gay vesture tore.

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The swarthy Foot had only to advance
One single step; but oh! malignant chance!
A tower'd Elephant, with fatal aim,
Stood ready to destroy her when she came:
He keeps a watchful eye upon the whole,
Threatens her entrance, and protects the goal.
Meanwhile the royal new-created bride,
Pleased with her pomp, spread death and terror wide;
Like lightning through the sable troops she flies,
Clashes her arms, and seems to threat the skies.
The sable troops are sunk in wild affright,
And wish th' earth op'ning snatch'd 'em from her sight.
In burst the Queen, with vast impetuous swing
The trembling foes come swarming round the King,
Where in the midst he stood, and form a valiant ring.
So the poor cows, straggling o'er pasture land,
When they perceive the prowling wolf at hand,
Crowd close together in a circle full,
And beg the succor of the lordly bull;
They clash their horns, they low with dreadful sound,
And the remotest groves re-echo round.
But the bold Queen, victorious, from behind
Pierces the foe; yet chiefly she design'd
Against the King himself some fatal aim,
And full of war to his pavilion came.
Now here she rush'd, now there; and had she been
But duly prudent, she had slipp'd between,
With course oblique, into the fourth white square,
And the long toil of war had ended there,
The King had fallen, and all his sable state;
And vanquish'd Hermes cursed his partial fate.
For thence with ease the championess might go,
Murder the King, and none could ward the blow.
With silence, Hermes, and with panting heart,
Perceived the danger, but with subtle art
(Lest he should see the place) spurs on the foe,
Confounds his thoughts, and blames his being slow.
For shame! move on; would you forever stay?
What sloth is this, what strange perverse delay?—

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How could you e'er my little pausing blame?—
What! you would wait till night shall end the game?
Phœbus, thus nettled, with imprudence slew
A vulgar Pawn, but lost his nobler view.
Young Hermes leap'd, with sudden joy elate;
And then, to save the monarch from his fate,
Led on his martial Knight, who stepp'd between,
Pleased that his charge was to oppose the Queen—
Then, pondering how the Indian beast to slay,
That stopp'd the Foot from making farther way,—
From being made a Queen; with slanting aim
An Archer struck him; down the monster came,
And dying shook the earth: while Phœbus tries
Without success the monarch to surprise.
The Foot, then uncontroll'd with instant pride,
Seized the last spot, and moved a royal bride.
And now with equal strength both war again,
And bring their second wives upon the plain;
Then, though with equal views each hoped and fear'd,
Yet, as if every doubt had disappear'd,
As if he had the palm, young Hermes flies
Into excess of joy; with deep disguise,
Extols his own Black troops, with frequent spite
And with invective taunts disdains the White.
Whom Phœbus thus reproved with quick return—
As yet we cannot the decision learn
Of this dispute, and do you triumph now?
Then your big words and vauntings I'll allow,
When you the battle shall completely gain;
At present I shall make your boasting vain.
He said, and forward led the daring Queen;
Instant the fury of the bloody scene
Rises tumultuous, swift the warriors fly
From either side to conquer or to die.
They front the storm of war: around 'em Fear,
Terror, and Death, perpetually appear.
All meet in arms, and man to man oppose,
Each from their camp attempts to drive their foes;
Each tries by turns to force the hostile lines;
Chance and impatience blast their best designs.

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The sable Queen spread terror as she went
Through the mid ranks: with more reserved intent
The adverse dame declined the open fray,
And to the King in private stole away:
Then took the royal guard, and bursting in,
With fatal menace close besieged the King.
Alarm'd at this, the swarthy Queen, in haste,
From all her havoc and destructive waste
Broke off, and her contempt of death to show,
Leap'd in between the monarch and the foe,
To save the King and state from this impending blow.
But Phœbus met a worse misfortune here:
For Hermes now led forward, void of fear,
His furious Horse into the open plain,
That onward chafed, and pranced, and pawed amain.
Nor ceased from his attempts until he stood
On the long-wished-for spot, from whence he could
Slay King or Queen. O'erwhelm'd with sudden fears,
Apollo saw, and could not keep from tears.
Now all seem'd ready to be overthrown;
His strength was wither'd, ev'ry hope was flown.
Hermes, exulting at this great surprise,
Shouted for joy, and fill'd the air with cries;
Instant he sent the Queen to shades below,
And of her spoils made a triumphant show.
But in return, and in his mid career,
Fell his brave Knight, beneath the Monarch's spear.
Phœbus, however, did not yet despair,
But still fought on with courage and with care.
He had but two poor common men to show,
And Mars's favorite with his iv'ry bow.
The thoughts of ruin made 'em dare their best
To save their King, so fatally distress'd.
But the sad hour required not such an aid;
And Hermes breathed revenge where'er he stray'd.
Fierce comes the sable Queen with fatal threat,
Surrounds the monarch in his royal seat;
Rush'd here and there, nor rested till she slew
The last remainder of the whiten'd crew.

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Sole stood the King, the midst of all the plain,
Weak and defenceless, his companions slain.
As when the ruddy morn ascending high
Has chased the twinkling stars from all the sky,
Your star, fair Venus, still retains its light,
And loveliest, goes the latest out of sight.
No safety's left, no gleams of hope remain:
Yet did he not as vanquish'd quit the plain,
But tried to shut himself between the foe,—
Unhurt through swords and spears he hoped to go,
Until no room was left to shun the fatal blow.
For if none threaten'd his immediate fate,
And his next move must ruin all his state,
All their past toil and labor is in vain,
Vain all the bloody carnage of the plain,—
Neither would triumph then, the laurel neither gain.
Therefore, through each void space and desert tent,
By different moves his various course he bent:
The Black King watch'd him with observant eye,
Follow'd him close, but left him room to fly.
Then when he saw him take the farthest line,
He sent the Queen his motions to confine,
And guard the second rank, that he could go
No farther now than to that distant row.
The sable monarch then with cheerful mien
Approach'd, but always with one space between.
But as the King stood o'er against him there,
Helpless, forlorn, and sunk in his despair,
The martial Queen her lucky moment knew,
Seized on the farthest seat with fatal view,
Nor left th' unhappy King a place to flee unto.
At length in vengeance her keen sword she draws,
Slew him, and ended thus the bloody cause:
And all the gods around approved it with applause.
The victor could not from his insults keep,
But laugh'd and sneer'd to see Apollo weep.
Jove call'd him near, and gave him in his hand
The powerful, happy, and mysterious wand
By which the Shades are call'd to purer day,
When penal fire has purged their sins away;

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By which the guilty are condemn'd to dwell
In the dark mansions of the deepest hell;
By which he gives us sleep, or sleep denies,
And closes at the last the dying eyes.
Soon after this, the heavenly victor brought
The game on earth, and first th' Italians taught.
  For (as they say) fair Scacchis he espied
Feeding her cygnets in the silver tide
(Scacchis, the loveliest Seriad of the place),
And as she stray'd took her to his embrace.
Then, to reward her for her virtue lost,
Gave her the men and chequer'd board, emboss'd
With gold and silver curiously inlay'd;
And taught her how the game was to be play'd.
Ev'n now 'tis honor'd with her happy name;
And Rome and all the world admire the game.
All which the Seriads told me heretofore,
When my boy-notes amused the Serian shore.

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LETTERS.

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"When I taxed little Goldsmith for not writing, as he promised me, his answer was, that he never wrote a letter in his life; and 'faith I believe him, unless to a bookseller for money."*—*Dr. Grainger to Percy*, March 24, 1764.

* Nichols's "Illustrations," vol. vii. p. 266.

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GOLDSMITH'S LETTERS.

I.[1]—TO MRS. ANNE GOLDSMITH,

BALLYMAHON.

[1751?]

My dear Mother,—If you will sit down and calmly listen to what I say, you shall be fully resolved in every one of those many questions you have asked me. I went to Cork, and converted my horse, which you prize so much higher than Fiddleback, into cash, took my passage in a ship bound for America, and at the same time paid the captain for my freight and all the other expenses of my voyage. But it so happened that the wind did not answer for three weeks; and you know, mother, that I could not command the elements. My misfortune was that, when the wind served, I happened to be with a party in the country, and my friend the captain never inquired after me, but set sail with as much indifference as if I had been on board. The remainder of my time I employed in the city and its environs, viewing everything curious; and you know no one can starve while he has money in his pocket.

Reduced, however, to my last two guineas, I began to think of my dear mother and friends whom I had left behind me, and so bought that generous beast Fiddleback, and made adieu to Cork with only five shillings in my pocket. This, to be sure, was but a scanty allowance for man and horse towards a journey of above a hundred miles; but I did not despair, for I knew I must find friends on the road.

I recollected particularly an old and faithful acquaintance I made at college, who had often and earnestly pressed me to spend a summer with him, and he lived but eight miles from Cork. This circumstance of vicinity he would expatiate on to me with peculiar empha-

[1] First printed in the "Miscellaneous Works" of Oliver Goldsmith, four vols., 8vo, 1801.—Vol. i. p. 1.

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sis. "We shall," says he, "enjoy the delights of both city and country, and you shall command my stable and my purse."

However, upon the way I met a poor woman all in tears, who told me her husband had been arrested for a debt he was not able to pay, and that his eight children must now starve, bereaved as they were of his industry, which had been their only support. I thought myself at home, being not far from my good friend's house, and therefore parted with a moiety of all my store; and pray, mother, ought I not to have given her the other half-crown, for what she got would be of little use to her? However, I soon arrived at the mansion of my affectionate friend, guarded by the vigilance of a huge mastiff, who flew at me, and would have torn me to pieces but for the assistance of a woman whose countenance was not less grim than that of the dog; yet she with great humanity relieved me from the jaws of this Cerberus, and was prevailed on to carry up my name to her master.

Without suffering me to wait long, my old friend, who was then recovering from a severe fit of sickness, came down in his night-cap, night-gown, and slippers, and embraced me with the most cordial welcome, showed me in, and, after giving me a history of his indisposition, assured me that he considered himself peculiarly fortunate in having under his roof the man he most loved on earth, and whose stay with him must, above all things, contribute to his perfect recovery. I now repented sorely I had not given the poor woman the other half-crown, as I thought all my bills of humanity would be punctually answered by this worthy man. I revealed to him my whole soul; I opened to him all my distresses, and freely owned that I had but one half-crown in my pocket; but that now, like a ship after weathering out the storm, I considered myself secure in a safe and hospitable harbor. He made no answer, but walked about the room rubbing his hands as one in deep study. This I imputed to the sympathetic feelings of a tender heart, which increased my esteem for him, and, as that increased, I gave the most favorable interpretation to his silence. I construed it into delicacy of sentiment, as if he dreaded to wound my pride by expressing his commiseration in words, leaving his generous conduct to speak for itself.

It now approached six o'clock in the evening, and as I had eaten no breakfast, and as my spirits were raised, my appetite for dinner grew uncommonly keen. At length the old woman came into the room with two plates, one spoon, and a dirty cloth which she laid upon the table. This appearance, without increasing my spirits, did

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not diminish my appetite. My protectress soon returned with a small bowl of sago, a small porringer of sour milk, a loaf of stale brown bread, and the heel of an old cheese all over crawling with mites. My friend apologized that his illness obliged him to live on slops, and that better fare was not in the house, observing, at the same time, that a milk diet was certainly the most healthful; and at eight o'clock he again recommended a regular life, declaring that for his part he would *lie down with the lamb and rise with the lark.* My hunger was at this time so exceedingly sharp that I wished for another slice of the loaf, but was obliged to go to bed without even that refreshment.

This lenten entertainment I had received made me resolve to depart as soon as possible; accordingly, next morning, when I spoke of going, he did not oppose my resolution; he rather commended my design, adding some very sage counsel upon the occasion. "To be sure," said he, "the longer you stay away from your mother the more you will grieve her and your other friends; and possibly they are already afflicted at hearing of this foolish expedition you have made." Notwithstanding all this, and without any hope of softening such a sordid heart, I again renewed the tale of my distress, and asking "how he thought I could travel above a hundred miles upon one half-crown?" I begged to borrow a single guinea, which I assured him should be repaid, with thanks. "And you know, sir," said I, "it is no more than I have often done for you." To which he firmly answered, "Why, look you, Mr. Goldsmith, that is neither here nor there. I have paid you all you ever lent me, and this sickness of mine has left me bare of cash. But I have bethought myself of a conveyance for you; sell your horse, and I will furnish you with a much better one to ride on." I readily grasped at his proposal, and begged to see the nag; on which he led me to his bedchamber, and from under the bed he pulled out a stout oak stick. "Here he is," said he; "take this in your hand, and it will carry you to your mother's with more safety than such a horse as you ride." I was in doubt, when I got it into my hand, whether I should not, in the first place, apply it to his pate; but a rap at the street-door made the wretch fly to it, and when I returned to the parlor he introduced me, as if nothing of the kind had happened, to the gentleman who entered, as Mr. Goldsmith, his most ingenious and worthy friend, of whom he had so often heard him speak with rapture. I could scarcely compose myself; and must have betrayed indignation in my mien to the stranger,

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who was a counsellor at law in the neighborhood, a man of engaging aspect and polite address.

After spending an hour he asked my friend and me to dine with him at his house. This I declined at first, as I wished to have no farther communication with my hospitable friend; but at the solicitation of both I at last consented, determined as I was by two motives: one, that I was prejudiced in favor of the looks and manner of the counsellor; and the other, that I stood in need of a comfortable dinner. And there indeed I found everything that I could wish, abundance without profusion, and elegance without affectation. In the evening, when my old friend, who had eaten very plentifully at his neighbor's table, but talked again of lying down with the lamb, made a motion to me for retiring, our generous host requested I should take a bed with him, upon which I plainly told my old friend that he might go home and take care of the horse he had given me, but that I should never re-enter his doors. He went away with a laugh, leaving me to add this to the other little things the counsellor already knew of his plausible neighbor.

And now, my dear mother, I found sufficient to reconcile me to all my follies; for here I spent three whole days. The counsellor had two sweet girls to his daughters, who played enchantingly on the harpsichord; and yet it was but a melancholy pleasure I felt the first time I heard them; for that being the first time also that either of them had touched the instrument since their mother's death, I saw the tears in silence trickle down their father's cheeks. I every day endeavored to go away, but every day was pressed and obliged to stay. On my going the counsellor offered me his purse, with a horse and servant to convey me home; but the latter I declined, and only took a guinea to bear my necessary expenses on the road.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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II.[1]—TO ROBERT BRYANTON, ESQ.,

BALLYMAHON, IRELAND.

Edinburgh, Sept. 26, 1753.

My dear Bob,—How many good excuses (and you know I was ever good at an excuse) might I call up to vindicate my past shameful silence! I might tell how I wrote a long letter on my first coming hither, and seem vastly angry at my not receiving an answer: I might allege that business (with business you know I was always pestered) had never given me time to finger a pen;—but I suppress these and twenty more equally plausible, and as easily invented, since they might be attended with a slight inconvenience of being known to be lies. Let me then speak truth: an hereditary indolence (I have it from the mother's side) has hitherto prevented my writing to you, and still prevents my writing at least twenty-five letters more, due to my friends in Ireland. No turnspit dog gets up into his wheel with more reluctance than I sit down to write: yet no dog ever loved the roast meat he turns better than I do him I now address. Yet what shall I say now I'm entered? Shall I tire you with a description of this unfruitful country, where I must lead you over their hills all brown with heath, or their valleys scarce able to feed a rabbit? Man alone seems to be the only creature who has arrived to the natural size in this poor soil. Every part of the country presents the same dismal landscape. No grove nor brook lend their music to cheer the stranger, or make the inhabitants forget their poverty: yet with all these disadvantages, enough to call him down to humility, a Scotchman is one of the proudest things alive. The poor have pride ever ready to relieve them: if mankind should happen to despise them, they are masters of their own admiration; and *that* they can plentifully bestow upon themselves.

From their pride and poverty, as I take it, results one advantage this country enjoys, namely, the gentlemen here are much better bred than amongst us. No such characters here as our fox-hunters; and

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[1] First printed in the "Miscellaneous Works," 1801, vol. i. p. 22.

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they have expressed great surprise when I informed them that some men in Ireland of £1000 a year spend their whole lives in running after a hare, drinking to be drunk, and getting every girl that will let them with child; and truly, if such a being, equipped in his hunting dress, came among a circle of Scotch gentry, they would behold him with the same astonishment that a countryman would King George on horseback.

The men here have generally high cheek-bones, and are lean and swarthy, fond of action, dancing in particular. Though, now I mention dancing, let me say something of their balls, which are very frequent here. When a stranger enters the dancing-hall he sees one end of the room taken up with the ladies, who sit dismally in a group by themselves. On the other end stand their pensive partners that are to be: but no more intercourse between the sexes than there is between two countries at war; the ladies, indeed, may ogle, and the gentlemen sigh, but an embargo is laid on any closer commerce. At length, to interrupt hostilities, the lady directress or intendant, or what you will, pitches on a gentleman and lady to walk a minuet; which they perform with a formality that approaches to despondence. After five or six couple have thus walked the gauntlet, all stand up to country dances; each gentleman furnished with a partner from the aforesaid lady directress; so they dance much and say nothing, and thus concludes our assembly. I told a Scotch gentleman that such profound silence resembled the ancient procession of the Roman matrons in honor of Ceres; and the Scotch gentleman told me (and faith I believe he was right) that I was a very great pedant for my pains.

Now I am come to the ladies, and to show that I love Scotland, and everything that belongs to so charming a country, I insist on it, and will give him leave to break my head that denies it, that the Scotch ladies are ten thousand times handsomer and finer than the Irish. To be sure now I see your sisters Betty and Peggy vastly surprised at my partiality, but tell them flatly I don't value them, or their fine skins, or eyes, or good sense, or —— a potato; for I say it, and will maintain it, and as a convincing proof (I'm in a very great passion) of what I assert, the Scotch ladies say it themselves. But, to be less serious: where will you find a language so pretty become a pretty mouth as the broad Scotch? and the women here speak it in its highest purity; for instance, teach one of their young ladies to pronounce "Whoar wull I gong?" with a becoming wideness of mouth, and I'll lay my life they will wound every hearer.

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We have no such character here as a coquette; but, alas! how many envious prudes! Some days ago I walked into my Lord Kilcoubry's (don't be surprised, my lord is but a glover), when the Duchess of Hamilton[1] (that fair who sacrificed her beauty to ambition, and her inward peace to a title and gilt equipage) passed by in her chariot; her battered husband, or more properly the guardian of her charms, sat by her side. Straight envy began, in the shape of no less than three ladies who sat with me, to find faults in her faultless form. "For my part," says the first, "I think, what I always thought, that the Duchess has too much red in her complexion." "Madam, I'm of your opinion," says the second; "I think her face has a palish cast too much on the delicate order." "And let me tell you," adds the third lady, whose mouth was puckered up to the size of an issue, "that the Duchess has fine lips, but she wants a mouth." At this every lady drew up her mouth as if going to pronounce the letter P.

But how ill, my Bob, does it become me to ridicule women with whom I have scarce any correspondence! There are, 'tis certain, handsome women here; and 'tis as certain there are handsome men to keep them company. An ugly and a poor man is society for himself; and such society the world lets me enjoy in great abundance. Fortune has given you circumstances, and nature a person to look charming in the eyes of the fair world. Nor do I envy my dear Bob such blessings while I may sit down and laugh at the world, and at myself, the most ridiculous object in it.—But I begin to grow splenetic; and perhaps the fit may continue till I receive an answer to this. I know you can't send news from B[ally]mahon, but such as it is send it all; everything you write will be agreeable and entertaining to me. Has George Conway put up a sign yet; or John Finecly[2] left off drinking drams; or Tom Allen got a new wig? But I leave to your own choice what to write.—While Oliver Goldsmith lives, know you have a friend.

P.S.—Give my sincere regards (not compliments, do you mind) to your agreeable family, and give my service to my mother if you see her; for, as you express it in Ireland, I have a sneaking kindness for her still.

Direct to me, ——, Student in Physic, in Edinburgh.

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[1] The beautiful Elizabeth Gunning.

[2] Mr. Prior prints the name as John Binely, vol. i. p. 145.

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III.—TO THE REV. THOMAS CONTARINE.[1]

May 8, 1753.

My dear Uncle,—In your letter (the only one I received from Kilmore) you call me the philosopher who carries all his goods about him. Yet how can such a character fit me, who have left behind in Ireland everything I think worth possessing; friends that I loved, and a society that pleased while it instructed? Who but must regret the loss of such enjoyments? Who but must regret his absence from Kilmore, that ever knew it as I did? Here, as recluse as the Turkish Spy at Paris, I am almost unknown to everybody, except some few who attend the professors of physic as I do.

Apropos, I shall give you the professors' names, and, as far as occurs to me, their characters; and first, as most deserving, Mr. Munro, professor of anatomy: this man has brought the science he teaches to as much perfection as it is capable of; and not content with barely teaching anatomy, he launches out into all the branches of physic, when all his remarks are new and useful. 'Tis he, I may venture to say, that draws hither such a number of students from most parts of the world, even from Russia. He is not only a skilful physician but an able orator, and delivers things in their nature obscure in so easy a manner that the most unlearned may understand him. Plume, professor of chemistry, understands his business well, but delivers himself so ill that he is but little regarded. Alston, professor of materia medica, speaks much, but little to the purpose. The professors of theory and practice (of physic) say nothing but what we may find in books laid before us; and speak that in so drowsy and heavy a manner, that their hearers are not many degrees in a better state than their patients.

You see, then, dear sir, that Munro is the only great man among them; so that I intend to hear him another winter, and go then to hear Albinus, the great professor at Leyden. I read (with satisfaction) a science the most pleasing in nature, so that my labors are but a relaxation, and, I may truly say, the only thing here that gives

[1] First printed in Prior's "Life of Goldsmith," vol. i. p. 145.

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me pleasure. How I enjoy the pleasing hope of returning with skill, and to find my friends stand in no need of my assistance! How many happy years do I wish you! and nothing but want of health can take from you happiness, since you so well pursue the paths that conduct to virtue. I am, my dear uncle, your most obliged, most affectionate nephew, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

P. S.—I draw this time for £6, and will draw next October but for £4, as I was obliged to buy everything since I came to Scotland, shirts not even excepted. I am a little more early the first year than I shall be for the future, for I absolutely will not trouble you before the time hereafter.

My best love attend Mr. and Mrs. Lawder, and Heaven preserve them! I am again your dutiful nephew, O. G.

I have been a month in the Highlands. I set out the first day on foot, but an ill-natured corn I have got on my toe has for the future prevented that cheap method of travelling; so the second day I hired a horse of about the size of a ram, and he walked away (trot he could not) as pensive as his master. In three days we reached the Highlands. This letter would be too long if it contained the description I intend giving of that country, so shall make it the subject of my next.

IV.—TO THE REV. THOMAS CONTARINE.[1]

[Close of 1753.]

MY DEAR UNCLE,—After having spent two winters in Edinburgh, I now prepare to go to France the 10th of next February. I have seen all that this country can exhibit in the medical way, and therefore intend to visit Paris, where the great Mr. Farhein, Petit, and Du Hammel de Monceau instruct their pupils in all the branches of medicine. They speak French, and consequently I shall have much the advantage of most of my countrymen, as I am perfectly acquainted with that language, and few who leave Ireland are so.

Since I am upon so pleasing a topic as self-applause, give me leave to say that the circle of science which I have run through, before I undertook the study of physic, is not only useful but absolutely necessary to the making a skilful physician. Such sciences enlarge our

[1] First printed in the "Miscellaneous Works," 1801, vol. i. p. 27.

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understanding, and sharpen our sagacity; and what is a practitioner without both but an empiric, for never yet was a disorder found entirely the same in two patients? A quack, unable to distinguish the particularities in each disease, prescribes at a venture; if he finds such a disorder may be called by the general name of fever, for instance, he has a set of remedies which he applies to cure it, nor does he desist till his medicines are run out, or his patient has lost his life. But the skilful physician distinguishes the symptoms, manures the sterility of nature, or prunes her luxuriance; nor does he depend so much on the efficacy of medicines as on their proper application. I shall spend this spring and summer in Paris, and the beginning of next winter go to Leyden. The great Albinus is still alive there, and 'twill be proper to go, though only to have it said that we have studied in so famous an university.

As I shall not have another opportunity of receiving money from your bounty till my return to Ireland, so I have drawn for the last sum that I hope I shall ever trouble you for; 'tis £20. And now, dear sir, let me here acknowledge the humility of the station in which you found me; let me tell how I was despised by most, and hateful to myself. Poverty, hopeless poverty, was my lot, and Melancholy was beginning to make me her own. When you—but I stop here, to inquire how your health goes on. How does my dear cousin Jenny, and has she recovered her late complaint? How does my poor Jack Goldsmith? I fear his disorder is of such a nature as he won't easily recover. I wish, my dear sir, you would make me happy by another letter before I go abroad, for there I shall hardly hear from you. I shall carry just £33 to France, with good store of clothes, shirts, etc., etc., and that with economy will serve.

I have spent more than a fortnight every second day at the Duke of Hamilton's, but it seems they like me more as a *jester* than as a companion; so I disdained so servile an employment; 'twas unworthy my calling as a physician.

I have nothing new to add from this country; and I beg, dear sir, you will excuse this letter, so filled with egotism. I wish you may be revenged on me by sending an answer filled with nothing but an account of yourself. I am, dear uncle, your most devoted,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Give my—how shall I express it? Give my earnest love to Mr and Mrs. Lawder.

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Duke of Hamilton

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V.—TO THE REV. THOMAS CONTARINE.[1]

Leyden, April or May, 1754.

Dear Sir,—I suppose by this time I am accused of either neglect or ingratitude, and my silence imputed to my usual slowness of writing. But believe me, sir, when I say that till now I had not an opportunity of sitting down with that ease of mind which writing required. You may see by the top of the letter that I am at Leyden; but of my journey hither you must be informed. Some time after the receipt of your last I embarked for Bordeaux on board a Scotch ship called the *St. Andrew's*, Capt. John Wall, master. The ship made a tolerable appearance, and, as another inducement, I was let to know that six agreeable passengers were to be my company. Well, we were but two days at sea when a storm drove us into a city of England called Newcastle-upon-Tyne. We all went ashore to refresh us after the fatigue of our voyage. Seven men and I were one day on shore, and on the following evening, as we were all very merry, the room door bursts open, enters a sergeant and twelve grenadiers, with their bayonets screwed, and puts us all under the King's arrest. It seems my company were Scotchmen in the French service, and had been in Scotland to enlist soldiers for the French army. I endeavored all I could to prove my innocence; however, I remained in prison with the rest a fortnight, and with difficulty got off even then. Dear sir, keep this all a secret, or at least say it was for debt; for if it were once known at the university I should hardly get a degree. But hear how Providence interposed in my favor: the ship was gone on to Bordeaux before I got from prison, and was wrecked at the mouth of the Garonne, and every one of the crew were drowned. It happened the last great storm. There was a ship at that time ready for Holland: I embarked, and in nine days, thank my God, I arrived safe at Rotterdam; whence I travelled by land to Leyden; and whence I now write.

You may expect some account of this country, and though I am not well qualified for such an undertaking, yet shall I endeavor to satisfy some part of your expectations. Nothing surprised me more

[1] First printed in Prior's "Life," vol. i. p. 159.

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than the books every day published, descriptive of the manners of this country. Any young man who takes it into his head to publish his travels visits the countries he intends to describe; passes through them with as much inattention as his valet de chambre; and consequently, not having a fund himself to fill a volume, he applies to those who wrote before him, and gives us the manners of a country, not as he must have seen them, but such as they might have been fifty years before. The modern Dutchman is quite a different creature from him of former times: he in everything imitates a Frenchman, but in his easy, disengaged air, which is the result of keeping polite company. The Dutchman is vastly ceremonious, and is perhaps exactly what a Frenchman might have been in the reign of Louis XIV. Such are the better bred. But the downright Hollander is one of the oddest figures in nature: upon a head of lank hair he wears a half-cocked, narrow hat laced with black ribbon; no coat, but seven waistcoats, and nine pairs of breeches; so that his hips reach almost up to his armpits. This well-clothed vegetable is now fit to see company or make love. But what a pleasing creature is the object of his appetite? Why, she wears a large fur cap, with a deal of Flanders lace; and for every pair of breeches he carries, she puts on two petticoats.

A Dutch lady burns nothing about her phlegmatic admirer but his tobacco. You must know, sir, every woman carries in her hand a stove with coals in it, which, when she sits, she snugs under her petticoats; and at this chimney dozing Strephon lights his pipe. I take it that this continual smoking is what gives the man the ruddy, healthful complexion he generally wears, by draining his superfluous moisture, while the woman, deprived of this amusement, overflows with such viscidities as tint the complexion, and give that paleness of visage which low, fenny grounds and moist air conspire to cause. A Dutch woman and Scotch will well bear an opposition. The one is pale and fat, the other lean and ruddy; the one walks as if she were straddling after a go-cart, and the other takes too masculine a stride. I shall not endeavor to deprive either country of its share of beauty; but must say, that of all objects on this earth an English farmer's daughter is most charming. Every woman there is a complete beauty, while the higher class of women want many of the requisites to make them even tolerable. Their pleasures here are very dull though very various. You may smoke, you may doze, you may go to the Italian comedy, as good an amusement as either of the former. This entertainment always brings in Harlequin, who is generally a magician, and in con-

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sequence of his diabolical art performs a thousand tricks on the rest of the persons of the drama, who are all fools. I have seen the pit in a roar of laughter at this humor when with his sword he touches the glass from which another was drinking. 'Twas not his face they laughed at, for that was masked. They must have seen something vastly queer in the wooden sword that neither I nor you, sir, were you there, could see.

In winter, when their canals are frozen, every house is forsaken, and all people are on the ice; sleds drawn by horses, and skating, are at that time the reigning amusements. They have boats here that slide on the ice, and are driven by the winds. When they spread all their sails they go more than a mile and a half a minute, and their motion is so rapid the eye can scarcely accompany them. Their ordinary manner of travelling is very cheap and very convenient: they sail in covered boats drawn by horses; and in these you are sure to meet people of all nations. Here the Dutch slumber, the French chatter, and the English play at cards. Any man who likes company may have them to his taste. For my part I generally detached myself from all society, and was wholly taken up in observing the face of the country. Nothing can equal its beauty; wherever I turn my eye fine houses, elegant gardens, statues, grottos, vistas, presented themselves; but when you enter their towns you are charmed beyond description. No misery is to be seen here; every one is usefully employed.

Scotland and this country bear the highest contrast. There hills and rocks intercept every prospect: here 'tis all a continued plain. There you might see a well-dressed duchess issuing from a dirty close; and here a dirty Dutchman inhabiting a palace. The Scotch may be compared to a tulip planted in dung; but I never see a Dutchman in his own house but I think of a magnificent Egyptian temple dedicated to an ox. Physic is by no means here taught so well as in Edinburgh; and in all Leyden there are but four British students, owing to all necessaries being so extremely dear and the professors so very lazy (the chemical professor excepted) that we don't much care to come hither. I am not certain how long my stay here may be; however, I expect to have the happiness of seeing you at Kilmore, if I can, next March.

Direct to me, if I am honored with a letter from you, to Madame Diallion's, at Leyden.

Thou best of men, may Heaven guard and preserve you, and those you love. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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VI.—TO DANIEL HODSON, ESQ.,

AT LISHOY, NEAR BALLYMAHON, IRELAND.[1]

Dear Sir,—It may be four years since my last letters went to Ireland—to you in particular. I received no answer, probably because you never wrote to me. My brother Charles, however, informs me of the fatigue you were at in soliciting a subscription to assist me, not only among my friends and relatives, but acquaintance in general. Though my pride might feel some repugnance at being thus relieved, yet my gratitude can feel no diminution. How much obliged am I to you, to them, for such generosity or (why should not your virtues have their proper name?) for such charity to me at that juncture! Sure I am born to ill-fortune, to be so much a debtor and unable to repay. But to say no more of this: too many professions of gratitude are often considered as indirect petitions for future favors. Let me only add that my not receiving that supply was the cause of my present establishment at London. You may easily imagine what difficulties I had to encounter, left as I was without friends, recommendations, money, or impudence; and that in a country where being born an Irishman was sufficient to keep me unemployed. Many in such circumstances would have had recourse to the friar's cord or the suicide's halter. But with all my follies I had principle to resist the one, and resolution to combat the other.

I suppose you desire to know my present situation. As there is nothing in it at which I should blush, or which mankind could censure, I see no reason for making it a secret. In short, by a very little practice as a physician, and a very little reputation as a poet, I make a shift to live. Nothing is more apt to introduce us to the gates of the Muses than poverty; but it were well if they only left us at the door. The mischief is, they sometimes choose to give us their company at the entertainment; and want, instead of being gentleman-usher, often turns master of the ceremonies.

Thus, upon learning I write, no doubt you imagine I starve; and the name of an author naturally reminds you of a garret. In this

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[1] First printed in the "Miscellaneous Works," 1801, vol. i. p. 40.

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particular I do not think proper to undeceive my friends. But, whether I eat or starve, live in a first-floor or four pair of stairs high, I still remember them with ardor; nay, my very country comes in for a share of my affection. Unaccountable fondness for country—this *maladie du pais*, as the French call it! Unaccountable that he should still have an affection for a place who never, when in it, received above common civility; who never brought anything out of it except his brogue and his blunders. Surely my affection is equally ridiculous with the Scotchman's, who refused to be cured of the itch, because it made him unco' thoughtful of his wife and bonny Inverary.

But now to be serious—let me ask myself what gives me a wish to see Ireland again? The country is a fine one, perhaps? No. There are good company in Ireland? No. The conversation there is generally made up of a smutty toast or a bawdy song; the vivacity supported by some humble cousin, who has just folly enough to earn his dinner. Then perhaps there's more wit and learning among the Irish? Oh lord, no! There has been more money spent in the encouragement of the Padareen mare[1] there one season than given in rewards to learned men since the times of Usher. All their productions in learning amount to perhaps a translation or a few tracts in divinity, and all their productions in wit just to nothing at all. Why the plague, then, so fond of Ireland? Then, all at once, because you, my dear friend, and a few more who are exceptions to the general picture, have a residence there. This it is that gives me all the pangs I feel in separation. I confess I carry this spirit sometimes to the souring the pleasures I at present possess. If I go to the Opera, where Signora Columba pours out all the mazes of melody, I sit and sigh for Lishoy's fireside and Johnny Armstrong's "Last Good-night," from Peggy Golden.[2] If I climb Hampstead Hill, than where nature never exhibited a more maguificent prospect, I confess it fine; but then I had rather be placed on the little mount before Lishoy gate, and there take in—to me—the most pleasing horizon in nature.

Before Charles came hither my thoughts sometimes found refuge from severer studies among my friends in Ireland. I fancied strange revolutions at home; but I find it was the rapidity of my own motion that gave an imaginary one to objects really at rest.[3] No alterations there. Some friends, he tells me, are still lean, but very rich; others very fat, but still very poor. Nay, all the news I hear of you is, that

[1] See Vol. III. p. 110. [2] See Vol. V. p. 37. [3] Compare Vol. IV. p. 67.

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you sally out in visits among the neighbors, and sometimes make a migration from the blue bed to the brown. I could from my heart wish that you and she (Mrs. Hodson), and Lishoy, and Ballymahon, and all of you, would fairly make a migration into Middlesex: though, upon second thoughts, this might be attended with a few inconveniences. Therefore, as the mountain will not come to Mohammed, why, Mohammed shall go to the mountain; or, to speak plain English, as you cannot conveniently pay me a visit, if next summer I can contrive to be absent six weeks from London, I shall spend three of them among my friends in Ireland. But first, believe me, my design is purely to visit, and neither to cut a figure nor levy contributions—neither to excite envy nor solicit favor; in fact, my circumstances are adapted to neither. I am too poor to be gazed at, and too rich to need assistance.

You see, dear Dan, how long I have been talking about myself, but attribute my vanity to affection; as every man is fond of himself, and I consider you as a second self, I imagine you will consequently be pleased with these instances of egotism. . . .

My dear sir, these things give me real uneasiness, and I could wish to redress them. But at present there is hardly a kingdom in Europe in which I am not a debtor. I have already discharged my most threatening and pressing demands, for we must be just before we can be grateful. For the rest, I need not say (you know I am), your affectionate kinsman, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Temple Exchange Coffee-house, near Temple Bar
(Where you may direct an answer).
December 27, 1757.

VII.—TO EDWARD MILLS, ESQ.,

NEAR ROSCOMMON, IRELAND.[1]

London, Temple Exchange Coffee-house,
August 7 [1758].

DEAR SIR,—You have quitted, I find, that plan of life which you once intended to pursue,[2] and given up ambition for domestic tranquillity. Were I to consult your satisfaction alone in this change, I

[1] First printed in the "Miscellaneous Works," 1801, vol. i. p. 50.
[2] He had been intended for the Bar.

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have the utmost reason to congratulate your choice; but when I consider my own I cannot avoid feeling some regret that one of my few friends has declined a pursuit in which he had every reason to expect success. The truth is, like the rest of the world, I am self-interested in my concern; and do not so much consider the happiness you have acquired, as the honor I have probably lost in the change. I have often let my fancy loose when you were the subject, and have imagined you gracing the bench or thundering at the bar; while I have taken no small pride to myself, and whispered all that I could come near, that this was my cousin. Instead of this it seems you are contented to be merely an happy man; to be esteemed only by your acquaintance—to cultivate your paternal acres—to take unmolested a nap under one of your own hawthorns, or in Mrs. Mills's bed-chamber, which, even a poet must confess, is rather the most comfortable place of the two.

But however your resolutions may be altered with regard to your situation in life, I persuade myself they are unalterable with regard to your friends in it. I cannot think the world has taken such entire possession of that heart (once so susceptible of friendship) as not to have left a corner there for a friend or two; but I flatter myself that even I have my place among the number. This I have a claim to from the similitude of our dispositions; or, setting that aside, I can demand it as my right by the most equitable law in nature, I mean that of retaliation: for indeed you have more than your share in mine. I am a man of few professions, and yet this very instant I cannot avoid the painful apprehension that my present professions (which speak not half my feelings) should be considered only a pretext to cover a request, as I have a request to make. No, my dear Ned, I know you are too generous to think so; and you know me too proud to stoop to mercenary insincerity. I have a request, it is true, to make; but, as I know to whom I am a petitioner, I make it without diffidence or confusion. It is, in short, this: I am going to publish a book in London, entitled "An Essay on the Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe." Every work published here the printers in Ireland republish there, without giving the author the least consideration for his copy. I would in this respect disappoint their avarice, and have all the additional advantages that may result from the sale of my performance there to myself. The book is now printing in London, and I have requested Dr. Radcliff, Mr. Lawder, Mr. Bryanton, my brother, Mr. Henry Goldsmith, and brother-in-law, Mr. Hodson, to

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circulate my proposals among their acquaintance. The same request I now make to you; and have accordingly given directions to Mr. Bradley, bookseller, in Dame Street, Dublin, to send you a hundred proposals. Whatever subscriptions, pursuant to those proposals, you may receive, when collected, may be transmitted to Mr. Bradley, who will give a receipt for the money, and be accountable for the books. I shall not, by a paltry apology, excuse myself for putting you to this trouble. Were I not convinced that you found more pleasure in doing good-natured things than uneasiness at being employed in them, I should not have singled you out on this occasion. It is probable you would comply with such a request, if it tended to the encouragement of any man of learning whatsoever; what then may not he expect who has claims of family and friendship to enforce his?

I am, dear sir, your sincere friend and humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

VIII.—TO ROBERT BRYANTON, ESQ.,

AT BALLYMAHON, IRELAND.[1]

London, Temple Exchange Coffee-house,
Temple Bar, August 14, 1758.

DEAR SIR,—I have heard it remarked, I believe by yourself, that they who are drunk, or out of their wits, fancy everybody else in the same condition: mine is a friendship that neither distance nor time can efface, which is probably the reason that, for the soul of me, I can't avoid thinking yours of the same complexion; and yet I have many reasons for being of a contrary opinion, else why in so long an absence was I never made a partner in your concerns? To hear of your successes would have given me the utmost pleasure; and a communication of your very disappointments would divide the uneasiness I too frequently feel for my own. Indeed, my dear Bob, you don't conceive how unkindly you have treated one whose circumstances afford him few prospects of pleasure, except those reflected from the happiness of his friends. However, since you have not let me hear from you, I have in some measure disappointed your neglect by frequently thinking of you. Every day do I remember the calm anec-

[1] First printed in Prior, vol. i. p. 264.

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dotes of your life, from the fireside to the easy-chair; recall the various adventures that first cemented our friendship—the school, the college, or the tavern; preside in fancy over your cards; and am displeased at your bad play when the rubber goes against you, though not with all that agony of soul as when I once was your partner.

Is it not strange that two of such like affections should be so much separated and so differently employed as we are? You seem placed at the centre of Fortune's wheel, and let it revolve never so fast seem insensible of the motion. I seem to have been tied to the circumference, and .... disagreeably round like an whore in a whirligig .... down with an intention to chide, and yet methinks .... my resentment already. The truth is I am a .... regard to you; I may attempt to bluster .... Anacreon, my heart is respondent only to softer affections. And yet, now I think on't again, I will be angry. God's curse, sir! who am I? Eh! what am I? Do you know whom you have offended? A man whose character may one of these days be mentioned with profound respect in a German comment or Dutch dictionary; whose name you will probably hear ushered in by a Doctissimus Doctissimorum, or heel-pieced with a long Latin termination. Think how Goldsmithius, or Gubblegurchius, or some such sound, as rough as a nutmeg-grater, will become me? Think of that! God's curse, sir! who am I? I must own my ill-natured contemporaries have not hitherto paid me those honors I have had such just reason to expect. I have not yet seen my face reflected in all the lively display of red and white paints on any sign-posts in the suburbs. Your handkerchief weavers seem as yet unacquainted with my merits or my physiognomy, and the very snuff-box makers appear to have forgot their respect. Tell them all from me they are a set of Gothic, barbarous, ignorant scoundrels. There will come a day, no doubt it will—I beg you may live a couple of hundred years longer only to see the day—when the Scaligers and Daciers will vindicate my character, give learned editions of my labors, and bless the times with copious comments on the text. You shall see how they will fish up the heavy scoundrels who disregard me now, or will then offer to cavil at my productions. How will they bewail the times that suffered so much genius to lie neglected![1] If ever my works find their way to Tartary or China, I know the consequence. Suppose one of your Chinese Owanowitzers instructing one of your Tartarian Chianobac-

[1] For parallel passages see the fourth number of "The Bee," vol. iii. p. 60.

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chhi—you see I use Chinese names to show my own erudition, as I shall soon make our Chinese talk like an Englishman to show his. This may be the subject of the lecture:

Oliver Goldsmith flourished in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. He lived to be an hundred and three years old . . . . age may justly be styled the sun of . . . . and the Confucius of Europe . . . . learned world, were anonymous, and have probably been lost, because united with those of others. The first avowed piece the world has of his is entitled an "Essay on the Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe"—a work well worth its weight in diamonds. In this he profoundly explains what learning is, and what learning is not. In this he proves that blockheads are not men of wit, and yet that men of wit are actually blockheads.

But as I choose neither to tire my Chinese Philosopher, nor you, nor myself, I must discontinue the oration, in order to give you a good pause for admiration; and I find myself most violently disposed to admire too. Let me, then, stop my fancy to take a view of my future self; and, as the boys say, light down to see myself on horseback. Well, now I am down, where the devil *is I?* Oh Gods! Gods! here in a garret, writing for bread, and expecting to be dunned for a milk-score![1] However, dear Bob, whether in penury or affluence, serious or gay, I am ever wholly thine, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Give my—no, not compliments neither, but something . . . most warm and sincere wish that you can conceive, to your mother, Mrs. Bryanton, to Miss Bryanton, to yourself; and if there be a favorite dog in the family, let me be remembered to it.

IX.—TO MRS. JANE LAWDER.[2]

Temple Exchange Coffee-House, Temple Bar,
August 15, 1758.

IF you should ask why, in an interval of so many years, you never heard from me, permit me, madam, to ask the same question. I have the best excuse in recrimination. I wrote to Kilmore from Leyden, in Holland, from Louvain, in Flanders, and Rouen, in France, but received

[1] What an illustration of Hogarth's admirable picture of "The Distressed Poet!"

[2] First printed in Prior, vol. i. p. 268.

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no answer. To what could I attribute this silence but to displeasure or forgetfulness? Whether I was right in my conjecture I do not pretend to determine; but this I must ingenuously own, that I have a thousand times in my turn endeavored to forget them whom I could not but look upon as forgetting me. I have attempted to blot their names from my memory, and, I confess it, spent whole days in efforts to tear their image from my heart. Could I have succeeded, you had not now been troubled with this renewal of a discontinued correspondence; but, as every effort the restless make to procure sleep serves but to keep them waking, all my attempts contributed to impress what I would forget deeper on my imagination. But this subject I would willingly turn from, and yet, "for the soul of me," I can't till I have said all.

I was, madam, when I discontinued writing to Kilmore, in such circumstances that all my endeavors to continue your regards might be attributed to wrong motives. My letters might be looked upon as the petitions of a beggar, and not the offerings of a friend; while all my professions, instead of being considered as the result of disinterested esteem, might be ascribed to venal insincerity. I believe, indeed, you had too much generosity to place them in such a light, but I could not bear even the shadow of such a suspicion. The most delicate friendships are always most sensible of the slightest invasion, and the strongest jealousy is ever attendant on the warmest regard. I could not—I own I could not—continue a correspondence; for every acknowledgment for past favors might be considered as an indirect request for future ones, and where it might be thought I gave my heart from a motive of gratitude alone, when I was conscious of having bestowed it on much more disinterested principles.

It is true this conduct might have been simple enough, but yourself must confess it was in character. Those who know me at all know that I have always been actuated by different principles from the rest of mankind, and while none regarded the interest of his friend more, no man on earth regarded his own less. I have often affected bluntness to avoid the imputation of flattery, have frequently seemed to overlook those merits too obvious to escape notice, and pretended disregard to those instances of good-nature and good sense which I could not fail tacitly to applaud; and all this lest I should be ranked amongst the grinning tribe who say "Very true" to all that is said, who fill a vacant chair at a tea-table, whose narrow souls never moved in a wider circle than the circumference of a guinea, and who

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had rather be reckoning the money in your pocket than the virtue of your breast. All this, I say, I have done, and a thousand other very silly though very disinterested things in my time, and for all which no soul cares a farthing about me. God's curse, madam! is it to be wondered that he should once in his life forget you who has been all his life forgetting himself?

However, it is probable you may one of those days see me turned into a perfect hunks, and as dark and intricate as a mouse-hole. I have already given my landlady orders for an entire reform in the state of my finances. I declaim against hot suppers, drink less sugar in my tea, and check my grate with brickbats. Instead of hanging my room with pictures, I intend to adorn it with maxims of frugality. Those will make pretty furniture enough, and won't be a bit too expensive; for I shall draw them all out with my own hands, and my landlady's daughter shall frame them with the parings of my black waistcoat. Each maxim is to be inscribed on a sheet of clean paper, and wrote with my best pen, of which the following will serve as a specimen:—*Look sharp. Mind the main chance. Money is money now. If you have a thousand pounds you can put your hands by your sides and say you are worth a thousand pounds every day of the year. Take a farthing from a hundred, and it will be a hundred no longer.* Thus, which way soever I turn my eyes, they are sure to meet one of those friendly monitors; and, as we are told of an actor who hung his room round with looking-glass, to correct the defects of his person, my apartment shall be furnished in a peculiar manner, to correct the errors of my mind.

Faith! madam, I heartily wish to be rich, if it were only for this reason, to say without a blush how much I esteem you; but, alas! I have many a fatigue to encounter before that happy time comes, when your poor old simple friend may again give a loose to the luxuriance of his nature, sitting by Kilmore fireside, recount the various adventures of a hard-fought life, laugh over the follies of the day, join his flute to your harpsichord, and forget that ever he starved in those streets where Butler and Otway starved before him.[1]

And now I mention those great names—my uncle!—he is no more that soul of fire as when once I knew him. Newton and Swift grew dim with age as well as he. But what shall I say?—his mind was too active an inhabitant not to disorder the feeble mansion of its

[1] Compare "The Citizen of the World," Letter XCIII., Vol. IV. p. 172.

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abode, for the richest jewels soonest wear their settings. Yet who but the fool would lament his condition? He now forgets the calamities of life. Perhaps indulgent Heaven has given him a foretaste of that tranquillity here which he so well deserves hereafter.

But I must come to business; for business, as one of my maxims tells me, must be minded or lost. I am going to publish in London a book entitled "The Present State of Taste and Literature in Europe."[1] The booksellers in Ireland republish every performance there without making the author any consideration. I would, in this respect, disappoint their avarice, and have all the profits of my labor to myself. I must, therefore, request Mr. Lawder to circulate among his friends and acquaintances a hundred of my proposals, which I have given the bookseller, Mr. Bradley, in Dame Street, directions to send to him. If, in pursuance of such circulation, he should receive any subscriptions, I entreat when collected they may be sent to Mr. Bradley as aforesaid, who will give a receipt, and be accountable for the work, or a return of the subscription. If this request (which, if it be complied with, will in some measure be an encouragement to a man of learning) should be disagreeable or troublesome, I would not press it; for I would be the last man on earth to have my labors go a-begging; but if I know Mr. Lawder (and sure I ought to know him) he will accept the employment with pleasure. All I can say—if he writes a book, I will get him two hundred subscribers, and those of the best wits in Europe.

Whether this request is complied with or not, I shall not be uneasy; but there is one petition I must make to him and to you, which I solicit with the warmest ardor, and in which I cannot bear a refusal. I mean, dear madam, that I may be allowed to subscribe myself your ever affectionate and obliged kinsman,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Now see how I blot and blunder when I am asking a favor.

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[1] See Vol. III. p. 7.

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X.—TO DANIEL HODSON, ESQ.,

AT LISSOY, NEAR BALLYMAHON, IRELAND.[1]

[November, 1758.]

Dear Sir,—You cannot expect regularity in one who is regular in nothing. Nay, were I forced to love you by rule, I dare venture to say that I could never do it sincerely. Take me, then, with all my faults. Let me write when I please, for you see I say what I please, and am only thinking aloud when writing to you. I suppose you have heard of my intention of going to the East Indies. The place of my destination is one of the factories on the coast of Coromandel, and I go in quality of physician and surgeon; for which the Company has signed my warrant, which has already cost me £10. I must also pay £50 for my passage, and £10 for my sea stores; and the other incidental expenses of my equipment will amount to £60 or £70 more. The salary is but trifling, namely, £100 per annum; but the other advantages, if a person be prudent, are considerable. The practice of the place, if I am rightly informed, generally amounts to not less than £1000 per annum, for which the appointed physician has an exclusive privilege. This, with the advantages resulting from trade, and the high interest which money bears, viz., £20 per cent., are the inducements which persuade me to undergo the fatigues of sea, the dangers of war, and the still greater dangers of the climate; which induce me to leave a place where I am every day gaining friends and esteem, and where I might enjoy all the conveniences of life.

I am certainly wrong not to be contented with what I already possess, trifling as it is; for should I ask myself one serious question—What is it I want?—what can I answer? My desires are as capricious as the big-bellied woman's who longed for a piece of her husband's nose. I have no certainty, it is true; but why cannot I do as some men of more merit, who have lived on more precarious terms? Scarron used jestingly to call himself the Marquis of Quenault, which was the name of the bookseller that employed him; and why may not I assert my privilege and quality on the same pretensions?

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[1] First printed in the "Miscellaneous Works," 1801, vol. i. p. 46.

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Yet, upon deliberation, whatever airs I give myself on this side of the water, my dignity, I fancy, would be evaporated before I reached the other. I know you have in Ireland a very indifferent idea of a man who writes for bread; though Swift and Steele did so in the earliest part of their lives. You imagine, I suppose, that every author by profession lives in a garret, wears shabby clothes, and converses with the meanest company. Yet I do not believe there is one single writer, who has abilities to translate a French novel, that does not keep better company, wear finer clothes, and live more genteelly, than many who pride themselves for nothing else in Ireland. I confess it again, my dear Dan, that nothing but the wildest ambition could prevail on me to leave the enjoyment of the refined conversation which I am sometimes admitted to partake in for uncertain fortune and paltry show. You cannot conceive how I am sometimes divided: to leave all that is dear to me, gives me pain; but when I consider I may possibly acquire a genteel independence for life: when I think of that dignity which philosophy claims, to raise itself above contempt and ridicule; when I think thus, I eagerly long to embrace every opportunity of separating myself from the vulgar as much in my circumstances as I am already in my sentiments.

I am going to publish a book, for an account of which I refer you to a letter which I wrote to my brother Goldsmith. Circulate for me among your acquaintances a hundred proposals, which I have given orders may be sent to you; and if, in pursuance of such circulation, you should receive any subscriptions, let them, when collected, be transmitted to Mr. Bradley, who will give a receipt for the same. . . . I know not how my desire of seeing Ireland, which had so long slept, has again revived with so much ardor. So weak is my temper, and so unsteady, that I am frequently tempted, particularly when low-spirited, to return home and leave my fortune, though just beginning to look kinder. But it shall not be. In five or six years I hope to indulge these transports. I find I want constitution and a strong, steady disposition, which alone makes men great. I will, however, correct my faults, since I am conscious of them.

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XI.[1]—TO MR. RALPH GRIFFITHS.[2]

[January, 1759.][3]

SIR,—I know of no misery but a jail to which my own imprudences and your letter seem to point. I have seen it inevitable these three or four weeks, and, by heavens! I request it as a favor, as a favor that may prevent somewhat more fatal. I have been some years struggling with a wretched being, with all that contempt which indigence brings with it, with all those strong passions which make contempt insupportable. What then has a jail that is formidable, I shall at least have the society of wretches, and such is to me true society. I tell you again and again, I am now neither able nor willing to pay you a farthing, but I will be punctual to any appointment you or the taylor shall make; thus far at least I do not act the sharper, since unable to pay my debts one way I would willingly give some security another. No sir, had I been a sharper, had I been possessed of less good nature and native generosity I might surely now have been in better circumstances. I am guilty I own of meannesses which poverty unavoidably brings with it; my reflections are filled with repentance for my imprudence but not with any remorse for being a villain, that may be a character you unjustly charge me with. Your books[4] I can assure you are neither pawn'd nor sold, but in the custody of a friend from whom my necessities oblig'd me to borrow some money; whatever becomes of my person, you shall have them in a month. It is very possible both the reports you have heard and your own suggestions may have brought you false information with respect to my character; it is very possible that the man whom you now regard with detestation may inwardly burn with grateful resentment; it is very possible that upon a second perusal of the letter I sent you, you may see the workings of a mind strongly agitated with gratitude and jeal-

[1] First printed in Prior, vol. i. p. 286.

[2] The publisher and proprietor of *The Monthly Review*, to which Goldsmith had lately been a contributor. He died, aged 83 years, and was buried at Chiswick, 5th October, 1803. *See* Vol. II. p. 134.

[3] Endorsed by Griffiths. "Received in January, 1759."

[4] The four he reviewed in *The Monthly Review* for December, 1758.

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ousy; if such circumstances should appear, at least spare invective 'till my book with Mr. Dodsley shall be publish'd, and then perhaps you may see the bright side of a mind when my professions shall not appear the dictates of necessity, but of choice. You seem to think Dr. Milner knew me not. Perhaps so; but he was a man I shall ever honor; but I have friendship only with the dead! I ask pardon for taking up so much time. Nor shall I add to it by any other professions than that I am, sir, your humble serv^t.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

P. S.—I shall expect impatiently the result of your resolutions.[1]

XII.[1]—TO THE REV. HENRY GOLDSMITH.[2]

AT LOWFIELD, NEAR BALLYMORE, IN WESTMEATH, IRELAND.

DEAR SIR,—Your punctuality in answering a man, whose trade is writing, is more than I had reason to expect; and yet you see me generally fill a whole sheet, which is all the recompense I can make for being so frequently troublesome. The behavior of Mr. Mills and Mr. Lawder is a little extraordinary. However, their answering neither you nor me is a sufficient indication of their disliking the employment which I assigned them. As their conduct is different from what I expected, so I have made an alteration in mine. I shall, the beginning of next month, send over two hundred and fifty books, which are all that I fancy can be well sold among you, and I would have you make some distinction in the persons who have subscribed. The money, which will amount to sixty pounds, may be left with Mr. Bradley, as soon as possible. I am not certain but I shall quickly have occasion for it. I have met with no disappointment with respect to my East India voyage; nor are my resolutions altered;

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[1] "The appearance of this remarkable letter harmonizes with its contents. There is nothing of the freedom or boldness of hand in it which one may perceive in his ordinary manuscript. To the kindness of my friend the Rev. Chauncy Hare Townshend, I owe the possession of this most interesting of all the Goldsmith papers that have been preserved to our time, and I have been careful of the strictest accuracy in the copy above given. The pointing is imperfect and confused, nor is there any break or paragraph from the first line to the signature; but it is printed exactly as written."—FORSTER'S *Goldsmith*, vol. i. p. 169.

[2] First printed in the "Miscellaneous Works," 1801, vol. i. p. 53.

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though, at the same time, I must confess it gives me some pain to think I am almost beginning the world at the age of thirty-one. Though I never had a day's sickness since I saw you, yet I am not that strong and active man you once knew me. You scarcely can conceive how much eight years of disappointment, anguish, and study have worn me down. If I remember right, you are seven or eight years older than me, yet I dare venture to say that, if a stranger saw us both, he would pay me the honors of seniority. Imagine to yourself a pale, melancholy visage, with two great wrinkles between the eyebrows, with an eye disgustingly severe, and a big wig, and you may have a perfect picture of my present appearance. On the other hand, I conceive you as perfectly sleek and healthy, passing many a happy day among your own children, or those who knew you a child. Since I knew what it was to be a man this is a pleasure I have not known. I have passed my days among a parcel of cool, designing beings, and have contracted all their suspicious manner in my own behavior. I should actually be as unfit for the society of my friends at home as I detest that which I am obliged to partake of here. I can now neither partake of the pleasure of a revel nor contribute to raise its jollity. I can neither laugh nor drink, have contracted a hesitating, disagreeable manner of speaking, and a visage that looks ill-nature itself; in short, I have thought myself into a settled melancholy, and an utter disgust of all that life brings with it. Whence this romantic turn, that all our family are possessed with? Whence this love for every place and every country but that in which we reside? for every occupation but our own? this desire of fortune, and yet this eagerness to dissipate? I perceive, my dear sir, that I am at intervals for indulging this splenetic manner, and following my own taste, regardless of yours.

The reasons you have given me for breeding up your son as a scholar are judicious and convincing. I should, however, be glad to know for what particular profession he is designed. If he be assiduous, and divested of strong passions (for passions in youth always lead to pleasure), he may do very well in your college; for it must be owned that the industrious poor have good encouragement there, perhaps better than in any other in Europe. But if he has ambition, strong passions, and an exquisite sensibility of contempt, do not send him there, unless you have no other trade for him except your own. It is impossible to conceive how much may be done by a proper education at home. A boy, for instance, who understands perfectly well Latin,

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French, arithmetic, and the principles of the civil law, and can write a fine hand, has an education that may qualify him for any undertaking. And these parts of learning should be carefully inculcated, let him be designed for whatever calling he will. Above all things, let him never touch a romance or novel; those paint beauty in colors more charming than nature, and describe happiness that man never tastes. How delusive, how destructive are those pictures of consummate bliss![1] They teach the youthful mind to sigh after beauty and happiness which never existed; to despise the little good which Fortune has mixed in our cup, by expecting more than she ever gave; and in general, take the word of a man who has seen the world, and who has studied human nature more by experience than precept; take my word for it, that books teach us very little of the world. The greatest merit in a state of poverty would only serve to make the possessor ridiculous; may distress, but cannot relieve him. Frugality, and even avarice, in the lower orders of mankind, are true ambition. These afford the only ladder for the poor to rise to preferment. Teach, then, my dear sir, to your son thrift and economy. Let his poor wandering uncle's example be placed before his eyes. I had learned from books to be disinterested and generous before I was taught from experience the necessity of being prudent. I had contracted the habits and notions of a philosopher, while I was exposing myself to the insidious approaches of cunning; and often by being, even with my narrow finances, charitable to excess, I forgot the rules of justice, and placed myself in the very situation of the wretch who thanked me for my bounty. While I am in the remotest part of the world tell him this, and perhaps he may improve from my example. But I find myself again falling into my gloomy habits of thinking.

My mother, I am informed, is almost blind; even though I had the utmost inclination to return home, under such circumstances I could not: for to behold her in distress without a capacity of relieving her from it, would add too much to my splenetic habit. Your last letter was much too short; it should have answered some queries I had made in my former. Just sit down as I do, and write forward until you have filled all your paper; it requires no thought, at least from the ease with which my own sentiments rise when they are addressed to you. For, believe me, my head has no share in all I write; my heart dictates the whole. Pray, give my love to Bob Bryanton,

[1] Compare "The Citizen of the World," Letter LXXXIII., Vol. IV. p. 138.

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and entreat him, from me, not to drink. My dear sir, give me some account about poor Jenny [his younger sister, who had married unprosperously]. Yet her husband loves her; if so, she cannot be unhappy.

I know not whether I should tell you—yet why should I conceal those trifles, or indeed anything from you?—there is a book of mine will be published in a few days, the life of a very extraordinary man—no less than the great Voltaire.[1] You know already, by the title, that it is no more than a catch-penny. However, I spent but four weeks on the whole performance, for which I received twenty pounds. When published, I shall take some method of conveying it to you, unless you may think it dear of the postage, which may amount to four or five shillings. However, I fear you will not find an equivalent of amusement. Your last letter, I repeat it, was too short: you should have given me your opinion of the design of the heroi-comical poem which I sent you: you remember I intended to introduce the hero of the poem as lying in a paltry ale-house. You may take the following specimen of the manner, which I flatter myself is quite original. The room in which he lies may be described somewhat this way:

The window, patched with paper, lent a ray,
That feebly show'd the state in which he lay.
The sandy floor, that grits beneath the tread;
The humid wall with paltry pictures spread:
The game of goose was there exposed to view,
And the twelve rules the royal martyr drew;
The seasons, fram'd with listing, found a place,
And Prussia's monarch show'd his lamp-black face.
The morn was cold: he views with keen desire
A rusty grate unconscious of a fire.
An unpaid reck'ning on the frieze was scor'd,[2]
And five crack'd teacups dress'd the chimney board.

And now imagine, after his soliloquy, the landlord to make his appearance, in order to dun him for the reckoning:

Not with that face, so servile and so gay,
That welcomes every stranger that can pay;
With sulky eye he smoak'd the patient man,
Then pull'd his breeches tight, and thus began, etc.

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[1] See Vol. VII. p. 9.

[2] Compare "The Citizen of the World," Letter XXX., Vol. III. p. 194, and passage in "The Deserted Village," Vol. I. p. 61.

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All this is taken, you see, from nature. It is a good remark of Montaigne's, that the wisest men often have friends with whom they do not care how much they play the fool. Take my present follies as instances of regard. Poetry is a much easier and more agreeable species of composition than prose, and could a man live by it, it were not unpleasant employment to be a poet. I am resolved to leave no space, though I should fill it up only by telling you, what you very well know already, I mean that I am your most affectionate friend and brother, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XIII.[1]—TO MR. NEWBERY,[2]

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH-YARD. [1762.]

DEAR SIR,—As I have been out of order for some time past, and am still not quite recovered, the fifth volume of Plutarch's Lives remains unfinished. I fear I shall not be able to do it, unless there be an actual necessity, and that none else can be found. If therefore you would send it to Mr. Collier,[3] I should esteem it a kindness, and will pay for whatever it may come to.—N.B. I received twelve guineas for the two volumes. I am, sir, your obliged, humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Pray let me have an answer.

XIV.[4]—TO MR. NEWBERY.

SIR,—One volume is done, namely, the fourth. When I said I should be glad Mr. Collier would do the fifth for me, I only demanded it as a favor; but if he cannot conveniently do it, though I have kept

[1] First printed in Prior, vol. i. p. 392. The original is now (1854) in the possession of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street.

[2] Mr. John Newbery, "The philanthropic bookseller in St. Paul's Church-yard," the father of Francis Newbery, and the uncle of another Francis Newbery. He died 22d of December, 1767, and in his will he desired to be buried in the churchyard of Laurence Waltham, in Berkshire, near his father and mother, and in the day-time, if possible. See Vol. I. p. 395, and Vol. II. p. 86.

[3] Joseph Collyer, a bookseller's hack.

[4] First printed in Prior, vol. i. p. 393. The original is now (1854) in the possession of Mr. Murray, of Albemarle Street.

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my chamber these three weeks, and am not quite recovered, yet I will do it. I send it per bearer; and if the affair puts you to the least inconvenience, return it, and it shall be done immediately. I am, etc.,

O. G.

The printer has the copy of the rest.

XV.[1]—TO THE PRINTER OF THE "ST. JAMES'S CHRONICLE."

[July, 1767.]

SIR,—As there is nothing I dislike so much as newspaper controversy, particularly upon trifles, permit me to be as concise as possible in informing a correspondent of yours that I recommended "Blainville's Travels"[2] because I thought the book was a good one; and I think so still. I said, I was told by the bookseller that it was then first published; but in that, it seems, I was misinformed, and my reading was not extensive enough to set me right.

Another correspondent of yours accuses me of having taken a ballad I published some time ago from one by the ingenious Mr.

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[1] From the *St. James's Chronicle.*

[2] "I happen to have before me a copy, now rarely met with, of the original 'proposals' for publishing Blainville's travels, to which this letter refers; and as it marks the new estimation in which 'The Traveller's' success placed its author, and the uses which the booksellers hastened to make of it, it may be worth description. It is the first but by no means the last instance of such employment of his name. After an elaborate description of the book, great prominence is given to the intimation that it is 'Recommended by Dr. Goldsmith, Author of "The Traveller," a poem, etc.;' and on the same full title-page which precedes the conditions of subscription and sale, immediately below the announcement that the work will be 'printed for J. Johnson and B. Davenport, in Paternoster Row, and sold by all Booksellers and News-carriers in Great Britain and Ireland,' follows the 'RECOMMENDATION. I have read the "Travels" of Monsieur De Blainville with the highest pleasure. As far as I am capable of judging, they are at once accurate, copious, and entertaining. I am told, they are now first translated from the Author's Manuscript in the *French* language, which has never been published; and if so, they are a valuable acquisition to ours. The Translation, as I am informed, has been made by Men of Eminence, and is not unworthy of the Original. All I have to add is, that, to the best of my opinion, Blainville's "Travels" is the most valuable Work of this kind hitherto published: Containing the most judicious Instructions to those who read for Amusement, and being the surest Guide to those who intend to undertake the same Journey. OLIVER GOLDSMITH.'

"Temple, March 2, 1767."—FORSTER'S *Goldsmith*, vol. i. p. 405.

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Percy. I do not think there is any great resemblance between the two pieces in question. If there be any, his ballad is taken from mine. I read it to Mr. Percy some years ago; and he (as we both considered these things as trifles at best) told me, with his usual good-humor, the next time I saw him, that he had taken my plan to form the fragments of Shakspeare into a ballad of his own. He then read me his little cento, if I may so call it, and I highly approved it. Such petty anecdotes as these are scarcely worth printing; and, were it not for the busy disposition of some of your correspondents, the public should never have known that he owes me the hint of his ballad, or that I am obliged to his friendship and learning for communications of a much more important nature. I am, sir, yours, etc.,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XVI.[1]—TO GEORGE COLMAN,[2] ESQ.,

RICHMOND.

Temple, Garden Court, July 19 [1767].

DEAR SIR,—I am very much obliged to you, both for your kind partiality in my favor and your tenderness in shortening the interval of my expectation. That the play[3] is liable to many objections I well know, but I am happy that it is in hands the most capable in the world of removing them. If then, dear sir, you will complete your favors by putting the piece into such a state as it may be acted, or of directing me how to do it, I shall ever retain a sense of your goodness to me. And, indeed, though most probably this be the last I shall ever write, yet I can't help feeling a secret satisfaction that poets for the future are likely to have a protector who declines taking advantage of their dependent situation, and scorns that importance which may be acquired by trifling with their anxieties. I am, dear sir, with the greatest esteem, your most obedient, humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

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[1] First printed in Forster's "Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith," 8vo, 1848, p. 409. The original is in Mr. Forster's possession.

[2] The father of the younger Colman. Died 14th of August, 1794.

[3] The allusion is to "The Good-Natured Man" and to Garrick, by whom, as manager of Drury Lane Theatre, his play had been refused. A coldness ensued; but the quarrel was soon made up.

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XVII.[1]—TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.,

AT LICHFIELD.

London, July 20, 1767.

SIR,—A few days ago Mr. Beard renewed his claim to the piece which I had written for his stage, and had, as a friend, submitted to your perusal. As I found you had very great difficulties about that piece, I complied with his desire, thinking it wrong to take up the attention of my friends with such petty concerns as mine, or to load your good-nature by a compliance rather with their requests than my merits. I am extremely sorry that you should think me warm at our last meeting; your judgment certainly ought to be free, especially in a matter which must in some measure concern your own credit and interest. I assure you, sir, I have no disposition to differ with you on this or any other account, but am, with an high opinion of your abilities, and with a very real esteem, sir, your most obedient, humble servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.[2]

XVIII.[3]—TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—We had a very quick passage from Dover to Calais, which we performed in three hours and twenty minutes, all of us extremely sea-sick, which must necessarily have happened, as my

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[1] First printed in Prior, vol. ii. p. 153.

[2] Garrick's reply (from the draught on the back of Goldsmith's letter) was first printed in Prior, vol. ii. p. 154, but very incorrectly:

"Lichfield, July 25, 1767.

"SIR,—I was at Birmingham when your letter came to this place, or I should have thanked you for it immediately. I was indeed much hurt that your warmth at our last meeting mistook my sincere and friendly attention to your play for the remains of a former misunderstanding, which I had as much forgot as if it never had existed. What I said to you at my own house I now repeat, that I felt more pain in giving my sentiments than you possibly would in receiving them. It has been the business and ambition of my life to live upon the best terms with men of genius, and as I know that Dr. Goldsmith will have no reason to change his present friendly disposition towards me, as I shall be glad of any future opportunity to convince him how much I am his obedient servant and well-wisher, D. GARRICK."

[3] First printed in the "Miscellaneous Works," 1801, vol. i. p. 90.

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machine to prevent sea-sickness was not completed. We were glad to leave Dover, because we hated to be imposed upon; so were in high spirits at coming to Calais, where we were told that a little money would go a great way. Upon landing two little trunks, which was all we carried with us, we were surprised to see fourteen or fifteen fellows all running down to the ship to lay their hands upon them; four got under each trunk, the rest surrounded and held the hasps; and in this manner our little baggage was conducted, with a kind of funeral solemnity, till it was safely lodged at the custom-house. We were well enough pleased with the people's civility till they came to be paid: when every creature that had the happiness of but touching our trunks with their finger expected sixpence; and had so pretty, civil a manner of demanding it, that there was no refusing them. When we had done with the porters, we had next to speak with the custom-house officers, who had their pretty, civil way too. We were directed to the Hôtel d'Angleterre, where a valet-de-place came to offer his service, and spoke to me ten minutes before I once found out that he was speaking English. We had no occasion for his services, so we gave him a little money because he spoke English, and because he wanted it. I cannot help mentioning another circumstance. I bought a new ribbon for my wig at Canterbury, and the barber at Calais broke it in order to gain sixpence by buying me a new one.

XIX.[1]—TO SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS.

Paris, July 29 [1770].

My dear Friend,—I began a long letter to you from Lisle, giving a description of all that we had done and seen, but finding it very dull, and knowing that you would show it again, I threw it aside and it was lost. You see by the top of this letter that we are at Paris, and (as I have often heard you say) we have brought our own amusement with us, for the ladies do not seem to be very fond of what we have yet seen.

With regard to myself I find that travelling at twenty and at forty are very different things. I set out with all my confirmed habits

[1] First printed in Prior, vol. ii. p. 292, from the original, now in the possession of S. W. Singer, Esq.

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about me, and can find nothing on the Continent so good as when I formerly left it. One of our chief amusements here is scolding at everything we meet with, and praising everything and every person we left at home.[1] You may judge, therefore, whether your name is not frequently bandied at table among us. To tell you the truth, I never thought I could regret your absence so much as our various mortifications on the road have often taught me to do. I could tell you of disasters and adventures without number—of our lying in barns, and of my being half-poisoned with a dish of green pease, of our quarrelling with postilions and being cheated by our landladies—but I reserve all this for an happy hour which I expect to share with you upon my return.

I have little to tell you more, but that we are at present all well, and expect returning when we have stayed out one month, which I should not care if it were over this very day. I long to hear from you all: how you yourself do, how Johnson, Burke, Dyer, Chamier, Colman, and every one of the club do. I wish I could send you some amusement in this letter, but I protest I am so stupefied by the air of this country (for I am sure it can never be natural) that I have not a word to say. I have been thinking of the plot of a comedy which shall be entitled "A Journey to Paris," in which a family shall be introduced with a full intention of going to France to save money. You know there is not a place in the world more promising for that purpose. As for the meat of this country I can scarce eat it, and though we pay two good shillings an head for our dinner, I find it all so tough, that I have spent less time with my knife than my pick-tooth. I said this as a good thing at table, but it was not understood. I believe it to be a good thing.

As for our intended journey to Devonshire, I find it out of my power to perform it, for as soon as I arrive at Dover I intend to let the ladies go on, and I will take a country lodging somewhere near that place in order to do some business. I have so outrun the constable that I must mortify a little to bring it up again. For God's sake the night you receive this take your pen in your hand and tell me something about yourself, and *my*self, if you know of anything

[1] The same opinion he is represented to have expressed still more forcibly at Ridge's table (the "Anchovy" of "Retaliation") after his return, when, in answer to a question, whether he would recommend travel, he said yes, he would by all means recommend it—to the rich, if they were without the sense of smelling; and to the poor, if they were without the sense of feeling.

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that has happened; about Miss Reynolds, about Mr. Bickerstaff, my nephew, or anybody that you regard. I beg you will send to Griffin the bookseller to know if there be any letters left for me, and be so good as to send them to me at Paris. They may perhaps be left for me at the porter's lodge, opposite the pump in Temple Lane. The same messenger will do. I expect one from Lord Clare from Ireland. As for others I am not much uneasy about.

Is there anything I can do for you at Paris? I wish you would tell me. The whole of my own purchases here is one silk coat, which I have put on, and which makes me look like a fool. But no more of that. I find that Colman has gained his lawsuit. I am glad of it. I suppose you often meet. I will soon be among you, better pleased with my situation at home than I ever was before. And yet I must say that, if anything could make France pleasant, the very good women with whom I am at present would certainly do it. I could say more about that, but I intend showing them this letter before I send it away. What signifies teasing you longer with moral observations when the business of my writing is over? I have one thing only more to say, and of that I think every hour in the day, namely, that I am your most sincere and most affectionate friend, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Direct to me at the Hôtel de Danemarc,
Rue Jacob, Faubourg St. Germains.

XX.[1]—TO BENNET LANGTON, ESQ.,

AT LANGTON, NEAR SPILSBY, IN LINCOLNSHIRE.

Temple, Brick Court, Sept. 7, 1771.

MY DEAR SIR,—Since I had the pleasure of seeing you last I have been almost wholly in the country, at a farmer's house, quite alone, trying to write a comedy. It is now finished, but when or how it will be acted, or whether it will be acted at all, are questions I cannot resolve. I am therefore so much employed upon that, that I am under the necessity of putting off my intended visit to Lincolnshire for this season. Reynolds is just returned from Paris, and finds himself now in the case of a truant that must make up for his idle time by diligence. We have therefore agreed to postpone our journey till next summer, when we hope to have the honor of waiting upon Lady

[1] First published in the "Miscellaneous Works," 1801, vol. i. p. 92.

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Rothes and you, and staying double the time of our late intended visit. We often meet, and never without remembering you. I see Mr. Beauclerc very often both in town and country. He is now going directly forward to become a second Boyle: deep in chemistry and physics. Johnson has been down upon a visit to a country parson, Doctor Taylor, and is returned to his old haunts at Mrs. Thrale's. Burke is a farmer, *en attendant* a better place; but visiting about too. Every soul is a-visiting about and merry but myself. And that is hard too, as I have been trying these three months to do something to make people laugh. There have I been strolling about the hedges, studying jests with a most tragical countenance. The "Natural History" is about half finished, and I will shortly finish the rest. God knows I am tired of this kind of finishing, which is but bungling work; and that not so much my fault as the fault of my scurvy circumstances. They begin to talk in town of the Opposition's gaining ground; the cry of liberty is still as loud as ever. I have published, or Davies has published for me, an "Abridgment of the History of England,"[1] for which I have been a good deal abused in the newspapers for betraying the liberties of the people. God knows I had no thought for or against liberty in my head; my whole aim being to make up a book of a decent size, that, as Squire Richard says, would do no harm to nobody. However, they set me down as an arrant Tory, and consequently an honest man. When you come to look at any part of it you'll say that I am a sour Whig. God bless you, and, with my most respectful compliments to her ladyship,

I remain, dear sir, your most affectionate, humble servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XXI.[2]—TO JOSEPH CRADOCK, ESQ.

[December, 1771.]

MR. GOLDSMITH presents his best respects to Mr. Cradock; has sent him the Prologue, such as it is.[3] He cannot take time to make it better. He begs he will give Mr. Yates the proper instructions; and so, even so, he commits him to fortune and the public.

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[1] He means the "History" as published in four volumes, which, however, he had also undertaken to "abridge," on payment of fifty guineas. See Percy "Memoir," p. 79.

[2] First printed in Cradock's "Memoirs," 4 vols., 8vo, 1826, vol. i. p. 224.

[3] To "Zobeide," a tragedy, by Joseph Cradock. See Vol. I. p. 125.

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XXII.[1]—TO JOSEPH CRADOCK, ESQ.,

AT THE HOTEL, IN PALL MALL.

Sunday Morning [1772.]

Mr. Goldsmith's best respects to Mr. Cradock. When he asked him to-day he quite forgot an engagement of a week's standing, which has been made purposely for him; he feels himself quite uneasy at not being permitted to have his instructions upon those parts where he must necessarily be defective. He will have a rehearsal on Monday,[2] when, if Mr. Cradock would come, and afterwards take a bit of mutton-chop, it would add to his other obligations.

XXIII.[3]—TO GEORGE COLMAN, ESQ.

[1773.]

Dear Sir,—I entreat you'll relieve me from that state of suspense in which I have been kept for a long time. Whatever objections you have made, or shall make, to my play,[4] I will endeavor to remove and not argue about them. To bring in any new judges, either of its merits or faults, I can never submit to. Upon a former occasion, when my other play[5] was before Mr. Garrick, he offered to bring me before Mr. Whitehead's tribunal,[6] but I refused the proposal with indignation. I hope I shall not experience as hard treatment from you as from him. I have, as you know, a large sum of money to make up shortly; by accepting my play, I can readily satisfy my creditor that way; at any rate, I must look about to some certainty to be prepared. For God's sake take the play, and let us make the best of it, and let me have the same measure at least which you have given as bad plays as mine. I am, your friend and servant,

Oliver Goldsmith.

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[1] First printed in Cradock's "Memoirs," vol. i. p. 225.

[2] Of the "Threnodia Augustalis." See vol. i. p. 127, and Forster's "Goldsmith," vol. ii. p. 327.

[3] First printed in Prior, vol. ii. p. 386.

[4] "She Stoops to Conquer."

[5] "The Good-Natured Man."

[6] William Whitehead, Poet Laureate. Died 14th of April, 1785.

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XXIV.[1]—TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.,

February 6, 1773.[2]

Dear Sir,—I ask you many pardons for the trouble I gave you yesterday. Upon more mature deliberation, and the advice of a sensible friend, I began to think it indelicate in me to throw upon you the odium of confirming Mr. Colman's sentence. I therefore request that you will send my play[3] back by my servant; for having been assured of having it acted at the other house, though I confess yours in every respect more to my wish, yet it will be folly in me to forego an advantage which lies in my power of appealing from Mr. Colman's opinion to the judgment of the town.

I entreat, if not too late, you will keep this affair a secret for some time. I am, dear sir, your very humble servant,

Oliver Goldsmith.

XXV.[4]—TO JOSEPH CRADOCK, ESQ.,

[1773.]

My dear Sir,—The play has met with a success much beyond your expectations or mine. I thank you sincerely for your epilogue, which however could not be used, but with your permission shall be printed.[5] The story, in short, is this: Murphy sent me rather the outline of an epilogue than an epilogue, which was to be sung by Mrs. Catley, and which she approved.

Mrs. Bulkeley hearing this, insisted on throwing up the part, unless, according to the custom of the theatre, she were permitted to speak the epilogue. In this embarrassment I thought of making a quarrelling epilogue between Catley and her, debating who should speak the epilogue; but then Mrs. Catley refused, after I had taken the trouble of drawing it out.[6] I was then at a loss indeed; an epilogue

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[1] First printed in the "Garrick Correspondence," 2 vols., 4to, 1831, vol. i. p. 527.

[2] Mr. Prior, writing in 1837 ("Life," vol. ii. p. 386), says that this note is without date. He had no doubt overlooked the circumstance that the date is given in the "Garrick Correspondence," printed in 1831.

[3] "She Stoops to Conquer."

[4] First printed in Cradock's "Memoirs," vol. i. p. 225.

[5] See it in Vol. II. p. 83.

[6] See it in Vol. I. p. 140.

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was to be made, and for none but Mrs. Bulkeley. I made one,[1] and Colman thought it too bad to be spoken. I was obliged therefore to try a fourth time, and I made a very mawkish thing,[2] as you'll shortly see. Such is the history of my stage adventures, and which I have at last done with. I cannot help saying that I am very sick of the stage, and though I believe I shall get three tolerable benefits, yet I shall, upon the whole, be a loser, even in a pecuniary light; my ease and comfort I certainly lost while it was in agitation. I am, my dear Cradock, your obliged and obedient servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

P.S.—Present my most humble respects to Mrs. Cradock.

XXVI.[3]—TO THE PUBLIC.

LEST it should be supposed that I have been willing to correct in others an abuse of which I have been guilty myself, I beg leave to declare that in all my life I never wrote or dictated a single paragraph, letter, or essay in a newspaper, except a few moral essays, under the character of a Chinese, about ten years ago, in the *Ledger*, and a letter to which I signed my name in the *St. James's Chronicle*.[4] If the liberty of the press, therefore, has been abused, I have had no hand in it.

I have always considered the press as the protector of our freedom, as a watchful guardian, capable of uniting the weak against the encroachments of power. What concerns the public most properly admits of a public discussion. But of late the press has turned from defending public interest to making inroads upon private life; from combating the strong to overwhelming the feeble. No condition is now too obscure for its abuse, and the protector has become the tyrant of the people. In this manner the freedom of the press is beginning to sow the seeds of its own dissolution; the great must oppose it from principle, and the weak from fear; till at last every rank of mankind shall be found to give up its benefits, content with security from insults.

How to put a stop to this licentiousness, by which all are indis-

[1] See it in Vol. I. p. 144. [2] See it in Vol. II. p. 83.

[3] First printed in *The Daily Advertiser* of the 31st of March, 1773, to which paper it was sent by Goldsmith, in reply to a gross personal attack upon himself in *The London Packet*, said to be written by Kenrick (see Vol. I. p. 96, and Vol. III. p. 50, 51), and for which Goldsmith struck the publisher. The story of the libel and the caning is told in "Forster," vol. ii. p. 384. [4] No. XV. p. 250.

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criminately abused, and by which vice consequently escapes in the general censure, I am unable to tell; all I could wish is, that, as the law gives us no protection against the injury, so it should give calumniators no shelter after having provoked correction. The insults which we receive before the public, by being more open, are the more distressing; by treating them with silent contempt we do not pay a sufficient deference to the opinion of the world. By recurring to legal redress we too often expose the weakness of the law, which only serves to increase our mortification by failing to relieve us. In short, every man should singly consider himself as a guardian of the liberty of the press, and, as far as his influence can extend, should endeavor to prevent its licentiousness becoming at last the grave of its freedom.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.[1]

XXVII.[2]—TO MR. JOHN NOURSE.

[April, 1773.]

SIR,—The bearer is Doctor Andrews, who has just finished a work relative to Denmark,[3] which I have seen and read with great pleasure.

[1] "On Saturday, April 8 (1774), the day after my arrival in London, I went to his (Johnson's) house, late in the evening, and sat with Mrs. Williams till he came home. I found in *The London Chronicle* Dr. Goldsmith's apology to the public for beating Evans, a bookseller, on account of a paragraph in a newspaper written by him, which Goldsmith thought impertinent to him and to a lady of his acquaintance. The apology was written so much in Johnson's manner, that both Mrs. Williams and I supposed it to be his; but when he came home he soon undeceived us. When he said to Mrs. Williams, 'Well, Dr. Goldsmith's *manifesto* has got into your paper,' I asked him if Dr. Goldsmith had written it, with an air that made him see I suspected it was his, though subscribed by Goldsmith. JOHNSON: 'Sir, Dr. Goldsmith would no more have asked me to write such a thing as that for him than he would have asked me to feed him with a spoon, or to do anything else that denoted his imbecility. I as much believe that he wrote it as if I had seen him do it. Sir, had he shown it to any one friend, he would not have been allowed to publish it. He has, indeed, done it very well; but it is a foolish thing well done. I suppose he has been so much elated with the success of his comedy ["She Stoops to Conquer"] that he has thought anything that concerned him must be of importance to the public.'"—BOSWELL, by Croker, p. 248.

[2] First printed in Prior, vol. ii. p. 424. The original (endorsed "Dr. Goldsmith, April 26, 1773") is now (1854) in the possession of John Young, Esq., Vanbrugh Fields, Blackheath.

[3] "The History of the Revolutions of Denmark, with an Account of the Present State of that Kingdom and People." By John Andrews, LL.D. 2 vols., 8vo, 1774. Nourse was the publisher.

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He is of opinion that a short letter of this kind, expressing my approbation, will be a proper introduction of it to you. I therefore once more recommend it in the warmest manner, and unless I am mistaken it will be of great credit to him, as well as of benefit to the purchaser of the copy. I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XXVIII.[1]—TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Temple, June 10, 1773.

DEAR SIR,—To be thought of by you obliges me; to be served by you is still more. It makes me very happy to find that Dr. Burney thinks my scheme of a Dictionary[2] useful; still more that he will be so kind as to adorn it with anything of his own. I beg you will also accept my gratitude for procuring me so valuable an acquisition. I am, dear sir, your most affectionate servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XXIX.[3]—TO MR. JOHN NOURSE.[4]

SIR,—As the work[5] for which we engaged is now near coming out, and for the *over* payment of which I return you my thanks, I would consider myself still more obliged to you, if you would let my friend Griffin[6] have a part of it. He is ready to pay you for any part you

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[1] First printed in Madame D'Arblay's "Memoirs of Dr. Burney," vol. i. pp. 272–3.

[2] A Dictionary of Arts and Sciences, planned by Goldsmith, and to which Johnson and Burke and Garrick were to have contributed. Dr. Burney consented to supply the article *Musician*. See Prior's "Life," vol. ii. p. 429. The "Prospectus," which Goldsmith is said to have drawn up, has escaped his editors.

[3] First printed in Prior, vol. ii. p. 504.

[4] Many years bookseller to his Majesty. He died at Knightsbridge, 24th of April, 1780.

[5] "An History of the Earth and Animated Nature," 8 vols., 8vo. London: Printed for J. Nourse, in the Strand, 1774.

[6] William Griffin, the original publisher of Goldsmith's "Essays," 1765; of his first comedy ("The Good-Natured Man"), and of his poem "The Deserted Village." He lived in 1765 in Fetter Lane, but removed shortly after to Catherine Street, in the Strand, where his house was distinguished by Garrick's head. He was succeeded in 1778, if not before, in the same house and sign by D. Brown, the publisher of Bampfylde's "Sonnets."

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will think proper to give him; and as I have thoughts of extending the work into the *vegetable* and *fossil* kingdoms, you shall share with him in any such engagement as may happen to ensue. I am, sir, your very humble servant, OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

XXX.[1]—TO MR. THOMAS CADELL.[2]

DOCTOR GOLDSMITH'S compliments to Mr. Cadell, and desires a set of the History of England for correction; if interleaved, the better.

XXXI.[3]—TO MR. THOMAS CADELL.

MR. GOLDSMITH'S compliments to Mr. Cadell, begs for an hour or two the use of Millot's History, by Mrs. Brooke.[4]

Mr. Cadell, Strand.

XXXII.[5]—TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

[1773.]

MY DEAR SIR,—Your saying you would play my "Good-Natured Man" makes me wish it. The money you advanced me upon Newbery's note I have the mortification to find is not yet paid, but he says he will in two or three days. What I mean by this letter is to lend me sixty pound, for which I will give you Newbery's note, so that the whole of my debt will be an hundred, for which you shall have Newbery's note as a security. This may be paid either from my alteration, if my benefit should come to so much; but at any rate

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[1] First printed in Prior's "Life," vol. ii. p. 439.

[2] The well-known publisher in the Strand, the apprentice and successor of Andrew Millar. Died 27th of December, 1800.

[3] First printed in "Prior's Life," vol. ii. p. 439.

[4] Mr. Forster was the first to publish ("Life and Adventures," p. 703) a short note from Goldsmith to James Dodsley, dated "Gray's Inn, 10th of March, 1764," requesting the loan by bearer of ten guineas.

[5] Endorsed by Garrick, "Goldsmith's Parlaver," and first printed in Forster's "Life and Adventures of Oliver Goldsmith," 8vo, 1848, p. 672.

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I will take care you shall not be a loser. I will give you a new character in my comedy,[1] and knock out *Lofty*, which does not do, and will make such other alterations as you direct. I am, yours,

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

I beg an answer.

XXXIII.[2]—TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

[1773.]

MY DEAR FRIEND,—I thank you! I wish I could do something to serve you. I shall have a comedy for you in a season or two at furthest, that I believe will be worth your acceptance, for I fancy I will make it a fine thing. You shall have the refusal. I wish you would not take up Newbery's note, but let Wallis[3] tease him, without, however, coming to extremities; let him haggle after him, and he will get it. He owes it, and will pay it. I'm sorry you are ill. I will draw upon you one month after date for sixty pound,[4] and your acceptance will be ready money, part of which I want to go down to Barton[5] with. May God preserve my honest little man, for he has my heart. Ever

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

---

[1] "The Good-Natured Man."

[2] First printed (but very incorrectly) in Prior's "Life," vol. ii. p. 439, from the original, then (1837) in the possession of Mr. Upcott. It is endorsed by Garrick, "Goldsmith's Parlaver."

[3] Mr. Prior prints the name Waller, and Goldsmith may have so written it. But the person referred to is undoubtedly Albany Wallis, Garrick's solicitor and executor.

[4] Goldsmith's draft (one month after date) on Garrick for £60, dated 25th of Dec., 1773, and accepted by Garrick, was sold at Sotheby & Wilkinson's, 5th of August, 1851, for £3 16s., and is now (1855) in the possession of George Daniel, Esq., of Islington.

[5] In Suffolk, the seat of his kind friends, Mr. and Mrs. Bunbury. See Vol. I. p. 137.

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ADDITIONAL NOTES AND CORRECTIONS.

MAY, 1855.

VOLUME I.

Page 67. "Still let thy voice, prevailing over time."

Add as note:

"Who can refuse Lodona's melting tale,
The soft complaint shall over time prevail."

Fr. Knapp. To Mr. Pope, on his "Windsor Forest."

" 73. "With tidings that Johnson and Burke would not come;
'For I knew it,' he cried, 'both eternally fail,
The one with his speeches, and t'other with Thrale.'"

Add as note: "He [Johnson] returned next day to Mr. Thrale's; where, as Mr. Strahan once complained to me, 'he was in a great measure absorbed from the society of his old friends.'"—BOSWELL, by Croker, p. 571.

" 93. "Our Garrick's a salad."

Add as note:—"I have heard Dr. Warton mention that he was at Mr. Robert Dodsley's with the late Mr. Moore, and several of his friends, considering what should be the name of the periodical paper which Moore had undertaken. Garrick proposed 'The Salad,' which, by a curious coincidence, was afterwards applied to himself by Goldsmith."—BOSWELL, by Croker, p. 62, note 4.

Warton afterwards related the same anecdote in print. (Pope's Works, ed. 1797, vol. ix. p. 381.)

" 123. *Add* to note 2: "Sir Joshua bequeathed to Mrs. Bunbury 'the portrait of her son,' and to Mrs. Gwyn 'her own portrait with a turban.'"

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